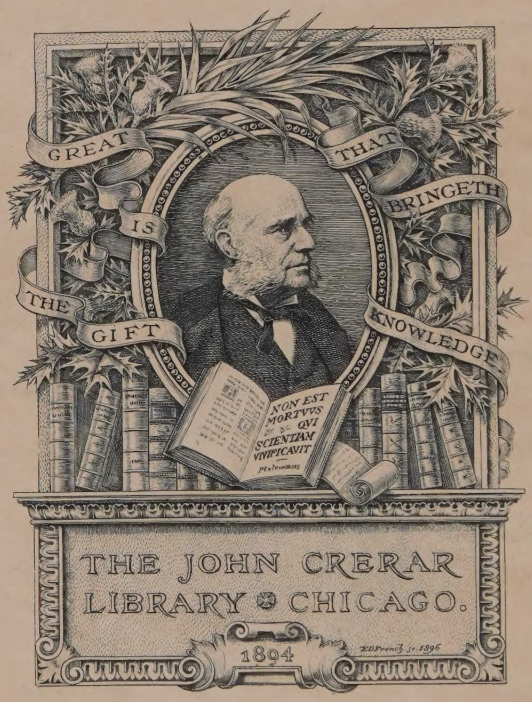

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THE

REFORMER.

Volume II.

MARCH, 1898, TO DECEMBER, 1898.

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

PAGE.

Bedborough Case, The 132, 156, 185, 228
Blind, The Monument to Matilde 259
Bradlaugh Myth, The Latest 98
Bradlaugh's Bust in Hoxton Library 66
British Central Africa 230
Brookwood, Visit to 103, 128

Cairo Palimpsest of Aquila, The 42
Children's Page:—
The Blackbirds 27
My Brother's Pet 52
The Talkative Trout 83
The Plan 108
Frog-Folk in Burma 142
Arlotta of Hainault 168
The Voice of the River 199
The Grey Goose 223
The Story of a Congo Crow 248
Collins, The Case of Dr. 117
Correspondence:—

Land Question, 24; Frances Wright; Mr. Bradlaugh on Compulsory Vaccination, 25; How to Help the REFORMER, 49; Flogging; Reminiscences of the Secular Movement, 50; Land Question, 51; Flogging; Famine in Ireland; Juvenile Crime and Education, 81; Taxation of Land Values, 103, 139, 165, 182; Pessimism and Reform, 137; Compulsory Vaccination, 138. 166, 182; Home Reading, 138; 1798 in Ireland, 139; Grounds of the Next Battle, 165; A Question of Morals, 164, 197; Tiranny of Letterz, 165; Wallace's "Wonderful Century"; Secular and Ethical Reading Circle, 183; Bias of Reform, 220; Fabianism and Neo-Malthusianism; International Peace, 221; Exiled Arabi Pasha, 246; The Watch Story; Treatment of Chronic Inebriates, 270.

Cuba, Recollections of 75

England a Free Trade Country? Is 173
Ethics of Poaching 64
„ Flesh Eating and 147

F. C. (Poem) 37
Fabianism and Neo Malthusianism 111, 154, 195, 221
Federal Home Rule, The Question of 87
Fragment, A 95
From Afar 79, 198, 270

Gentlemen-Democrats 44
Gods of Our Forefathers, Some 214
Grey Goose, The (Children) 223

Here, There, and Everywhere .. 14, 40, 68, 96, 126, 156, 184, 212, 236, 260
Heterography: Or the Tyranny of Letters .. 120
Hunter, Dr. W. A. 157

Indian Forward Policy 16
Interest 205

Jesus Hominum Salvator 61
Justice and Gunnery in France 3

Lang's Theory of Religious Origins 251
Liberalism and the Freedom of the Press .. 228
Literature:—

John Bright (Vince), 23; Railway Nationalisation (Edwards), 48; Political Crime (Proal), 49; An Eight Hours Day (Shaxby), 80; The Labor Movement (Hobhouse), 135; Footsteps in Human Progress (Samuelson); Forgotten Truths (Burke), 136; Men, Women, and Chance (Platt), 137; The Wonderful Century (Wallace), 162 Poems (Orchard), 218; Life of James Thomson (Salt), Darlington's Handbook to London (Cook), 219; Soul of a People (Fielding), 242; Guyau's Morality (Kaptyn), 245; Evolution of Christianity (Balmforth), 246; To-Morrow (Howard), 267; Christ on Life and Conduct (Bryant); Facts and Fancies, 268.

PAGE.

Literature: (*continued.*)
Marucchi's Graffiti 21
Mildura, A Letter from 216
Missionaries, On 161
Morbid Fiction 256
My Journey North 266

Natal Native, The 33
Natural Sanitation 186
Notes:—

A Contrast, Famine in Ireland, 1; Mpeseni the Rebel, "Trade Follows the Flag," Lord Roberts of Kandahar, A Rich Harvest, J. M. Robertson, 2, "Reason," 3; Prisons' Bill, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," Howard Association, 29; Asiatics in Natal, Müller's Orphanages, Women Guardians, 30; Affectation of Orthodoxy, Orthodoxy and the War, Theistic Ethics Once More, 53: Sectarian Training Schools, The Public and Its Schoolteachers, Denominational Injustice, Position of English Parties, 54; Spasmodic Benevolence, Bishop Creighton on Modern Christianity, Church *v.* Church, More War Ethics, 55; Pan-Anglo-Saxonism, Gerald Balfour on Irish Distress, Mpeseni, 56; Gladstone, Bradlaugh and Gladstone, Letters, Spencer Walpole, and others, 85; Theism and Ethics, Leisure and Dinner, India's Balance Sheet, Havelock Ellis, 86; Egyptian Leech, Claim of India, A Sailor on Sailors, Flogging Sentences, 109; Still They Come, 110; Prisons' Bill, Political Humanity, Home Secretary, £15,000,000 to the Sharks, Parker Pillsbury, 145; Impressment, Slavery, *India*, 146; Tsar's Message, Soudan War, Who is Satisfied? 169; Colston Hall, Lord Wolseley's Memorandum, Biblical Inaccuracy, 170; Enemies of the Empire, The Bench, 201; Buddhist not Christian, "Taxes on Knowledge," Figures not Facts, Leased-out Convicts, 202; Peace Precepts and War Practices, 225; Protection of the Young, 226; For God and Mammon, G. B. Shaw and the Doctors, At the Guildhall, 227; T. B. Potter, 228; Ways of God, Ways of Government, "Without Pharisaism," 249; International Unrest, Jingo Fallacies, Mr. Chamberlain and the Lords, 250.

Open Column:—
The Hocus Pocus of Taxing Ground Rents 76
State Protection of Art and Literature .. 217
The Shortest Way with Landlords 268
Optimism and Reform 151

Penal Reform 38, 91, 233
Persistent Pharaoh 131
Personal 213
Practical Simplicity 196

Reaction 254
REFORMER, An Enlarged 240, 262
Religion and Politics in the Soudan 203
Religious Society, The Evolution of a .. 264
Reminiscences of the Secular Movement .. 7
Reticence and Prurience 209

Sentimentalism, About 31
Smallpox in Gloucester 11
Socialism in France 89, 114
Societies and Their Work 16, 51, 83, 106, 141, 167, 199, 222, 247, 271
Swallow, The (Poem) 182
Sympathy, The Foundations of 118

Withdrawn from Crerar Library

	PAGE.
Theism Found Wanting	71, 98
Thomson and His Critics, James	179
Tsar's Eirenicon, The	171
Twelve Tribes of Israel, The	237
Twenty Years of Retrospect (1875-1895)	129, 158, 190
Voice of the River, The (Children)	199
War, The	57
"Watch Story" Again, The	242
Wheeler, Joseph Mazzini	70
Wolfe Tone and His Ideals, On	193
"World's! Above and Below"	78
Zola and His Compatriots	5

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE.
Ankh-en-Ausar—	
Persistent Pharaoh	131
B.—	
Penal Reform	38, 91, 233
Bond (M.D., B.A., etc.), F. T.—	
Smallpox in Gloucester	11
Bonner, Hypatia Bradlaugh—	
Indian Forward Policy	16
Latest Bradlaugh Myth	98
Visit to Brookwood	103, 128
"Watch Story" Again, The	242
My Journey North	266
Bingham, Lieut.-Col. C. T.—	
Frog-Folk in Burma (Children)	142
C.—	
The Bedborough Case	132, 185
Carpenter, Edward—	
The Swallow (Translated from Sully Prudhomme)	182
Carter, J. R.—	
The Evolution of a Religious Society	264
Chilperic—	
The Cairo Palimpsest of Aquila	42
Jesus Hominum Salvator	61
Twelve Tribes of Israel	237
Cope, Cyprian—	
Justice and Gunnery in France	3
F. C. (Poem)	37
Freeman, D.—	
At the Parting of the Ways (Poem)	221
Gilmour, J. P.—	
The Case of Dr. Collins	117
A Question of Morals	197
Godfrey, W. S.—	
Theism Found Wanting	71, 98
Flesh Eating and Ethics	147
Grout, J. D.—	
Bradlaugh's Bust in Hoxton Library	66
Hamon, A.—	
Socialism in France	89, 114
Hobson, J. A.—	
Gentlemen-Democrats	44
Is England a Free-Trade Country?	173
Hooper, Hypatia—	
The Plan (Children)	108
Ley, Henry W.—	
The Hocus Pocus for Taxing Ground Rents	76
M. Secundus—	
The Ethics of Poaching	64
Macasky Dmitri—	
Marucchi's Graffiti	21
Mortimer, Geoffrey—	
Zola and His Compatriots	5
The Talkative Trout (Children)	83
Reticence and Prurience	209
Mortimer, Geoffrey: (*continued.*)	
Morbid Fiction	288
Newland, H. O.—	
Some Gods of Our Forefathers	214
Perry-Coste, F. H.—	
Heterography; or the Tyranny of Letters	120
R.—	
Joseph Mazzini Wheeler	70
Rayner, J. F.—	
Reminiscences of the Secular Movement	7
Reed, Mary—	
The Blackbirds (Children)	27
A Fragment	95
The Voice of the River (Children)	199
The Grey Goose ,,	223
Rhathymos—	
Pessimism and Reform	137
Practical Simplicity	196
Robertson, J. M.—	
About Sentimentalism	31
The War	57
The Question of Federal Home Rule	87
Fabianism and Neo-Malthusianism	110, 195
Optimism and Reform	151
The Tsar's Eirenicon	171
Religion and Politics in the Soudan	203
Liberalism and the Freedom of the Press	228
Mr. Lang's Theory of Religious Origins	251
Ryan, F.—	
On Wolfe Tone and His Ideals	193
Reaction	254
Salt, H. S.—	
James Thomson and His Critics	179
Samson, Louisa—	
The Monument to Matilde Blind	259
Singleton, Alex.—	
Interest	205
Snell, H.—	
Fabianism and Neo-Malthusianism	155, 221
Snelling, Gertrude—	
My Brother's Pet (Children)	54
Arlotta of Hainault ,,	168
Standring, George—	
Twenty Years of Retrospect (1875-1895)	129, 158, 190
Thompson, Edwin—	
The Foundations of Sympathy	118
Watson, R.—	
Recollections of Cuba	75
Werner, Alice—	
The Natal Native	33
On Missionaries	161
Natural Sanitation	186
British Central Africa	230
The Story of a Congo Crow (Children)	248

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . ; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

A Contrast: (a) ON September 30, last year, a boy named William Cooper was admitted to Norwich Prison. He was examined by the prison surgeon, and certified for first-class hard labor. The governor ordered him to be put upon the tread-wheel, and he worked on this wheel until October 10. On that day he complained to the doctor of not feeling well. He was, however, told he must continue at the wheel. On the 13th, Cooper was found by one of the warders in a semi-delirious condition. Next morning, at 6 o'clock, he was ordered to get out of bed. His bed was taken from him, and as he was unable to put on his clothes, he was left lying naked on the floor. Each time a warder pulled him up he sank down again. At a quarter past eleven he rallied a little and asked for some water. At twelve, when the cell door was opened, Cooper was found lying dead upon the floor. The foregoing facts came out at the inquest, and the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Department of the Humanitarian League, at its next meeting, resolved to send a letter to the Home Secretary, asking if the case would be investigated. Sir Matthew White Ridley replied that enquiries were in progress. In December, the Humanitarian League's secretary wrote for further information, but received no reply from the Home Office. On February 7 he wrote again, and received a formal acknowledgment of the letter. On February 21 he wrote once more. On February 21 also, Mr. Lough asked a question in the House of Commons. The Home Secretary replied that the case had been thoroughly investigated, and the post-mortem examination revealed latent disease of old standing; there was no reason to suppose death was the result of work on the tread-wheel. On February 26, the Humanitarian League received an answer to their repeated enquiries. The reply given to Mr. Lough was repeated, with the addition: "Sir Matthew Ridley does not find that any of the prison officers were deserving of censure."

.....

A Contrast: (b) ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, although convicts usually leave Wormwood Scrubs Prison at the end of ten days, Lord William Nevill is still there. He is in hospital, has dispensations from prison fare, a frequent change of books to read, and exercises where he has not to keep time with other more robust prisoners. Lady William Nevill has already been a visitor at the prison. All these relaxations of discipline are allowed to the son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, but the poor boy Cooper was allowed to die untended, lying naked on his cell floor. And no one was found "deserving of censure". That is not our opinion.

.....

Famine in Ireland. MR. GERALD BALFOUR says he has been to the distressed districts, and that "the Government had done and was doing the work which it was called upon to perform" in the way of relief. If the reports from the South and West of Ireland are true, these big words amount to very little. People have to tramp ten to fifteen miles a day to the relief works, where they may earn perhaps 5d. a day in carrying sods and bundles of stones on their backs. This would

be fairly hard labor for stalwart men, but the laborers here are often old women and girls in their teens, subsisting on scanty rations of Indian meal.

.....

Mpezeni, the Rebel.

Mpezeni is an Angoni-Zulu chief, who is supposed to have "risen" against the North Charterland Company, and to have been "suppressed". It was rumored that the wicked Angoni had murdered a Dr. Roberts, but Dr. Roberts turned out to be alive. The natives in these parts do not seem murderously inclined in the ordinary way. Miss Werner, whose description of the Mang'anja and the Yaos many of our readers will remember with appreciation, says Mpezeni lived rather more than "two days to the north-west of us, where we—another woman and I—lived alone and *without any inconvenience* for nine months amongst the natives". The *Daily Chronicle* has a correspondent, who has thrown a light on the matter. It is the old sickening story of the "confidence trick", as played by the white man on the black. The North Charterland Exploration Company wanted certain rights in Angoniland, which Mpezeni and the other chiefs agreed to concede, in return for which they were to be paid certain yearly sums and a percentage of the profits. The concessions were granted in 1891, and so far the chiefs have not been paid a single penny. Instead, they are proclaimed and hunted down as "rebels". These chartered companies do not seem to have even the most elementary notions of morality.

.....

"Trade follows the flag."

So the Big Englander says; but although the "flag" is now flying over a lot of recently acquired territory, "trade" is not only *not* following it, but the latest returns show a serious falling-off, both in imports and exports.

.....

Lord Roberts of Kandahar.

Lord Roberts' speech in the House of Lords on March 7 was typical of that combination monstrosity, the Big Englander and the Military Man. He desires us to make our Indian frontier conterminous with that of the Amir of Afghanistan, but how we are to do it, who is to bear the cost, and how we are to meet the new difficulties we should then have to face, he does not tell us. Lord Roberts says we must go "forward" because we are bound by treaty to protect Afghanistan; between us and that nation are 200,000 fighting men, whom if we had to subdue before going to its assistance, any army we could put into the field would be used up before we could reach the Afghan country. Look, says Lord Roberts, at what happened in the last Afghan war, when between 11,000 and 12,000 men were required to keep open the Peshawur-Kabul line alone. Lord Roberts forgets that there is all the difference in the world between an invasion of Afghanistan by us, and assisting Afghanistan to defend itself against an invasion. In the first case, the border tribes—of one race, and one religion with the Afghans, although independent of them—saw their independence threatened, and fought side by side with their Pathan brethren against us, the common enemy; but in the event of our assisting Afghanistan against a Russian attack, it would be Russia who would be the common enemy, against whom the united forces, English, Indian and Pathan, would be directed.

.....

A rich Harvest.

Lord Roberts did well to remind the House of Lords that burning the houses and destroying the crops of the tribesmen must mean for us a rich harvest of hatred and revenge; although how he thought we were to escape the consequences of this harvest by "some form of authority and jurisdiction", is not so clear.

.....

J. M. Robertson.

Mr. John M. Robertson appears as No. 18 of "Our Public Instructors", in *Reynold's Newspaper* for March 6. Those who wish to get some notion of the scope of Mr. Robertson's work for the last twenty years, could not do better than read *Reynold's* succinct biography.

"Reason."

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to Mr. George Standring's new halfpenny weekly, *Reason*, which began, what we hope will prove a long and useful career, on the 13th of this month. Those who cherish pleasant recollections of the *Republican* will need no second invitation to put *Reason* on their regular list of periodicals. The new paper is to be devoted specially to the propaganda of freethought views, and in its programme seeks to unite freethinkers in all parts of the world.

JUSTICE AND GUNNERY IN FRANCE.

Outside of France, probably, no reader would undertake to name a friend of popular liberty, who has not been distressed by the reports of Emile Zola's recent trial. Every dispassionate mind will render admiration to the novelist's disinterested sacrifice. And every humane sentiment has been affronted by the inequitable verdict and harsh sentence. Popular liberty is compromised in France. And a cloud menacing the liberties of Europe is evidently darkened.

In every international competition, and particularly in the intellectual and sentimental product, France has acquired a reputation for a certain piquancy in the quality of her exhibits. And in this respect the recent exhibition may be said to be in character. The great-grandchildren of the Revolution have perhaps been surfeited by nearly thirty years of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"! If popular requirements may be appraised by street cries and press leadership, the general demand in France at this time is for military despotism, judicial irresponsibility, and sectarian persecution.

Three sandbanks in the equatorial Atlantic Ocean, respectively inscribed to Royalty, the Devil, and St. Joseph, and as a group felicitously named the Safety Isles, are occupied by a French penal colony. The Cayenne coastline, only seven miles distant, is a pestilential marsh. The neighboring waters team with sharks. These circumstances, no doubt, fixed the name and occupation of the group.

The Devil's Sandbank is now occupied by ex-Captain Dreyfus and his guards. Whether he or his jailors can more fitly represent Satanic Majesty, is the contention which at present tears the heart of France. The sandbank—destined as his residence for the remainder of his life—is said to have been until recently a leper pen. Every square inch of that sand has been tramped by feet infected with the loathsome pest. The isle was wooded; but when assigned for residence to ex-Captain Dreyfus, was cleared of covert, and nothing left but blistering sand and the infernal blaze of the equator. The penal rule of silence is enforced with rigor. No word may pass between the prisoner and his guards. His lodging is a cage affording absolutely no concealment, open throughout to telescopic observation from the neighboring fort on Royal Isle. A battery of Hotchkiss guns commands the sandbank; and the standing order is to shoot the prisoner at the first alarm of rescue. I own indebtedness to other travellers for these details; not having been myself a guest at Devil's Isle.

Far from me the presumptuousness of girding at the ever-glorious French Republic for thus dealing with a criminal. France may stand first of nations on the plane of rational enlightenment and cultivated sensibility. Being myself of a reclusive disposition, disaffected to the frittering, tattling habit, I am sometimes disposed to envy the idyllic quiet of ex-Captain Dreyfus on the Devil's Sandbank. And if the sand so lately fouled by lepers has been duly sterilised—which nobody should doubt—I am prepared to argue that his punishment, viewed with relation only to the charge and verdict, is not excessive.

But I must not expatiate on the golden qualities of silence, and the charms of tropic seas. I understand that for a boulevardier, enamoured of the

pageantries of promenade and soirée, a soldier whose ideal bliss is brass-band music and red trousers, such hermitage may be monotonous. Even a certainty to rank historically with the prisoners of Chillon and the Iron Mask, may be inadequate as compensation. And then —forced separation from friends, family, and wife, may give pain—even to a Jew. As far back as the time of Shakspere, it was noted that if you prick a Jew's skin, he will bleed—quite like a Christian.

Unhappily, as everybody knows, the punishment of ex-Captain Dreyfus can no longer be considered without reference to the circumstances of his trial. The world of readers, following with sustained excitement the disclosures of the Zola prosecution, has learned much of the plasticity of French military conscience under orders from headquarters. We are reminded of the Star Chamber, and Louis XIV's *Lettres de Cachet*. Signs are not wanting that the public conscience of the world is pained by the discovery that Dreyfus was convicted on the strength of writings smuggled into the court martial, and — owing perhaps to that irregularity—concealed from both the prisoner and his counsel.

Perhaps we may do wisely to reserve discussion of the authenticity of that surreptitious evidence; and to notice only the significance of certain features of the recent prosecution.

No one will wonder that the Clericals, ever conspicuous in France for a particular devotion to fatuity, have ranged themselves against a Jew, and with the obscurantists, although in these days state obscurantism no longer serves the Clerical behests. Congenital instinct and affinities of method would determine sympathy. But when we find the streets, the Liberal press, the Sorbonne, and the Socialists, with some exceptions, massed in a reactionist camp, we may be allowed some curiosity to catch the import of the novel coalition.

Not many weeks since, I enjoyed the visit of a youthful Belgian gentleman, lately a student in Louvain University.

"In Brussels, no one doubts the justice of the sentence," he remarked, referring to Dreyfus. "This agitation is got up by the Jews."

"I have just read a rather startling paragraph in the *Matin*," I hazarded. "The writer claims that Dreyfus was condemned on evidence concealed from the defence, and now believed to have been forged."

"The *Matin?*" he exclaimed. "I am not surprised. You do not know, I daresay, that the *Matin* is an organ of the Jews!"

Discussion would have been a waste of nerve-power. You cannot reason with a passion. Jew-baiting mania is epidemic. A hue is being raised upon the Continent that Jewish bribery is a standing menace to administrative purity; that Dreyfus, being a Jew, and therefore heir to the abominable avarice of Judas, tried to sell France to the Germans. For a numerically great proportion of the European population, including many continental Socialists, "the Jews" mass as a homogeneous unity, an anthropocephalous hydra, not separable into individualities, but in every member equally corrupt and anti-social.

Socialists may be excused for want of sympathy with a race so generally identified with usury and monopolies. But some have gone much farther. An important section of that party, organised though it is to assert the principle that every man should stand by his own merits, would yet refuse Dreyfus the common right of the accused—the opportunity to answer his accusers—because a fraction of his race have been convicted usurers and sweaters. The world is making forecasts of the equity to be expected from a Socialist administration.

Jew-baiting is a cherished tradition of the Clericals. So piously indoctrinated with the precept to forgive that they may be forgiven, they would refuse Dreyfus the common right of the accused, because his ancestors, their relatives, or, at least, certain of their race, 2,000 years ago, approved the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The world must not be suffered to forget how the Church loves her enemies.

The military chiefs refuse an explanation of their dealing with suspicious documents, and their precipitate "promotion", to colonial service, of inconvenient truthseekers. Thrusting their sapient feathered heads into the sand—or shall we say into a light transparency facetiously inscribed "Professional Secrecy"?—they discourse superciliously of the honor of the army and of France. Mankind may thank us English for a good deal of broad comedy, comprising much ingenuous tumbling over our own shoes. But French farce is sublime.

Dreyfus is meanwhile privileged to enjoy an exquisite sensation. He may inebriate himself at leisure with the consciousness that he is scapegoat for the much-loved France. The national honor, it appears, is to be saved by thrusting him into the Devil's Sand-bank. The plumed and epauletted ostriches who now control French justice, have decreed that these sand burials, for awkward prisoners and feathered heads, with a fair sprinkling in the public optics, are essential to the honor of France, particularly of the army—a strange confession, suggesting that by publication of the dark proceedings of the Dreyfus trial, not the French people, nor the military pawns, but certain personages would be compromised!

The "Sorbonne" undergraduates also in this conjuncture mass as Militarists, Socialists, or Clericals. A study of the professorial methods of the University of Paris, appraised by such an intellectual and moral product, would no doubt lead us to admire the luminous conception of national honor and unadulterated love of justice there imparted to the "Hope of France"!

Humor apart, the Dreyfus-Zola lesson is well-timed. A privileged caste, fearing neither law nor legislature, is the outgrowth of the continental system of obligatory military service; a caste already fingering for supremacy; and incarnating the creed of seated powers, vested interest-holders, opulence, and grip, that Might is Right; a caste which aims at placing the state government and popular franchises of every country where it can seize power, at the discretion of her gunners. It will be hard to see where this new military despotism will essentially differ from the older forms of cæsraism. And friends of popular liberty are unlikely to forget that cæsarism is the most inflexible of tyrannies. Nor will it be much easier to foresee what vigilance can save France, under military domination, from approximation to the social and political conditions of Argentina, Costa Rica, and Uruguay.

A petty fraction of our own population, incited by a group of company charterers and military unemployed, contemptuous of civil franchises, and captivated by the possibilities revealed in continental militarism, are asking for the introduction of obligatory military service in our islands. Bearing in mind the amazing antics now and then performed by Jingoism, we can hardly stand too carefully on guard. But we shall probably think twice—or many times—before we yoke our necks with military servitude: in no great haste for renderings of this Dreyfus-Zola tragi-comedy by English companies.

Cyprian Cope.

ZOLA AND HIS COMPATRIOTS.

The French nation, cursed by hysteria and militarism, has sent its greatest author to prison for attempting to protect the rudimentary principles of legal justice against their utter subversion at the clamor of an insensate mob. History repeats itself in this lamentable episode. The friend of his country, the true patriot, the advocate of liberty, is beaten with sore stripes for the sins of the people, whose heirs are taught to reverence his memory. To-day, the traducer of the State; a generation hence, its most honored citizen, perchance, worshipped as its savior. Such is the fate of those dauntless truth speakers who oppose themselves to majorities.

What of the majority in this present instance of persecution? Conscious of

our own national shortcomings in respect of righteous and dispassionate administration of the law touching freedom of speech, we hesitate to impeach another nation for tyranny and injustice. But France stands convicted in the eyes of the civilised world as a traitor to her vaunted liberty and equality, thus furnishing for all time a text for the opponents of republicanism, who are ready to seize upon examples of republican governmental malfeasance and error in order to discredit the integrity of democratic rule. If such a judicial farce can be played in France to the applause of the populace, it will not be strange if less vainglorious communities look on with a pitying contempt. To almost all educated English people, France has stood as a type of a free, cultivated, and artistic society, with a magnificent record of distinctions in the sciences and arts. Yet for all this, the evidence of recent events in France shows that the French *en masse* are singularly deficient in the sanity of culture; and some of us who heretofore acclaimed the nation as foremost in intellect, are now reluctantly impelled to listen to Mr. Frederic Harrison when he tells us that the intellectual classes in France possess no greater ascendency over the Philistines, the weakheads, and the illiterates than in other European countries. And, for instance, how the few *intelligentia* of a race can be rendered impotent to restrain the barbaric impulses of the mass, we have only to turn at this time to France in sorrow and disheartenment.

What is M. Zola's crime that he should be imprisoned, fined, denounced, and threatened with the violence of human wolves? Simply that he has dared to indict the injustice shown by the mob-led State towards a public servant, whom he believes to be innocent. If M. Zola alone, among his compatriots, had reason to think that M. Dreyfus had been falsely accused, it was the duty of the government and the people to entertain his plea without any manifestation of prejudice. In a truly free and enlightened country, such respectful hearing would be promptly accorded to a man of genius. But in France, the rulers and the populace have not displayed any more heed or courtesy to one of the world's greatest modern teachers and humanists, than the policeman and the crowd show towards the apologetic friend of a suspected racecourse swindler. Nothing in modern European social history so plainly demonstrates the sheer frenzy of brutality, to which civilised crowds are subject, as this hoarse execration of a man who has merely asked his neighbors to yield fair play to a misjudged official. In this abominable exhibition of legal tyranny, judicial corruption, mob dominance, swashbuckling mania, and frantic stupidity, we seek in vain for any stray gleams of the enlightenment which has made the French nation illustrious. A gang of our choicest London roughs throwing half bricks at a stranger in the slum, is no more brutal than the French nation in its malevolence towards M. Dreyfus on the score of his Jewish birth.

The whole trouble springs from the ebullition of mob antagonism against the Semitic traders and usurers who have raised themselves to positions of power and affluence in France. Undoubtedly there are avaricious, dishonest, and unscrupulous Jews. It is equally certain that commercialism abounds with unprincipled money-grabbing Gentiles. To confess Charles Lamb's "imperfect sympathy" for the Hebrew is one thing; but to howl for his blood is a very different matter. The contention of M. Drumont that extermination of the Jews can alone solve the problem of Semitic ascendency, seems to be clearest proof of the ineffectiveness of the French Gentile's commercial tactics in contest with the more astute alien. "We cannot cope with these Jews in the Bourse; we must therefore kill them," is, in effect, the teaching of Anti-Semitism. Do not the terms of such a prescription disclose an astounding lack of social virility in the race?

M. Zola, from his wide knowledge of men, asserts that the vehement hostility against the Jews in France is a recru-

descence of the periodic frenzy of discontent for which the French populace is conspicuous. One day it is the priest who must be sacrificed; another day the Jew must be done to death. Without impugning the sincerity of Drumont in his furious crusade against the supposed enemies of France within her own borders, we cannot fail to recognise that a more temperate, true, and sane view of the case is to be gained from the utterances of one so philosophic and truth-respecting as Emile Zola. Hasty and reckless conceptions of social problems are not compatible with the tenor of the great mind that has enriched our knowledge of mankind and human passions by a unique and huge body of facts, covering almost the whole ground of modern life. Yet the mass, led away always by hysteria, vain babble and cant, turn a deaf ear to the one man fitted to restrain its madness and point the way of amelioration. And above the din is the blatant roar of militarism.

We cannot foretell the end of this Anti-Semitic monomania that has taken possession of the French nation. The outset of the strife has been full enough of serious import. Justice has been denied to victims hurried to a tribunal at the dictates of the mob; racial prejudice has made the people crazy, and Zola, the prophet and martyr, has been stoned by the men of the city. The spectacle of a nation like France in the first stage of decadence is saddening in the extreme.

Geoffrey Mortimer.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SECULAR MOVEMENT.[1]

It is not very far short of a quarter of a century ago that I first heard Charles Bradlaugh; but it seems as though it were but yesterday that I sat listening to him speaking on "Is the Bible True?" It was my first acquaintance with Freethought advocacy or any other public movement. I had imbibed from my father a vague Radicalism and Freethought, chiefly consisting of aversion to parsons and landowners, but including a dubious kind of Theism, and morals derived therefrom. How shall I describe that lecture? Spellbound I saw the earthworks of orthodoxy stormed with forces until then unknown to me. My lingering shreds of religion were scattered by the resistless logic, the withering irony and the electric passion of the great orator. The books of the Old and New Testament were assailed as incompatible with history, with science, and with each other; but above all they were denounced as incompatible with justice and right. I learned that Bible religion was not only untrue but wicked. The speaker's fiery scorn, his lofty indignation, his absolute conviction impressed me even more than his eloquence, his knowledge, and his wit. I entered that hall a sceptic of Christianity; I went away its enemy, and so have remained ever since. Soon after I read Bradlaugh's essays, "A Plea for Atheism", and "Is the Bible True?" and heard Mrs. Besant on the "Gospel of Christianity and the Gospel of Freethought", and so my mind was enriched by the great affirmations of Monism and Experiential Ethics. These two great doctrines were to me nothing less than a revelation; they showed me, distinct and clear in the daylight of nature and reason, my place in the scheme of things, and why I must "refuse the evil and choose the good".

Mrs. Besant had invited enquirers to meet her in the ante-room, and there I and some dozen others signed declarations as candidates for the National Secular Society. It is interesting now to note, that though as a matter of fact most members of this Society were Atheists and Individualists, there is nothing in its written principles and objects to prevent their being Theists and Socialists. Our heresies, theological and political, were closely interwoven. We attacked the current creeds because we conceived they stood in the way of progress; but, at first, we youngsters were so absorbed in the

[1] Abridgment of a Lecture delivered at the Southampton I.L.P. Club, January 16, 1898.

means as to occasionally lose sight of the end. For my own part, at least, the struggle for mental freedom absorbed the whole of my attention, but as time went on, I was drawn with my fellows into the vortex of political and social reform by following Bradlaugh in the great agitations which he from time to time initiated. We shall come to these presently. To fight superstition was our young ambition. There was something to fight about in those days. The Churches had not adopted the mild, not to say apologetic attitude that characterises them to-day. The theological outworks were still held stubbornly against the on-coming forces of science. Those were days when the most popular and accredited preachers and leaders of the churches declared, for instance, that to deny that the whale swallowed Jonah was to deny Christ; that scoffers and sceptics continually fell down dead; that the whole Bible was the unerring word of God; that the mere suggestion of an imperfection in the character of Jesus was a terrible sin, and that to doubt was to be lost for time and for eternity. In those days, Colenso's arithmetical analysis of the Pentateuch, but twelve years old, was denounced as nullifying the whole plan of salvation; the "Descent of Man" had just appeared, to be interpreted by enraged theologians as "driving God out of his universe"—but Darwin now lies in Westminster Abbey. Then "Ecce Homo", that screed of dull piety, was declared by the good Earl of Shaftesbury to be "vomited from Hell"; the timid heresies of "Essays and Reviews", though then fourteen years old, were still agitating the religious world—but one of its contributors is now Archbishop of Canterbury. Only eleven years had passed since the publication of Renan's "Life of Jesus", only two since Strauss's "Old Faith and the New", only one since Tyndall's Belfast Address.

Such was the theological world when the Southampton branch of the National Secular Society started on its career of vigorous propagandism. We had no money, no social weight, and very little leisure; but we were desperately in earnest, and before many months were over we had produced an effect "out of all proportion", as a local Tory organ wrathfully remarked, "to our numbers and social importance". We distributed tracts, we opened agencies for the sale of the *National Reformer* and other uncompromising literature, we argued and debated in season and out of season, we wrote to the local papers, and above all we brought down our great guns, who usually attracted large audiences. In short we made ourselves generally obnoxious, so much so that the Church party were soon stung into counteraction, and got up a great three nights' demonstration against us, when a specially-invited swashbuckler of their own harangued us from a platform awful with rectors, justices, and major-generals. We were yelled at by the crowded gentility assembled; and "Hell is too good for you" was the amiable salutation that greeted me as I passed up the hall on one of those famous evenings; and upon another occasion it was remarked that I bore "the mark of Cain" on my face. Altogether they rather overdid it. One prominent citizen, still living among us, wrote a long and eloquent letter severely criticising the whole proceedings. It was refused admission by all the local papers, but appeared in the *National Reformer* as an addendum to a special article on the affair. I was vastly interested in that particular number of the *National Reformer*, for did not its editor refer to me as the "courageous and indefatigable secretary"? Such praise from one whose lightest word we all treasured, fluttered my young heart, and may excuse the vanity of recalling it now that Time the Devourer has left me, of all that was in those days, so little save remembrances. . . . . Well, as soon as Bradlaugh was sufficiently recovered from the typhoid fever that had prostrated him, he came down and held a great meeting. The hall was only got by a fluke; another was refused altogether. The local champions were discreetly absent, save the Rev. C. E. Steward, whom no Southampton

Secularist can ever mention without affection and respect. This broad-minded and kind-hearted clergyman won our hearts by his unstinted admiration of our chief, and his candor and patience towards ourselves. He was untiring in his efforts to present his faith to us as a rational and progressive system.

The net result of the anti-infidel campaign was to bring us a good many new members, and in other ways to help us in our enterprise; and I suppose the orthodox foe recognised the fact, for they adopted a Fabian policy ever afterwards, and lay very low. Perhaps their tactics were wise. We had many difficulties to contend with. The general prejudice against us made people chary of having anything to do with us. Especially we found it hard to get a meeting place. A public-house, club-room, or even bar-parlor, by favor of a sympathetic host, had to content us often, but sometimes we did better. Particularly I remember an upper chamber, not much superior to a garret in reality, but dignified with the grandiloquent title of the "Freethought Institute", where the public were invited to come and be edified. Our fortunes ebbed and flowed exceedingly. Sometimes we could show a list of a hundred financial members; at others our existence was attenuated to half-a-dozen stalwarts, who got up open-air meetings, or arranged a field-day in one of the largest halls of the town. Some of these meetings were rather tempestuous. Our big speakers used to belabor and trip up the devoted Christians who ventured to offer battle, with remorseless vigor and adroitness. Candid friends used to criticise us for this. Our reply in Hamlet's language was that we "spake daggers but used none". We might argue roughly, but we did not slander, or boycott, or imprison, or rob, or assail with brickbats and stones. Not one of our leaders but had experienced one or other of these delicate attentions, and some a long series of them.

I ought to attempt to explain the undoubted decadence of our anti-theological propaganda, before leaving that part of my subject. All movements come to a standstill sooner or later; Christianity itself is an instance. Again, the work of the Freethought party is almost done. Christianity, as taught when Bradlaugh first spoke in Bonner's Fields, is no more. The name persists, but not the thing. Modern science has destroyed it. The attitude of the public mind has changed: from theological it has become secular. Transformed into secular and social agencies, veiled with a film of transcendental sentiment, the churches survive by virtue of the unsystematic but practical genius of the English people. Then there were circumstances more immediately affecting our party. The secession of Mrs. Besant disappointed us a good deal. Bradlaugh's election, and his great struggle with the House of Commons, distracted our thoughts from all other things. Moreover, the support given us in that struggle by many Nonconformist Christians blunted the edge of the anti-theological sword. Finally, there was Bradlaugh's ebbing strength, and death.

My first introduction to purely political work was in collecting signatures to the "Monster Petition" against further grants to the royal family, which was provoked by the vote for the Prince of Wales' jaunt to India. We were very proud of those 104,000 signatures, and of our contribution to them. I think we had some right to be. They were collected by the voluntary unpaid labor of working men, canvassing from door to door. Sometimes we met with a rebuff. One, a little unusual, remains painfully distinct in my memory. One evening we knocked, my colleague and I, at the door of a poor little house in a poor little street, and got no answer. We knocked again and again, each time more clamorously. At length the door opened, and a miserable-looking woman appeared. We explained our errand with the usual suavity of people who want something, but she seemed hardly to hear us, and as soon as we had ceased our flow of exposition and persuasion, she said in a distracted manner, "I can-

not attend to it now, my baby is dying". How coarse seemed our intrusion, how trivial our errand, in face of a primal tragedy like this! For my part, the republican fire within me was quenched for the rest of that night. I don't know whether we asked for any more signatures, but I know I could not keep out of my head old Sam Johnson's well-known lines:

> "How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause a cure."

This petition-raising was the nearest approach to definite republican work that I ever engaged in; that cause flashed up for the last time at the Birmingham Conference in '73. Our monarchy has come to be looked upon by reformers with half-contemptuous indifference. Its existence has been proved to be compatible with a good deal of progress. My own antagonism to the monarchy is, however, as strong as ever. The whole system of hereditary titles is hateful to me, but I admit there are other public evils more pressingly needing the attention of practical men. Still, I sometimes sigh for the ideals of my youth.

Our chief organ, the *National Reformer*, announced its policy in every number as Atheistic, Republican and Malthusian, and this last division of our tripartite mission was early in 1877 suddenly thrust into prominence by the prosecution of Mr. Watts for publishing Dr. Knowlton's "Fruits of Philosophy". He pleaded guilty. Bradlaugh regarded this as a grave dereliction of duty, and he and Mrs. Besant started a publishing business on purpose to vindicate the right of publication. He was absolutely right, as he was brave and true. Then it was that the strength and uprightness of his character was stamped on my mind so deeply as never to be effaced. His unconcealed political ambition, imperilled by association with what was so unpopular, stood not for a moment in the path of duty. It was indeed a time "to try men's souls". I must confess I hesitated for a while, but under good counsel decided, with the great bulk of the Freethought party, for the right course. It was one of our best services to humanity. The teaching of this little book, however antiquated in detail, are invaluable. As a cure for the world's evils, Malthusianism may be open to objection, but it has brought happiness into unnumbered households. Being at that time a bookseller myself, I had opportunities of which I freely availed myself of circulating both the Knowlton pamphlet and Mrs. Besant's "Law of Population", my people cheerfully ignoring all risks, commercial and personal. It was a time of daily excitement. The great trial, in which the two defendants so brilliantly distinguished themselves; the "special" verdict; the sentence, upset by Bradlaugh's legal dexterity; poor old Truelove's imprisonment; the separation of Mrs. Besant from her daughter; the brutalities of the orthodox press and the many sympathetic letters; the enormous expenses, and the long subscription-lists; behold, are they not written in the pages of the *National Reformer?*

Now a word about the politics of this period. For us they were simple and clear. Bradlaugh rallied us to Gladstone as the only man capable of uniting the progressive forces, and leading them on to victory. His influence among the workers contributed as much perhaps as any one thing to the crushing defeat of the Tories in 1880. When the figures of his return for Northampton reached us we were nearly wild with joy—the coping stone had been put on the temple of victory, and halcyon days were before us. We reckoned without our host. In a few weeks we were plunged into a struggle, compared with which all that had gone before was child's play. Time fails me this evening to recount the incidents of that stirring time. Suffice it to say that Bradlaugh's herculean powers were engaged in more than herculean labors. How he acquitted himself all know. He won, though the winning killed him. But it is my greatest pride to think that he could not have won without *us*. The National Secular Society, weak in

its social aspects, weak as a sect, was highly effective as a political organisation. Our most active members were also active members of the various Liberal associations throughout the country. We could get up public meetings, pass resolutions, and otherwise elicit expression of public opinion with the utmost certitude and despatch. Witness the shower of telegrams that poured in upon Gladstone when Bradlaugh was put in the Clock Tower; the great gatherings that greeted him everywhere, and the Tories' abortive meetings; the petitions, so numerously signed and so quickly presented; the hundreds of delegates from all parts of the country that assembled in Trafalgar Square on the day before the opening of Parliament in August, 1881, and on other occasions.

Another matter that ought not to be passed over is the enormous impetus that was given to our propaganda by the pious zeal of the Tories and their allies. Public interest was aroused. Our meetings were crowded, our literature boomed, the circulation of the *National Reformer* went up by leaps and bounds, new book after new book was issued by our press, and above all, Bradlaugh's high character, wide knowledge, and fine manners, ultimately recognised everywhere, gave a *cachet* to extreme heresy that it had never enjoyed before. This may be fairly set against the interruption to specific anti-theological work to which I have referred.

The pious zeal of the Tories and their allies!—what falsehoods they told; what basenesses they resorted to; what ferocity and what cowardice they displayed. Honorable and highborn gentlemen could not speak of Bradlaugh without involving themselves in labyrinths of lies; refined scholars could not utter his name without coarseness and vulgarity. Nothing in the way of vileness was too great or too small for them. They sought to crush him under enormous penalties, because bankruptcy would disable him from sitting in Parliament, but were careful to hide behind a man-of-straw plaintiff, so as to run no pecuniary risks themselves. They tried to ruin him by a blasphemy conviction, because that too would cripple his Parliamentary career; and they even condescended to aim at the Government grant which his daughters earned as teachers of science.

The Bradlaugh trial for blasphemy reminds me that among his many successes in Parliament, the repeal of the Blasphemy Laws cannot be counted. But while those laws remain on the statute book, the work of the Freethought party cannot be said to be completed. Nor can it be pleaded that they are now a dead letter. The names of Holyoake, Pooley, Bradlaugh, Besant, Foote, Ramsey, and others witness too clearly to the reverse. But though Bradlaugh could not prevail on the House of Commons to abrogate these barbarous enactments, his general success gave us the highest hopes. We saw him on the Treasury Bench. We saw him at the head of this great nation. . . . . Alas, for the irony of human wishes!

. . . .

Down in the cold earth they lowered him in silence. In silence dispersed the vast assembly. The February day was chill and desolate. Chill and desolate was the world, and our hearts, and all things. As for me, I said, with the mourner of the famous story: "It is my youth they are burying there."

J. F. Rayner.

SMALL-POX IN GLOUCESTER.

By Francis T. Bond, M.D., B.A. Lond., F.R.S.Ed., Gloucester.

By the courtesy of the Editor of the Reformer, I am given the opportunity of replying to the paper lately published in it on the above subject by Dr. W. R. Hadwen. But the permission is weighted with the serious drawback that my reply must be limited to two pages. To attempt to reply in two pages to an article of more than eighteen, stuffed full of the most contentious matter, is obviously impossible. I must content myself, therefore, with a categorical statement as to the general character of the article, and with laying briefly before the readers of the Reformer some considerations which I hope may lead them to receive with a good deal of reservation the grave indictment which Dr. Hadwen brings, not only against Dr. Coupland personally, but against

public bodies in Gloucester which have hitherto enjoyed, and which, I venture to say, still enjoy the confidence of the citizens at large, despite his repeated denunciations of them. For, though in November, 1897, when the panic and excitement produced by the epidemic had scarcely subsided, the anti-vaccinators succeeded, by the publication of the most unscrupulous charges, in shaking for a time the confidence of some portion of the citizens in the administration of the City Council, and, by an ingenious political combination, ousted some of the members of that body from their seats, they ignominiously failed in a similar attempt last November, and the Sanitary Committee, which they had packed with their nominees, then experienced a "purge" as effective as that which Colonel Pride once administered to a much more important assembly. But this by the way.

Dr. Hadwen's article, while it assumes to deal only with Gloucester and Small-pox, really wanders over a wide field of disputatious matter, even of pathology alone. The assurance with which he makes statements of the most dogmatic character is only equalled by their revolutionary nature. Take, for an illustration, the statement on p. 309, with reference to the possible origin of a limited outbreak of small-pox which occurred in Gloucester in 1893. The inmates of the house in which it occurred, are stated, without any evidence of the fact, to have "been living in an atmosphere of sewer gas, and the susceptible ones, I take it (says Dr. Hadwen), suffered from blood-poisoning in consequence, which manifested itself upon the body in the form of small-pox". This astounding pathological speculation, which if Dr. Hadwen had offered it at either of the medical examinations he so recently passed would probably have ensured his rejection, is on a par with that proffered to the Royal Commission by another Gloucester anti-vaccinator who, however, has not had the benefit of a medical education, but who ventilated the profound and novel idea that "you cannot have small-pox unless persons have the small-pox in them, and then, that being so, it is far better for it to come out, and, being out, it is practically got rid of". Being pressed by one of the Commissioners as to how long it would be before it came out, this Gloucester genius replied, "If he has impure matter in him, dirt of any sort, it may come out in small-pox if small-pox is about. Perhaps he may have typhoid fever if that was about". This seems to be the recognised pathology of the anti-vaccinator. There is no such a thing as specific infection; microbes are only "rot"; it is all pure, or rather impure "dirt", which as Lord Palmerston remarked, is, after all, only right matter in the wrong place.

But the gravamen of Dr. Hadwen's article is more serious than this. It is, in the first place, an indictment not only of the professional competency of Dr. Coupland as an expert, but of his honesty. He is said to have been "completely hoaxed". Certain very obvious considerations did not "enter into Dr. Coupland's calculations". His report is "an attempt, in the first place, to whittle away certain ugly facts"; to "whitewash a series of official blunders"; and "resolves itself into a retailing of official apologetics"; and so on. Now, without referring to Dr. Coupland's high personal character, which is too well known, both in and out of the medical profession, to make Dr. Hadwen's attack upon it worth the least attention, anyone who will take the trouble to read his report will see how little justification there is in it for these charges. His instructions were certainly precise, and it would be strange if they were not; but he has so far gone outside of them as to leave no doubt as to his own opinion that whatever may have been the shortcomings of Gloucester administration in regard to sanitary matters generally, and the isolation hospital in particular, they exercised no material influence on the problem which the Commissioners were occupied in investigating, viz., whether vaccination is a protection against smallpox, and whether the liability to that disease can be attributed in any material degree to what is vaguely called "insanitation", apart from a disregard of vaccination. Upon this problem, the statistics of the Gloucester epidemic, upon which Dr. Hadwen is very remarkably silent, shed abundant light. It is unnecessary to quote them here; they are to be found in the Commissioners' report, and more fully still in that of Dr. Coupland. If anyone wishes information about them I shall be glad to supply it. To say that Dr. Coupland's report is "an undisguised disappointment to everybody concerned" is the reverse of truth, unless by "everybody" is to be understood "every opponent of vaccination". Dr. Coupland, before he came to Gloucester, had specially investigated for the Royal Commission the epidemics of Leicester, Dewsbury, Glasgow, Liverpool, Salford, Manchester, Oldham Chadderton, Leeds, Sheffield, Halifax, and Bradford; and except upon the supposition that he was suborned by the Commissioners—two of whom were certainly not unfriendly to Dr. Hadwen's views—to fabricate a cooked report, and that he lent himself willingly to such flagrant dishonesty, no person could have been better fitted both by general and special training, as well as by the evidence which he had given of capability, to perform such work.

But apart from the personal attack on Dr. Coupland, which has no importance, except so far as it is intended to discredit his statements, Dr. Hadwen's article teems with assertions of a purely local character, about the sanitary condition of Gloucester, the facts of the epidemic, and the alleged influence of the schools and of the hospital in promoting it. Of these in general I am compelled to say that some are absolutely untrue, others, whilst having a certain amount of truth about them, are so stated as to be misleading, and others

may be true but are totally irrelevant to the question at issue. If any of the readers of the REFORMER wish to have substantial proof of how untrustworthy Dr. Hadwen's statements about the sanitary condition of Gloucester are and will communicate with me, I shall be glad to send them evidence on the point. Lack of space will only allow me to give here a single illustration. The decline of the Gloucester epidemic was, to make use of Dr. Hadwen's own word, "coincident" with the effort by which 35,000 persons out of 40,000 were vaccinated or revaccinated. The logical enquirer, in default of any other adequate explanation of this coincidence which is discoverable, would naturally assume that these two facts probably bore to one another the relation of cause and effect. Not so Dr. Hadwen. He (p. 346) states that the decline was coincident "with the lack of further hospital accommodation", though as a matter of fact, at the period in question, the hospital had many vacant beds; with "the practical abandonment of quarantining regulations", though how this could have promoted the decline of the epidemic it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to suggest; and with "the cleansing of sewers and house drains by mechanical (*sic*) flushing and copious showers of rain." Of course, if the epidemic of small-pox in Gloucester were due, as Dr. Hadwen and his friends are never tired of repeating, to the foulness of the sewers and to the "belching" out from them of small-pox infected emanations, of which connexion there is not the least trustworthy evidence, it is natural that the flushing of the sewers might have had something to do with the cessation of the malady. But, unfortunately, Dr. Hadwen's argument has required that he should also insist on the fact that before the new supplementary water supply from Newent was provided, which was not until July 1, when the epidemic was practically over, "Gloucester had no water supply worth having"; though again, as a matter of fact, the city had a constant supply throughout the epidemic and for several years before, with the most trivial exceptions; the sewers were flushed frequently both before and during the epidemic. But the climax of misstatement is reached in dragging in "the copious showers of rain", as a sort of *deus ex machinâ*, to account for the exorcism of the small-pox fiend, when everybody, in Gloucester at any rate, knows that the whole period of the small-pox epidemic from January to the end of July was a singularly dry one, and that it was not until August, when the epidemic had quite died out, that the heavens were opened and the "copious showers of rain", which had been so much wished for, came. To such forlorn expedients are the advocates of a discredited belief compelled to have recourse.

My space is exhausted, and I must here end what must be looked on not as a reply to, but as a protest against, one of the most unworthy attempts I have ever met to drag down a great though contentious question into the gutter of personal defamation, by one member of what should be an honorable profession insinuating that another, who is in every respect his superior, has been instigated by the basest motives in the performance of a public duty.

The Vaccination question, though it is complicated by various subordinate issues, is reducible to two main problems: first, is vaccination a protection, in any degree, against small-pox; second, if it be, is it justifiable to enforce it in any, and if so, to what degree?

These two issues are quite independent of one another; the first may be endorsed without accepting the other. It might have been thought that a discussion of the first of them, which is purely a question of fact, could have been carried on in the way in which other controversies of a similarly scientific character usually are, without personalities, ridicule, or imputations of dishonesty. That this can be done is proved by the comments of the two dissentient Commissioners on the report of the majority of their colleagues. But unfortunately experience shows that this is an exceptional practice, and that too often, as in the present case, the reply to the facts presented in support of the case for vaccination is in the form of charges, not only of individual dishonesty and of imputations of a purely personal character on those who present these facts, but by the assumption that nearly the whole of the medical profession, in all parts of the world, are and have been for a century engaged in a conspiracy to pervert and conceal truth which, if it could be established, would disentitle them for ever to the confidence of the public.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Dr. Bond complains of the limited space allowed, but forgets that as he is not attacked or even mentioned in Dr. Hadwen's article, there is no particular reason why we should give him any space at all, other than our desire to deal fairly and justly by all shades of opinion. Surely, the proper person to reply to Dr. Hadwen's strictures would have been either Dr. Coupland himself, or the Medical Officer of Health for Gloucester? In any case, Dr. Bond has not made very good use of the space we were able to allow him to meet Dr. Hadwen's "eighteen pages stuffed full of most contentious matter", for part of his article he devotes to what some witness said before the Royal Commission, and a further large part to personal comments upon "the personal attack on Dr. Coupland, which has no importance". When opportunity is frittered away on matters of "no importance", it is idle to blame the lack of it for one's own shortcomings. The rule of this journal is that opinions must be expressed "in proper language": Dr. Bond has been allowed unusual latitude.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

The religious folks of Halifax are asking themselves "What is Sunday coming to?" This question is the outcome of a sermon by the Rev. M. M. Todd, who mourned over the Sunday newspaper, the Sunday ride (although to "ride on the Lord's Day" might be condoned, if the rider had a good object in view), the Sunday lecture, the Sunday concert, the Sunday out-door games, and the Sunday political meeting. "What was to prevent us, in a very short time, from having the Continental Sunday?" asked poor Mr. Todd in anguish. He was not, he said, "a narrow-minded or bigoted person", but to secularise Sunday would be to do the devil's work, to destroy religion, then morality would decay, philanthropy and humanity would decline, and, as a climax, our national greatness would suffer eclipse. This is Mr. Todd's idea of the consequences of a cheerful Sunday; but after reading all this diatribe against Sunday amusements, it appears a little inconsistent for the report of the proceedings to conclude thus: "During the service Mr. S. Jowett sang 'The Lord is Righteous', and the choir contributed anthems. . . . Miss Horsman taking the solo". A lively discussion has been taking place in the pages of the *Halifax Courier*.

The Home Secretary has intimated that the Government is not disposed to extend the punishment of flogging to cases of criminal assault. The London School Board, however, seems inclined to endorse the "cult of brutality" in regard to those unfortunate children who find their way to the truant schools. Mr. J. W. Sharp does not believe in truant schools being made "pleasant and happy places" for these miserable little ones drawn from the "lowest strata of society". "Is life worth living?" is a question we should be sorry to put to one of these unfortunates.

In Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, Atheists are excluded from holding any public offices. At a recent wife-murder trial in Cook County (says the *Truth Seeker*) two Atheists, Alvin Dietz and Harvey Orr, were, at the instance of the defendant, prevented from serving on the jury because the law required them to make oath by "the ever-living God". The reporter of the *Chicago Times and Herald* remarked that Messrs. Dietz and Orr impressed the court as men of high character and intelligence.

When Lord George Hamilton is asked a question about the plague in the House of Commons it is always "decreasing" or "less alarming"; but Reuter telegraphs from Bombay that the disease is becoming more virulent in character and that the number of deaths is increasing. There is friction between the Plague Committee and the Corporation, and the latter is reported to have stopped the money supplies. Search parties are attacked, and there is a general protest against the system of house visitation by European soldiers.

It is of the utmost importance that English people should know exactly what the military party in India are responsible for, and Mr. John Morley is doing good service to England and India alike, by moving for a return which shall show the number, the occasion, and the cost of the military operations which have taken place beyond the frontier of British India since 1858.

A gentleman who attends church as well as theatre, writes to the *Daily Chronicle*, and compares the matter and manner of the average actor with that of the average preacher—not at all to the advantage of the latter. He says we hear complaints of empty pews, but thinks there is much more room for complaint of empty parsons.

Mr. Chamberlain, in replying to Sir Charles Dilke in reference to slavery in the Lagos Protectorate, said "no promise had been made to abolish domestic slavery in these territories, and it would be impracticable to do so immediately, even if treaty arrangements allowed it".

The *Sussex Daily News* draws attention to the "very considerable number of clerical livings" which, between 1806 and 1822, were exonerated from payment of the land tax. There seems to have been more than 2,000 of these livings, of which a large proportion are still exempt.

Russia has arranged to spend £9,000,000 on her navy this year; The United States has voted £10,000,000 to national defences; and England also increases her army and navy expenditure by several millions. All are Christian nations who prate of Christ as the "Prince of Peace"!

It is said that Lo Bengula's three sons are being educated at Cape Town, at the expens of the Chartered Company. Are they paying it out of the £100 a month they agreed to pay Lo Bengula for the right to dig for minerals in Matabeleland, we wonder.

The Presbytery of London, South, has determined to take Ian McLaren's "heresy" into consideration, so that they may come to a decision how best "to vindicate the honor and faith of the Church".

In reply to Mr. MacNeill, Mr. Balfour informed the House of Commons (March 3) that no steps were to be taken for the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds.

Mr. Wertheimer has presented to the Government a marble bust of Oliver Cromwell, which he purchased for the sum of £1,400.

The distress and destitution in Crete is so extreme, that the sailors on board H.M.S. "Anson" have been making garments to cover some of the unfortunate creatures.

The Englishman's drink bill for last year was £4 1s. 9¼d., about as much as the whole cost of living of an Indian agriculturist.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner's Engagements.—March 20, Queen's Park Hall, Harrow Road (3 p.m., "The English Parliament"); April 3, Liverpool: Alexandra Hall, Islington Square (3 p.m., "Capital Punishment"; 7 p.m., "A Little Englander's Look Round"); May 8, 15, 22, West London Ethical Society, Kensington Town Hall (11 a.m., For Children). Mrs. Bonner can take no engagements between May and September.

J. Hunns, A. J. Marriott, and Others.—You will be pleased to see that Dr. Hadwen's articles are about to appear in pamphlet form.

J. Sinclair writes: "I have had a year of your bright Reformer, and will be pleased to renew. I am not able to practise horticulture, but your jolly Gardener seems to love his calling and very much enjoy it. All pleasure to him in his work."

J. Whitehead.—We hope to have you as a subscriber for many years yet.

J. Somerville, in renewing subscription to the Reformer, writes: "As long as I live and am able to pay for it, I will read it, or get it read to me. It is the best paper I ever read except the *National Reformer*."

P. R. Domoney.—Thank you for your good wishes and promised help. We shall hope to congratulate you on your re-election.

We give our heartiest thanks for the words of encouragement, and the good wishes sent by so many friends in renewing their subscriptions to this journal.

E. G. B.—We are pleased to read your expressions of "unqualified appreciation" of this journal. Mrs. Bonner also thanks you for your compliments upon her editions of Paine. "Common Sense" was not sufficiently well taken up to warrant its issue. The corrections are noted.

A. B. Wakefield.—Thanks for enclosures. Glad to see your lecture.

H. H.—Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner has to ask the indulgence of yourself and other correspondents. Since the new year she has been more than ordinarily busy; she has taken part in public meetings in connexion with the Women's Liberal Associations, International Arbitration and Peace Association, Humanitarian League and County Council Election; she has also given lectures for various institutions in London and the suburbs, and has in addition visited Chatham, Leicester, and Birmingham—at each of which places she had large and enthusiastic audiences. These items constitute Mrs. Bonner's "leisure occupations"; her full working hours being already amply occupied. She will write you at length at the earliest opportunity.

H. O. Newland.—We much regret that your letter on "Natural Rights" got overlooked. It is now too late; shall we return it?

S. Hartmann.—The correspondence, as we announced some time ago, is closed.

H. L. Barnes.—We do not recall such a taunt in debate, but when Mr. Bradlaugh became a total abstainer with the little band of freethinkers at Warner Place, it was regarded as a part of his general backsliding by his Christian pastors and masters. This was, as you say, "before temperance was respectable".

F. H. Perry Coste, B.Sc.—We hope to use your article next month.

H. Maitland; E. A. Thompson.—Shall appear.

E. Smedley.—The charge for the advertisement would be 1s. Shall we insert it next month? Glad you like the *Reformer*.

J. R. Whitell asks if any of our readers can tell him in which of Cardinal Bellarmine's works occur the passages.—(1) "No one can be certain, by the certainty of faith, that he receives a true sacrament, since a sacrament cannot be celebrated without the minister's intention, and no one can see the intention of another". (2) "We have no moral certainty that they (the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church) are true bishops."

W. Day writes: "I have much pleasure in forwarding you my subscription for the Reformer for the next twelve months. I am delighted with it."

W. Day.—The answer to your question depends upon many things, if you will send full information as to whether the road is a main or district road, whether there is a lord of the manor, and if possible, how the land was acquired for the road, *e.g.*, whether it was purchased, or the road became a highway by user, a further answer shall be given. The Solicitor is not prepared to answer merely hypothetical questions.

"Old Joe".—The legality of the Water Company's charges depends upon their private Acts of Parliament. Go to their office and ask them to produce the sections under which they make the various charges. It may be that your neighbor is under-charged.

J. H. F.—Unless your friend can be more definite no help can be afforded. There are thousands of people who believe, without foundation, that there are funds in Court belonging to them. Do not let him pay anything to advertisers who profess to be able to find out.

H. Redfearn.—The famous library of Alexandria was founded by Ptolemy I about 300 B.C.; at the death of his son and successor Ptolemy II (Philadelphus) it contained "200,000 vols. of the best and choicest books", and this number eventually grew to about 700,000. It was partially burned by flames from Cæsar's ships about B.C. 46, but was repaired by Cleopatra, and its final destruction was by order of the Saracen Caliph Omar, A.D. 642.

N. K. Ramasamy Aiya, Chittur.—Pleased to hear from you, and sympathise with your plucky struggle against prevalent apathy. We send Reformers as desired, with our best wishes.

"Did Charles Bradlaugh die an Atheist?" is the title of a pamphlet now issued at 1d. (1½d. post free by A. & H. B. Bonner, 1 & 2 Took's Court, E.C. It is written to finally dispose of persistent allegations of recantation put forth by certain "Christian" advocates. The evidence given is first-hand and conclusive, and it is hoped that all who desire to see justice done to the maligned dead will aid in circulating this unanswerable demonstration. The publishers will supply packets of 100 at 5s. 7d. post free; or 500 for 22s. 6d., carriage forward.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the edition of Frances Wright's lectures, now generously issued at the instance and expense of Mr. George Anderson, C.E. It can be obtained (boards, 1s.) at this office, as above, and will, we trust, have the hearty reception it deserves.

Dr. W. R. Hadwen's very able and thorough criticisms of the Report by the Government official (Dr. Coupland) on the Gloucester small-pox epidemic, which appeared in our issues for

Dec., Jan., and Feb., are now reprinting with additions in pamphlet form, and will be on sale about March 25th.

We regret to say that Mr. Robertson's usual article reached us too late for insertion in the present number. Mr. Robertson leaves the United States on the 19th of this month. We shall be pleased to welcome him back amongst us once more.

Received:—Herald of the Golden Age—Boston Investigator—Truth Seeker (New York)—Clarion—Inquirer—Northampton Mercury—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Phrenological Journal—Liberty Review—The Eagle and the Serpent—Shafts—Personal Rights—Social Democrat—Newcastle Daily News—St. Michael's Parish Chronicle—Sussex Daily News—University Magazine—Home Links—Literary Guide—Labour Co-partnership—Single Tax—Truth Seeker—Freedom—People's Newspaper (Queensland)—Liberator (Melbourne)—Indian Social Reformer (Jan. and Feb.)—Awakener of India (Dec. and Feb.)—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Concord—South Place Magazine—National Home Reading Union Magazine (3 Sections)—Price List, Mme. Veigelé's Vegetarian Depôt—Reason.

Books Received for Review:—Political Crime, by Louis Proal (T. Fisher Unwin)—Creed and Life, by Rev. C. E. Beeby, B.D. (Midland Educational Co., Birmingham)—Physiognomy Made Easy, by Annie J. Oppenheim (L. N. Forder & Co.).

The full legal responsibility or everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed artic es the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, Reformer, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE INDIAN FORWARD POLICY.[1]

In discussing what is known as the Indian "Forward Policy", there are three questions which must be asked and answered. 1st. What is the object of that policy? 2nd. What the policy involves? *i.e.*, how it affects our relations with the tribes with which it brings us in contact, what the policy costs, and who has to pay for it. 3rd. Will the forward policy accomplish the object at which it aims? Other questions will probably occur to students of Indian questions, but these seem to me to touch the essential points.

First, then, what is the object of the Forward Policy? There are two objects, one avowed, the other unavowed. The avowed object is to protect British India against possible Russian invasion, the unavowed is to extend our Indian possessions; the first is a policy of fear, and the second a policy of grab. Our fear of Russian invasion does not take the form of a calm and dignified prevision of possible danger, but we have let the idea grow upon us until it amounts to a disease, warping our intelligence and drugging our sense of honor. It is rather curious that England always has had such a bugbear, at one time Spain was our so-called "natural enemy", and then it was France, and now it is Russia. Now, before approving the extensive measures which are taken as a defence against Russia, it would not be inappropriate to ascertain whether Russia has any designs upon India, or whether our fears have not acted as a magnifying glass and led us to see a mountain where there was only a mole-hill. Of course, we may well believe that Russia would *like* to get India under her control, as I daresay England would *like* once again to hold America, but that is hardly the point. The question is would Russia regard an invasion of India as practicable. Lord Beaconsfield, who started the forward policy on its downward course, said definitely, "We have long arrived at the opinion that an invasion of our Empire, by passing the mountains which form our North-West frontier, is one which we need not dread". Those are the words of the man who actually originated the forward policy. And in spite of the advance made by the Russians into Central Asia, the natural difficulties in the way of an invasion are so enormous that we may regard them as insuperable—unless we, the British, are so foolish as to build a bridge of our fears—but that point I will deal with later. General Skobeloff, who at one time talked of hurling masses of cavalry on India, altogether altered his views after

[1] A Paper read before the South Place Discussion Society on Feb. 23rd.

his experiences of the Akhal war, and Mr. Curzon, as late as 1890, said that "the general result of the explorations of Colonels Lockhart and Woodthorpe in 1885-6, and Captain Younghusband in 1889, has been to show that the Pamir passes, which are of great altitude and severity, are not available for serious purposes of invasion".

Russia has a large army—on paper. She has a million men on a peace footing, and a further 1½ million reserves. That is her paper force, and it is so enormous that, even after making every deduction, we still find her with a large army. An army which might be a terrible power on, or close to, her own boundaries, but which, for a variety of reasons—of which the chief is financial—would lack strength as it got farther and farther away. In the war with Turkey, close at hand, 400,000 men were employed. Even if half that number were sufficient to effect the conquest of India, the transport service and the commissariat would still represent insuperable difficulties. To give an idea of what this would mean, I would point out that for the subjugation of Akhal—a little place in Turkestan—Russia had to employ 5,000 men and 20,000 camels.

But for the moment we will assume that Russia does intend to invade India and that we must hold ourselves prepared for the event, then the question comes, is this policy, which is known as the forward policy, the best policy? and that brings us to the consideration of what it involves. First of all it involves the absorption of that which was, or now is, independent territory within what Mr. Curzon calls "the extending radius of British sway". When we can absorb territory without fighting we do so—as in the case of the Gumal Pass, the Zhob Valley and the Waziri district, districts which were quietly brought under our control by Sir Robert Sandeman, Chief Commissioner of British Baluchistan. In the north we tried to absorb Chitral in the same way, but while the old Mehtar lived he was wily enough to take all he could get from us—which at last included a subsidy of £12,000 a year—and to give us in return consents and promises which he showed no inclination to enforce or to keep. After his death we tried to strengthen our slight hold on Chitral by taking part in the domestic disputes of the Chitralis, a course which eventually resulted in our occupation of Chitral by force of arms. Now the first comment to be made upon this boasted extension of British sway, is that it is a direct violation of the pledges made by the Queen when we assumed the direct control of India after the Mutiny. In 1858 the Queen issued a proclamation to the Indians in which she said, "We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions, and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others". Every encroachment, therefore, upon the dominions or the right of others is a distinct breach of faith, and as such is calculated to undermine the loyalty of our Indian subjects—a consequence far more likely to prove disastrous to our rule in India than any Russian invasion.

In the next case, by robbing these tribes of their independence, we, in many cases, make them our enemies, *e.g.*, the Waziri tribes, the most important of the Gumal district—who were supposed to be tranquilly absorbed by Sir Robert Sandeman—were the people who started the fighting last summer; they offered resistance to a political officer who had come to collect fines, and the fighting then spread to the Tochi Valley, and then north of Peshawur, to Chakdara. For, although the tribes inhabiting the Tochi Valley and the Samana district, had not been "absorbed" like the Waziri, they were full of uneasiness; for it is part of the forward policy, not only to guard the Pamir passes (which it has been decided are *not* available for the purposes of invasion), but also to guard all the passes on the eastern side of Afghanistan, and generally to fence it in with forts, in case the Russians should choose to approach us by way of Herat. All this extension of military outposts, these in-

creasing garrisons, this opening up of valleys, and laying down of military roads, has been watched with great uneasiness and resentment by the tribes, they had seen the Hunza Nagars, and the Chitralis come under British control in the north, the Baluchis and the Waziris in the south, and they naturally feared this activity threatened them in their turn. These fears were quite justified; Mr. Curzon has announced that they are to be brought under "pacific control", whatever that may mean. This, it has been pointed out, is a contradiction in terms. "If the policy is to *control* these Afghan tribes, it cannot be pacific; and if it is to be *pacific*, it cannot control the Afghan tribes. Influence is one thing; control is another." The second result of our encroachment, then, is that we have raised up on our borders a line of bitter enemies, who, in the event of the dreaded Russian invasion, would prove most formidable adversaries. In regard to Afghanistan itself, the Afghans have every reason to hate us. Twice we have carried a most unjustifiable war into their country, overthrown their ruler, killed their men, rendered their women and children homeless. Abdur Rahman, the present ruler, was a Russian pensioner before we set him on his throne, and for aught we know to the contrary, he may still be a Russian pensioner. From us he receives a substantial subsidy; for thirteen years after the war, we paid him 12 lakhs of rupees per annum, for the last four years we have paid him 18 lakhs (£120,000). He has no love for us, however; why should he have? Love cannot be bought with rupees. We can only depend upon his loyalty so long as it coincides with his interests.

To return once more to the way in which this forward policy affects our Indian subjects. As I have already pointed out, this extension of British sway is a violation of the pledges made in 1858. Broken faith is bad enough, but we pile injury upon injury by making the Indians themselves bear the cost of the broken pledges. Money which was raised from an already overtaxed people for the purposes of famine relief and insurance has been used to pay for the Afghan war, the Quetta field force, for frontier expeditions; frontier railways and subsidies to frontier chiefs. The approximate cost of the forward policy on the North-West frontier up to 1896—including the Afghan war with which it opened—has been totalled up by Colonel Hanna from official papers. It amounts to Rs. 714,580,480, reckoning the rupee at 1s. 4d. this comes to about £57,638,798, a tolerably heavy bill for eighteen years. I see that last night Lord George Hamilton said that the frontier war (expedition, he calls it; an expedition which requires the services of 70,000 men) has up to the present cost 351 lakhs, or about two and a-half millions. It will probably turn out to be double that when we get all the figures.

It must be remembered that every additional advance and every additional occupation means not merely the additional outlay at the time, but a permanent addition to the yearly cost. You will more clearly realise what I mean when I point out that in the case of Chitral we have not only the preliminary expenditure of £1,670,000 for the Chitral expedition, and the annual cost of its occupation, which involves a subsidy to the little Mehtar and the maintenance of a sufficient force there to support the authority of our Resident; but besides this there are 180 miles of communication to be kept up and guarded, as well as subsidies to be paid to the Khan of Dir and the headmen of the various tribes through whose districts the road passes. It has been our experience in the valleys south of Peshawur that one year we make roads and construct forts, the next year we send an expedition to relieve the forts and punish the tribes for attacking them: a process of "pacific control" which necessitates an expenditure both in lives and in gold.

Yesterday Lord G. Hamilton airily told the House of Commons that the people of India paid less in taxation than almost any people towards a civilised form of Government. That may be so—absolutely—and yet *in*

relation to their means—which after all is the most important point—they may be most heavily taxed. The cost of living of an Indian agriculturist on *full* pay is not reckoned to exceed £4 10s. per annum — which I believe is scarcely less than the Englishman's drink bill. The majority of the Indian population are rayats or agricultural peasants, but those on full pay all the year round are in a *very* small minority, and it is much more common to find incomes of half that figure; in fact 1½d. or 2d. per day is the rule and 3d. the exception. What margin does such an income as that allow for taxation, I should like to know. I do not think it is possible for Lord George Hamilton to be ashamed; but in any case it disgraces the English nation when its responsible Minister makes assertions such as these, which although true in words, yet to all intents and purposes are deliberately untrue.

We will now turn our attention to the third question with which I started this paper, viz., Is the forward policy calculated to protect British India against Russia?

It is feared Russia may approach from the north by way of the Dorah or Boroghil Passes of the Hindu Kush mountains, or by way of Herat on the western extremity of Afghanistan, or Afghan-Turkestan on the north-west. We will consider first the approach from the north, which, as I have already pointed out, Mr. Curzon so late as 1890 did not consider available for the purposes of invasion. To-day, in order to account for and justify the frontier extension policy which was started twenty years ago, it is said that in the course of a few years the Russians will have advanced along the valley of the Middle Oxus so far, that it will be easy for them to throw a large force into Badaskan; from Badaskan, a good road might be made by the Dorah Pass to Chitral. When they get to Chitral, what will they do there? People who write in this way do not tell their readers anything of the nature of the country in and about Chitral. It is a terrible country; it is nature's own barrier which we have been doing our utmost to break down. It is we who have been blindly, stupidly, insanely building a bridge which shall carry the Russians safely from the Dorah Pass to Peshawur. Until we went there, it had been the proud boast of these people that no European had set foot in their country. Chitral is a sea of mountains and barren valleys, mountains 22,000, 24,000, and upwards of 25,000 feet high. Dreadful mountains, not covered with vegetation, but covered with loose rock, so that the slightest movement at the top—the movement of a goat even—will set the whole going, and bury anything or anybody that happens to be in the pass below. The mountain passes are veritable traps for hostile forces. When Captain Ross attempted to relieve Dr. Robertson, who was besieged in the fort at Chitral, he was caught in one of these passes, the Karagh Pass. He had 60 men with him when he entered the pass, of these 60 only 15 came out alive, and of these 15 there were only five who were not more or less seriously injured. When Captain Ross went into the pass there was no sign of the enemy, at the other end they found fortifications. As it was impossible to scale the mountain side, he ordered a return, only to find fortifications thrown up at the entrance. There was no escape, and the men were at the mercy of the tribes, who hurled rocks down upon them. Captain Ross himself was killed, some of the men took refuge in a cave, where some died of their wounds, some of hunger, some of thirst, only fifteen eventually escaping. This is the gauntlet the Russians would have had to run had they been the first-comers, and after 200 or more miles of this — I am counting the miles on *our* side of the Hindu Kush, which is but a trifle compared with the distance the army would have to traverse before they reached these mountains — after 200 miles of such experience, in what condition would the Cossacks have arrived at Peshawur to meet the combined forces of India and Great Britain? Well, our folly has removed this barrier, at least to a very large extent. Unless we succeed in the

difficult, and well-nigh impossible task of pacifying these tribes, they will hail the Russians as deliverers, and give them every assistance in their attempt to push us out. In spite of all this, however, there are still so many natural difficulties, if we do not clear them all away, that it would be by no means an easy march for the Russians, even now. When we think of these passes, we must not think of Llanberis Pass, these are something quite different; chasms abound, the troops are obliged to carry planks with them to bridge these chasms, and sometimes the men have to pull off shoes and stockings to get foot grip. The men may get across, but how about the artillery? The Russians will want the latest invention in big guns when they come face to face with us on the shores of the Indus, and how would they get the guns along? When Colonel Kelly went to the relief of Dr. Robertson from Gilgit to Chitral (I refer to what actually took place at that time, on the ground that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory) it was found that even the mules could not travel in some parts, and, by the bye, he had no big guns, only what is called a mule battery; but such as they were they would have had to be left behind if it had not been that the men of the Kashmir Imperial Service troops had volunteered to carry them themselves. But this was an extraordinary occasion, when every one made it a point of honor to strain every effort to get forward to relieve men who they knew were fighting for their lives in a ramshackle fort. It is not likely that Cossack soldiers, already worn and weary with their long march from home, would volunteer to carry guns; even if they did, no number of volunteers could carry the big guns necessary for civilized warfare. Of course, if we keep to our forward policy long enough, we may build good stone bridges over all these chasms capable of bearing any amount o artillery.

We have garrisons at Chitral, and at other places in that district, but it would be madness for us to march a force up there to meet the Russians; a reverse there would probably mean the extermination of our entire force, for we should have the Russians in front of us, and behind us; and on each side, intervening between us and our nearest base, would be these Pathan tribes, only too eager to take revenge upon us for all past injuries, real and imaginary.

But suppose the Russians came by way of Herat or Afghan-Turkestan. Either the Afghans would be unfriendly to their advance, or they would be friendly. If they were unfriendly, then the difficulty is disposed of. We have twice made war upon Afghanistan, and with our base of supplies comparatively close at hand, we have not yet been able to hold the country. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the Afghans and British Indians together would be sufficient to keep out the Russians, who would be many hundred miles distant from the base of their supplies.

But if the Afghans were friendly; and it is urged that they could easily be made friendly by offering them the spoils of India as a bribe, while we have no corresponding bribe to offer. But really, people talk a great deal of nonsense. What effect, is it supposed, that such a bribe would have upon the people of India? It is one thing to be despoiled by taxes in the name of law, government and order by a masterful race coming from over the seas, but it is quite another thing when the despoiler is their neighbor and ancient enemy, the Afghan. Sometimes it seems as though we did everything we could to put a strain upon the loyalty of the Indian people, but if in spite of all this the Russians wish to bind them closer to us, they could not do so more effectually than promising the Afghans sovreignty over the Punjaub, and the spoils of India. There are still lions in Lahore, and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of human nature if such conduct on the part of the Russians did not even put courage into the timid Bengali.

However, we will suppose the Afghans friendly, in whatever way their friendship was bought. If the Russians came

by way of Herat, they would have 200 miles of Afghan territory to cross before they reached the boundaries of Afghanistan, by Turkestan and Kabul perhaps rather less. They would have to carry their food with them, for Afghanistan is a sterile country, incapable of feeding an army in addition to her own people. The march of a large body of men over difficult country burdened with baggage could not be accomplished very quickly. From Herat it would probably take them three weeks, and they would arrive at the seat of war half starved, weary and footsore.

But suppose all difficulties overcome, and that they reached the Afghan frontier fresh and fit, is the battle for supremacy to be fought in the Tochi, the Gumal, and the Zhob valleys, where we should be, as at Chitral, surrounded by hostile tribes? Or is it to be fought on this side of the Suliman range, where, close to reinforcements, close to supplies, with the strength of India immediately behind us, roads, railways, and telegraphs, and within four weeks communication with London itself, defeat would be almost impossible—quite impossible if our arms had support in the loyalty of India? I might point out, parenthetically, that even if the Russians did succeed in driving us out of India, their difficulties, as far as the conquest of India is concerned, would be only just begun. The war between Russia and England could be only a little less disastrous to the conqueror than to the conquered, and having vanquished us the Russians would then have to reckon with India. Not merely with British India, but with the independent states; all classes would seize the chance of regaining their former independence, and would fight against a new conqueror with all their power. Even those who might possibly assist Russia to oust us would resist to the utmost any attempt on the part of Russia to put herself in our place.

To sum up, then: So far from the so-called forward policy achieving the defence of British India against a possible Russian invasion, it is eminently calculated to frustrate that object. First, by undermining the loyalty of the Indians, through the violation of solemn pledges and the burden of increasingly heavy taxation for which the Indians get absolutely no return. Next, by weakening our strategic position, for instead of our receiving the attack of the Russians on this side of the Suliman mountains, and near the waters of the Indus, where we are practically unconquerable, the forward party propose that we should meet them in independent or hostile territory, where we should not only be removed from supplies and the power of rapid communication, but where we should be surrounded by unfriendly, or at best, unreliable tribes. Therefore, I urge that the forward policy should be condemned in the strongest language possible, as a furtive attempt at land-grabbing under the guise of Indian defence, as calculated to injure India and to estrange her. And finally, it should be condemned as providing facilities for the dreaded invasion by overthrowing natural barriers, and in every way weakening our position.

Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

MARUCCHI'S GRAFFITI.

The alleged discovery of early Christian relics at Rome has ended in smoke, like all other similar assertions. Signor Marucchi professed to have found an original drawing of the crucifixion executed by the bodyguard of Pontius Pilate. The copies of this graffito, printed in the English illustrated papers, prove the absurdity of such an idea. It is merely the representation of an acrobatic performance; and the Latin inscription accompanying it is simply an amatory composition which cannot be translated in any respectable periodical. If this be the class of design which the early Christians scratched upon vacant walls, then orthodoxy is welcome to it. At the top of the composition is the common Roman name CRESCENS; but as this was partly obliterated the imaginative professor read it as CRESTUS, and supposed it to be a variant of CHRISTUS. One of the

figures had FILETUS written over his head; and this the ingenious Italian read as "Pilatus". There were no other reasons whatever for supposing that the graffito had any reference to Jesus Christ, or Pontius Pilate.

Besides this, Professor Marucchi professed to have discovered another design scratched upon the plaster of an ancient wall; which, he asserted, was the lower part of a crucifix, accompanied by Greek words meaning "the Lord is thy God". Professor Lanciani and the other Roman archeologists, however, deny that the alleged inscription can be read at all, as it is almost obliterated; and the alleged crucifix is merely a number of fortuitous scratches, conveying no meaning whatever.

Signor Marucchi has mistaken his vocation. A person of such brilliant and original imagination should confine himself to the writing of novels; and not meddle with archeology, which demands rigid accuracy in observation, and some regard for the ordinary canons of truth and honesty. Even the Roman Catholic journals which first announced the "discovery" have abandoned it; and Professor Marucchi, after first boasting of his intention of writing a book upon the graffiti which should establish his interpretation of them, has now admitted that he was entirely mistaken.

The whole field of Christian antiquities is full of instances of the same character. The Roman catacombs have had similar nonsense talked about them. Whenever the Roman Catholic explorers came across any old tool accidentally left behind by some ancient workman, they immediately seized upon it as an instrument of martyrdom. A broken slab was found with the letters VIAT still legible upon it, and a St. Viatus was immediately added to the Kalendar; but some years afterwards the rest of the slab was recovered, and the whole inscription was found to relate to the repairing of the Roman roads. Boldetti figures a slab bearing the name "Alexander", accompanied by a pair of pincers and a square object, and religious enthusiasts waxed eloquent over the sufferings of the blessed martyr Alexander. A better executed piece of sculpture was, however, discovered in the present century, bearing a similar pair of pincers and *a tooth*, with the further information that the occupant of the tomb was a *dentist*. So it became evident that Alexander was a dentist also. There are dozens of similar instances where the implements of a man's trade or profession inscribed upon his tombstone, have been converted into instruments of his martyrdom by a heated imagination. In a cathedral in the State of New York is a waxen figure of a Roman martyr, life-size, whose gaping wounds excite the pity of the faithful. The tombstone of this "martyr" is placed alongside him, to show that it is all genuine, but to those conversant with Latin inscriptions the stone conveys the information that the deceased was an infant eight days old, whereas the figure shown is that of an adult. Small glass bottles containing remains of some red substance were highly prized by the pious, as enshrining the blood of the martyrs; but this faith was rudely disturbed by profane analysts, who declared the stains to be the lees of wine.

The Roman catacombs themselves were at one time confidently asserted to be the refuges of the poor persecuted Christians, who hid their dead there from the Pagan gaze. The researches of the Roman Catholic Chevalier de Rossi have quite disproved all this. He has shown that they were really excavated with the knowledge of the authorities and under the full protection of the law. They could never have been refuges for anybody for the simple reason that human beings could only live in them for a few days. In many cases the stonecutters have calmly appropriated earlier Pagan tombstones and cut fresh inscriptions upon the backs of them to serve their new owners; or even occupied abandoned graveplots of some of the proscribed patrician families. These early Christians seem to have helped themselves pretty freely to everything that came in their way.

Signor Marucchi now attempts to

deprecate his first statements, and complains that the newspapers made a great deal more of his first suggestions than they were entitled to, but of course he is the only person to blame. He is but the living representative of a long line of Christian romancists who have made wild assertions for the glory of the faith, only nowadays we hear both sides of the question, and can see that the religious side is invariably the wrong one. In the early ages of the Church the other side was invariably ignored; and inconvenient questioners came to a sudden end. Eusebius tells a long rigmarole to the effect that the woman with the issue of blood, mentioned by the Evangelists, was a native of his own city; and on her return home she erected a statue to commemorate the miracle, which he had frequently seen. Unbelieving antiquarians, however, have pointed out that representations exactly similar to the description of Eusebius occur upon the coins of Hadrian; and they suggest with great probability that the group he refers to really commemorated the visit of that emperor to the city.

But it is useless to pursue this subject further. The Church which "invented" the true cross, and which filled mediæval churches with the relics of spurious saints and martyrs, has not ceased its work or its pretensions; although it must be badly off for advertisement to publish idle and improper scratchings upon old walls as witnesses to the Faith.

D. Macasky.

LITERATURE.

JOHN BRIGHT. By C. A. Vince, M.A. (Victorian Era Series.) (Blackie and Son, Limited. 1898. 2s. 6d.)

The generation whose influence at the polls is now beginning to be felt will have no excuse for any want of sound and sufficient knowledge of the history of the period immediately preceding their own, or of the earlier evolution resulting in the political and economic questions which their own age is called upon to grapple with. But thirty years ago it was a very different matter. Sources of information as to the events of the political world since Waterloo—or at least since the first Reform Bill—were few and relatively inaccessible, consisting for the most part of a few bulky biographies and the wilderness of Hansard. Molesworth's history set a useful fashion, and the present Victorian era series puts into rational perspective, and something like order, the events which in the Jubilee year just passed have been referred to so often, that people have come to think they knew something about the period in which they occurred.

The present volume deals with an honored and commanding figure whose activity covers the greater part of the Victorian Era, while his reputation and even his features must be familiar to many even of the younger men of to-day. But it would not be fair to judge John Bright by these later recollections. His best work, and it was a worthy work well done, closed with the administration which dealt with the Irish Church, Irish Land, the ballot, elementary education, and the fusion of law and equity, and without a study of the previous thirty years (1843-73) justice cannot be done to the character and claims of the People's Tribune.

The volume before us is interesting from cover to cover, and supplies a vivid account of the home and foreign politics of the period, its value being largely due to the perspicacious view of each great question made possible by the admirable arrangement by subject rather than by order of date—the ledgerisation in short of the scattered items in the chronological journal of events.

The author's point of view is one of strict—almost painful—impartiality, and the reader can only infer his proper views from side-lights and the general presumption that an author is not hostile to his subject. We have a sympathetic but sober portrait of the man—painted largely by himself in extracts from his speeches, which, in Bright's case especially, are the best possible "documents". For the keynote of his whole life and thought is sincerity—transparent and simple, but resolute and uncompromising sincerity—and this is a commodity of which in the region of party politics we cannot have too much and seldom get enough. This book is a valuable memorial to the great apostle of honesty in politics, and cannot be too strongly recommended to those who would understand their age.

Perhaps for us the most important—if the most obvious lesson of John Bright's life—is the immense value of morals in politics, especially when, as with him, the negative quality of unflinching honesty is supplemented by a positive ethical enthusiasm which, even when running counter to national prejudice and passion in times of war fever, always commanded respect from all but the most bigoted of Jingoes. Among these last must at that time be reckoned, however regretfully, the late Laureate, whose most unworthy lines—in "Maud"—are quoted in this volume.

The people could trust John Bright absolutely, and this confidence gave him a power as Radical leader in the sixties to which few

parallels exist. Mr. Gladstone had it subsequently for the same reason, his moral earnestness, and perhaps John Burns to-day has an influence like in kind, though infinitely less in degree. Its antithesis is the reluctant and mistrustful admiration accorded to the successful *coups* of the politicians such as Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and perhaps one or two of their more modern disciples.

This simplicity of the standards of judgment tends wonderfully to clearness of vision, and accounts for much of the acute insight with which Bright handled many thorny and involved problems of his day. He was not a politician: he had no side interests to serve; his gaze was never distracted by votes or victories, and on his own questions, where his convictions were involved, he was a root-and-branch reformer, a Radical whose very name was hateful to the privileged classes.

War, Protection, privilege in Church and State, the Game Laws, Indian extravagance, he denounced wholly and utterly, and in so far was as "thorough" as the later Radical leader, who differed from him so much yet was in purpose and tenacity very similar.

And this leads to the mention of a curious blemish in the present book, due, one cannot but think, to complete ignorance on the author's part of the character of that other people's tribune, Mr. Bradlaugh, to whom he alludes in connexion with the long struggle concerning the oath. To those who knew Mr. Bradlaugh—and among readers of this journal they are probably the large majority—it appears almost ludicrous to speak of his action in claiming to affirm as due to a desire "to advertise himself and his views", unless the same could be said of Mr. Bright's opposition to the Russian War. The one was as simple and straightforward assertion of principle as the other.

The life of such a man as Bright brings out strongly the changes in opinion since the days when his great battles were fought, and it is no easy matter to gauge the moral courage and steadfastness required to take up and defend an advanced position, when the furious prejudice and reactionary passion of vituperation which raged round a reformer's head have died away so completely as to be almost unimaginable to the new generation, while on the other hand some of his positions advanced at the time are now regarded as tentative and timid, if not retrograde. We do not believe in *laissez faire* now, but it is not that we dispute its abstract economic truth. We only state that economic law even must be over-ruled by a higher social and moral law, just as other laws of nature are over-ruled or countered by laws of medicine or hygiene. Again, the strong antithesis he (like Henry George) insisted on between the wicked landowner and the good manufacturer does not appeal to the latter-day Radical, to whom the difference between the rent-screw and the profits-screw is very much the same as that between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

But when all allowance is made, the figure of John Bright remains a striking one, presenting the manufacturing or capitalistic middle-class and their ideals at their very best, but rather as an exceptional example than as a type, while his oratory: for its balance or temperance, its directness and its emotional power, its lucidity, will always be worth study, whether from the literary or historical standpoint.

There is plenty of good reading in Stephen Claye's *Gospel of Common Sense* (Simpkin and Marshall, 1s.), although having got so far on the road to clear seeing it is wonderful that the author should not have gone a little further. The intense reverence for the Divine authority over all things" that he expresses on the first page do not apparently prevent him from devoting the remainder of the book to a free criticism of a large number of these same "things". We agree with Mr. Claye in many of his criticisms, if in none of his reverence.—We have received three tracts by William Platt (Labor Press, Ltd., 2d. per dozen), which show all the candor and poetry which characterises the writings of this author. The subjects here treated are the Reverence for Life, the Honor of Men and Women, the Love of Children.—The *Labour Annual* (Joseph Edwards, Wallasey, near Liverpool, 1s.). This is the Reformer's *Whittaker*, compiled with a catholicity and fraternal spirit which commands our admiration. Reform movements and societies, reform journals and publications, reform writers and lecturers, and even some reformers who scarcely come under such heads, are here listed, chronicled, or annotated. There are 47 biographies and 46 portraits given of reformers, including Mrs. Besant, Miss H. E. Colenso, Miss Clapperton, J. M. Robertson, E. Truelove, J. M. Wheeler, F. Moscheles, F. W. Newman, G. J. Harney, G. Standring, C. Cohen, F. J. Gould, H. Snell, and other more or less active and well-known movers in social, theological, and other reforms in this and other countries. This is the fourth year of issue, and we are surprised to find that Mr. Edwards has not yet cleared out-of-pocket expenses. The Annual should need but to be known to be successful; and to ensure this only a little reciprocity is needed on the part of those who are concerned in the causes which the Editor seeks to aid.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAND QUESTION.

To the Editor.

It is because I consider the land question and the drink question the greatest of the day, that I have devoted my scanty leisure and my slender purse for some years in these causes. My present purpose is to deal, as succinctly as may be, with the reasons which have induced me to advocate certain reforms

in the laws relating to land. Little can be written on the subject that has not been already urged by far more competent writers. In an extremely able work, entitled "Free Trade in Land", by the late Joseph Kay, Q.C., the author summed up in a few lines, which I venture to quote, almost verbatim, the case against our present system, and few men were better qualified than he to express an opinion on the subject. Of the evil consequences of our Land Laws he declared: They prevent estates being sold which would otherwise undoubtedly come into the market; lessen due parental control; induce careless land-owners to be much more careless than they otherwise would be about the education of their children; maintain in influential positions men unworthy of those positions; deprive many land-owners of the means of properly managing their estates; tend to retard the progress of agricultural improvement; render it necessary to make deeds and wills very long and expensive; make it difficult and costly for a purchaser to ascertain the state of the title of a plot of land he may wish to buy; often leave the actual title to land uncertain, in spite of all the cost and labor bestowed on its careful investigation; deprive the small farmers, the shopkeepers, and the peasants of almost all chance of buying land; aggravate all the above mentioned evils in Ireland by the curses of absenteeism, and agent management; extravagance and luxury are unduly encouraged; by the laws of "Fixtures", and of "Distress", undue preference is given to the landlords over other creditors; by our Game Laws certain fowls are exalted above human creatures, and offences against such "property" are deemed graver than those against the comfort, aye the life even, of human beings.

As concisely as possible I will mention some of the reforms which the Land Law Reform Association is seeking to bring about. When the people of this country resolve that the land shall no longer be used for purposes of private aggrandisement, but shall be turned to the greatest advantage of the community as a whole, perhaps the first step taken will involve the abolition of the *custom*—as well as the *law*, in cases of intestacy—of primogeniture; that is to say, the eldest son would thenceforth have to share the inheritance with his brothers and sisters, in a way similar to that prevailing in France at the present time. There should be a sweeping away of copyhold and customary and other obsolete manorial rights. The settlement of land upon unborn persons and generally the power of creating life interests in land should be prohibited. Conveyance ought in the case of land as of other kinds of property, to be by registration of title, all interests being recorded. Further provision should be made to facilitate the sale of encumbered settled property. Holders of long leaseholds of town property should have power to purchase the freehold compulsorily. Further legislation is needed to provide the working population with sufficient healthy homes. Crown and Church lands should be made more readily available for small holdings and other public purposes. Tenants neither in town nor country have yet that security for any improvements they might be disposed to make. And finally there should be vested in municipalities and other local bodies greater powers to acquire land for residential, agricultural, and other requirements of the people. In short, to quote the objects of the society, our aim should be "to promote all just and effective measures to secure to the nation the greatest social and economic benefits from the land".

J. H. C.

THE WORKS OF FRANCES WRIGHT.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Some thirty years ago I read a book of six lectures delivered by Frances Wright, author of "A Few Days in Athens". They were entitled: 1. On the Nature of Knowledge. 2. Of Free Inquiry. 3. Important Divisions of Knowledge. 4. Religion. 5. Morals. 6. Opinions. I thought then and think still that nothing better has ever been written, and as they have been for years out of print, I have had them reprinted.

The matter has now gone through the press, and makes a volume of 136 pages. It may be obtained, at the low price of one shilling, from A. and H. B. Bonner, 1 and 2 Took's Court, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.; Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.; R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter Street, E.C.; and the Secretary, National Secular Society, 376-7 Strand, W.C.

I shall be out of pocket, but I do it for the benefit of the youths of the present and for the pleasure of their parents, as it has been to me, to read and re-read these lectures.

They were delivered by an educated lady; they are in good English, and may be put in the hands of anyone.

I mention the circumstance of this edition that a future publisher may not have the low price stereotyped on him.

Branches of the National Secular Society and other societies, when a lecturer is not to hand, would find one of these lectures an excellent substitute to be read to the audience.

George Anderson.

MR. BRADLAUGH ON COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

To the Editor.

There is not a word used in the quotation which Mr. W. J. Gaines gives in the last issue of the Reformer from the speech of Mr. Bradlaugh in the House of Commons, which every reasonable believer in the efficacy of vaccination should not be prepared to endorse. In the paper which I read at the Leeds Sanitary Congress I ventured to speak as follows:—

That grievances exist in connection with vacci-

nation procedure at present, it is impossible to deny. It is more than a grievance, it is a scandal that the law does not press equally upon the poor and upon the rich. The rich dissentient can contract himself out of vaccination by the payment of a fine which, to the poor man may mean the breaking up of his household or imprisonment. The rich dissentient need not even appear personally in Court, he can fee a lawyer to attend on his behalf. The poor man must either go himself, or must send his wife, or run the risk of being dealt with as contumacious. The rich mother can have her child vaccinated at home, the poor one has to take hers to a public station, often at a distance of some miles, and through rain or snow. The rich mother can persuade a complaisant doctor to vaccinate her child with only one mark, and to certify, as he legally can do, that it has been "successfully" vaccinated. The poor man's child has to be vaccinated in four places, for which he is not thankful, as he ought to be, and which the mother resents as a grievance, as it truly is, if all children are equal before the law. If there is one thing more than another that is indispensable in any new legislation on this subject, it is that all citizens, rich and poor alike, shall be treated with absolute impartiality. We cannot afford to have the benefits of vaccination whittled away by the exasperating effect of unjust social distinctions."

It is a great misfortune that the question of the efficacy of vaccination has been so complicated with that of the administration of vaccination, that those who earnestly desire to be considered reformers in regard to the latter, are precluded from joining hands with those who, whilst ready to go as far as they do, insist as a condition of co-operation of going a good deal further. But this is the common lot of all reforms.

Francis H. Bond, M.D., Lond.
Gloucester.

To the Editor.

Anti-Vaccinists, among others, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the late Mr. Bradlaugh. His valuable services on the Royal Commission were freely rendered by him at the cost of no little time and labor, which he could ill-afford to give. Two or three times in the course of many years, I ventured to write to him on this subject, and he always expressed himself as being opposed to compulsion. He welcomed the appointment of a Royal Commission, or similar investigating body; though I question if he would have blamed the anti-vaccinists had they carried out their first intention not to appear before the late packed body, whose report in substance was a foregone conclusion. His views, when he prematurely died, so far as they could be gathered, were that while the anti-vaccinists had not proved their "case", yet it was stronger than that of their opponents. Without the professional training of some members of the Commission, yet by sheer force of intellect, and with the avidity of genius, he seemed to grasp the issues involved in a tortuous and perplexing quest. Had he lived to sign the final report, we are certain that his name would have been found on the side of freedom. And we believe that he would not have fallen into some of the errors of the majority of his colleagues. His death was a veritable misfortune to the anti-vaccinists, who in the hour of their coming triumph will not forget his unselfish services to their cause, and that of rational freedom.

J. H.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

Women's Vegetarian Union.—This month's programme covers the following meetings:—March 12th, Social Gathering at Dr. Allinson's, with an address by the host, on "The Body Wonderful"; 14th, at 330, Burdett Road, E., Miss Cutler, on "Is Vegetarianism Conducive to Health?" with discussion; 17th, Free Cookery Demonstration, by Mrs. T. R. Allinson, at 4, Duke Street, Manchester Square (7 p.m.); 20th, at 96, Crawford Street, Baker Street, W. (8 p.m.), Mr. Jas. Hayward, on "Food Values", with discussion. Admission free in all cases.

Humanitarian League.—The past month has seen the Humanitarian propaganda well sustained. On February 20th, Mr. Charles Forward gave an address at Croydon on "Humane Diet"; and on March 9th, the Rev. J. Stratton lectured at South Place Institute on "Blood Sports". The Committee has sent a letter to the London School Board protesting against the proposed re-establishment of birching in Truant Schools, which we think has had some effect, and no doubt the proposal will now fall through. The Annual Meeting of the League will be held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross Road, W.C., on March 29th, at 3 o'clock.—*Prisons Department:* The Home Secretary has been memorialised in the case of W. Scott, lately convicted of the murder of Eliz. Hutchinson at Sunderland. Mr. George Bernard Shaw will lecture on March 24th, at Essex Hall, Strand, on "Flagellomania", with reference to the recrudescence of the flogging craze. Tickets (gratis) and other information from Mr. Jos. Collinson, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C.

National Reform Union (Leeds).—A large and enthusiastic audience assembled at the South Ward Liberal Club, Hunslet Road, on Sunday evening, March 6th, to hear Mr. A. B. Wakefield (of Hipperholme) lecture on "Charles Bradlaugh: the Man and his Work". The discourse was full of facts concerning the patriot's incomparable career, and was much appreciated. Subsequent to the lecture, Master Ernest B. Wakefield delighted the gathering with his recital of Dr. Chas. Mackay's poem, "The Three Preachers."

The South-Western Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League.—Meets at 11 York Road, Battersea, at 8 p.m., on first Sunday in each month. An open-air meeting was held at Battersea on Sunday, February 13th, to demand a public investigation into the deaths of three children who, it is alleged, died from the ill-effects of vaccination. A resolution in favor of a thorough and impartial enquiry was moved by Mr. Longman, seconded by Mr. Dowling (Editor, *Journal*), and unanimously adopted. During the past year more than twelve members of this

League have had their goods confiscated; and four have undergone imprisonment. There is a deficiency of £27, and sympathisers are earnestly requested to assist in making good this sum. The Hon. Sec. is F. Longman, 38A Tetcott Road, Chelsea, S.W. For the Chelsea Guardians Election the Conservative Candidates will be opposed by Mr. F. Longman (Author of "17 Years' Fight against Compulsory Vaccination"), Mr. Newman (recently sentenced to 14 days' hard labor for the non-vaccination of his child), and Mr. Torrington. All who are willing to help are invited to communicate at once with Mr. Longman. Canvassers and funds are badly needed.

South London Ethical Society (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, S.E.).—On Sunday evenings (7 p.m.) during this month, Dr. Stanton Coit is delivering a course of four lectures on "Literature and Life". March 6th, "John Ball's Rhymes and Fourteenth Century Socialism"; 13th, "Thomas á Kempis' 'Imitation of Christ'"; 20th, "Erasmus and his 'Praise of Folly'"; 27th, "Sir Thomas More and his 'Utopia'". (To be followed by a Social Meeting.)—McIntyre Ethical Library: Books may be borrowed after the lectures from the hon. librarian, Mr. P. Bursill.—Sunday School: Meetings are held each week at the Masonic Hall at 11.15 a.m. All persons who sympathise with the aims of the Society are invited to become members. Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Lyon, St. Mary-le-Strand House, Leo Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.; Secretary, Miss F. A. Law, 7, Victoria Road, Peckham, S.E.

South London Ethical Discussion Society (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, S.E.) March 20th, "Some Characteristics of George Meredith's Novels", J. Barratt; 27th, "The Relative Value of Science, Politics, and Theology", W. P. Lucas. The society will then adjourn its Sunday morning meetings till October. Rambles in the country will be arranged monthly during May, June, July, August, and September. A special class is being arranged to meet once a week for philosophic study, further particulars of which will be given in the Reformer. All readers of the Reformer will be heartily welcomed at the meetings and rambles.—H. O. Newland and H. B. Lakeman, Hon. Secs.

Freethought Federation.—The Committee is preparing some new propagandist leaflets, and is taking steps to extend its assistance in open-air work during the coming summer to a larger number of provincial organisations than has hitherto been possible. The Benevolent Fund Committee, on learning to their great regret of the death of Mr. Frederick Haslam, at once made arrangements for the funeral. At their desire I gave a short address at the grave, reminding those present that Mr. Haslam had for many years been a constant worker for the cause, under circumstances of severe trial and frequent discouragement. From thirty to forty old friends of Mr. Haslam attended the funeral, in response to a necessarily brief notice, and many more would have been present had it been possible to communicate with them.—G. Standring, Secretary.

Regent's Park Freethought Society.—The meetings have been well attended and the lectures have been listened to with marked attention, often in spite of bad weather. Near the Broad Walk, Glo'ster Gate, an active propaganda is kept up by Messrs. Rowney, Pack, Maitland, White, and others; these gentlemen will lecture during March and April every Sunday at 11.30 and 3, and at Hyde Park at 11, 3.30, and 6.30, and on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.—Secretary, H. Maitland, 11 Ashby Road, N.; Treasurer, E. C. Rae, 35 Fortess Road, N.W., by whom donations will be gratefully received.

Wood Green Branch N.S.S. (The People's Hall, Station Road, Wood Green).—Coming ectures: Sunday, March 20th, 7.30, Adam Taylor, "Thomas Cooper, (Self-taught) Shoemaker, Chartist, and Poet"; 27th, and April 3rd, 7.30, Two Nights' Debate, between J. Boyce and Stanley Jones: "Is the Bible an Inspired Revelation?"

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

Upon a shoulder of the mountain grew a white-thorn bush. The gorge in which it grew faced the south, and a brawling stream danced and tumbled among the boulders that strewed its sides. It was there, in the midst of the white-thorn, that Yellow-beak, the blackbird, and his bride built their nest. In due course four tiny blue-speckled eggs lay within the downy shelter; then little mistress blackbird brooded over the eggs and began to think out what names and gifts her offspring would have. At dawn, when Yellowbeak left her side to forage for tit-bits by the stream and among the moss, she would listen with a quiet joy to his distant piping, for he began as soon as the sun showed over the crags in the east and gilded the ledges of the mountain whereon the sun yet lingered.

She was a bird of but few notes; but nature, as if to make up to her for being inarticulate, had gifted her with a passionate love of her mate's lay; to this she lent an adoring ear. When the morn was bright she knew at once the state of the weather by his loud and joyous pipe.

"Wake, wake, wake; little wife, bonny bride; hurry up, sweet, sweet, sweet; spring is coming, is here," he would call. "Leave the nest, leave the nest; sun is up. The dew's on the thorn."

Then she would raise her fluffy head and body from her fluffier and gaping nestlings, glance up through the thicket to the fleeting cloud above, and the patches of dewy sky.

"How glad I am," she mused, shaking off the raindrops that fell from the bough, "how glad I am we came up here. Here, at least, it is safe; and when I look up and see the cruel kestrel poising, as I did yesterday, I feel thankful that this thorny covert protects us all from his claws. If only my dear Yellowbeak would but take more care." Here she sighed, for, truth to tell, her husband was of more venturesome mettle than she, and often sallied forth in quest of "grubs" for dinner or supper when danger in the guise of hawk or buzzard hovered near.

"Now, my little ones," she chirped one day, "I or a fly with your father, for I am cramped

with so much sitting on the edge of the nest. Nothing will harm you if you stay as you are, hidden beneath the leaves. Take care to agree, or otherwise you may fall out; and then we shall both be grieved if you come to harm."

Four bare heads were raised in fright, and eight shining eyes looked the amazement that shook their young hearts.

"Cheep, cheep," they gasped hoarsely, as they flapped their feeble wings. Poor Mrs. Blackbird, seeing their dismay, almost gave up her holiday. "Clink, clink, clink," sounded impatiently. It was Yellowbeak calling. "Come, my love," he cried, "the shadow will have lengthened all down the valley, and the sun set if you linger. Come, I must point to you the blossoming white-thorn by the lake, and the field hyacinths and orchid flowers in the vale."

Thus sped happy days, and the fledglings grew apace. Soon their own white-thorn was spangled with corymbs of almond-scented blossom.

"Mother," whispered one of the chicks one day as she kissed them before taking her twilight flight. "Mother, do you know what happened last evening while you were away at sundown? We were all afraid, for we heard a strange noise, and a scratching and barking. And then something stooped, thrust aside the boughs of our tree, and looked in. It was a man; he said something, and I, in my fright, bobbed up my head and opened my mouth."

"Ah!" interrupted his mother, "you should have laid low and 'said nuffin', like Brer Rabbit. As it happened, he did not hurt you. Was there any one else?" "Yes, yes," answered Tommy Chick. "There was a girl, and she laughed when I opened my beak; she said 'Poor little chap, let's find him a worm or a slug'. In a minute she brought a big, fat, black slug—ugh!—on the end of a twig. Then we opened our mouths in sheer fright and she would have dropped the slimy thing into them, only that the man called out 'No, no, that is of no use; it is far too large'. It *was* a horrid thing!" and Tommy quivered with disgust.

"Not so bad as you imagine, my dear," rejoined Mamma Blackbird. "You will like it when you are older. And then these people went away, I suppose?" she added anxiously.

"Yes," chirped Tommy, much relieved. "She said to her husband, 'Ah! poor fluffy mites: don't frighten them, let's leave them'."

"Another time," advised his mother, "keep as still as possible. You, Tommy, as the eldest, must take care of your brothers and sisters, and spread your winglets over their heads. Mind! no more gaping with fright. These people love us as well as the rest of the song birds, but there are others who would take you from the warm nest, dash you on the rock, and steal the house your father and I took such pains to build."

She sighed as she uttered this warning, for none knew better than she from the bitter experience of older birds, how their homes and nestlings were wantonly destroyed and parent birds bereft.

Perhaps it was in consequence of Tommy's tale, or maybe the disturbing memories of traditional dangers haunted her, but that evening it seemed as if her mate's song was more subdued and low than it was wont to be. There was a peculiar tenderness in its *timbre*, and he sang softly as if the strain was instinct with half-remembered joys and griefs. It was one of those spring evenings when the air is heavy and perfectly still. For awhile she perched on the topmost bough of the hawthorn and listened silently to his melody. He was calling to her, breathing out his farewell night song, his tiny dark body vibrating with the passion of his half articulate message, reiterating as he caught sight of her shy shape, his gladness, his love, and his joy in life.

"Good night, good night," she chirped in return, "my true love." The next morning Yellowbeak flew off in glee to forage for his family. In the evening, as he had not returned, Mrs. Blackbird resolved to quit her nestlings for an hour and seek her mate.

"Remember", was her parting injunction to Tommy, "remember to 'lie low'". Then she gave an affectionate peck to each of her young, and flew away.

"Where can my dear Yellowbeak be?" she asked herself as she flitted from rock to rock, peering into every birch and blackthorn that overhung the mountain torrent. "Can he have gone down to the orchid meadow in the valley, I wonder! But no, he would have told me had he been going so far."

At that instant a trout leaped in the stream.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed, as he missed a dainty white gnat, and splashed back into the stream. "Just my luck. If it had been anyone else now!—Have I seen your husband?" he continued, in answer to Mrs. Yellowbeak. "Yes, he was here but an hour ago, when I asked after Tommy and the twins. He had some nice tit-bits, I assure you, and he wouldn't wait for a gossip, so *how* you've missed him I can't imagine!"

"Where was he?" eagerly asked the bird; but master trout being hungry had made a sudden dive, so that query was never answered, and Mrs. Yellowbeak pursued her quest. She neared the great boulder on which he always sang to her; then she heard a few low and disconnected notes, very sweet, but uttered as if with difficulty.

"That is my Dick's voice," she called. "I should know it anywhere. Dick, Dick," she piped, "where are you, my dear one?"

"Here, here, here; come quick, come quick."

She flew to him, her heart beating fast; and *what* did she see? On the grass, amid the great boulders, in a tangle of moss and bracken, she saw her darling mate wounded and helpless, one wing crushed and bleeding, and his body cruelly mauled. With her tiny heart quivering with grief, she dropped by his side.

"My—my Dick," she cried.

"It was a hawk," gasped poor Yellowbeak. "He dropped me in flying, and I tried to come to you—to die."

She nestled close up to him, and *he* was content.

A few more sweet, subdued notes fell tremulously on the still air, then ceased. Yellowbeak's farewell was said.

Whatever grief those two little bird-lovers felt at parting must be imagined. I, for one, am sure it was real and heart deep; but Yellowbeak's bride was brave, and her babes were still to be thought of, so she tenderly piled the moss and young fern leaves on the dead heart of her mate, and left him in stillness near the spot he loved so well—close under the shadow of that rock on which he had poured out his passionate soul to her.

Then she returned to her sleeping brood in the whitethorn.

Mary Reed.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

The Prisons Bill.

THE second reading of the Prisons Bill has been carried, and has been referred to the Grand Committee on Law. The most notable speech of the debate was undoubtedly that of Mr. Michael Davitt; it made an extraordinary impression upon everyone who heard it. The Home Secretary and the permanent officials have at length been compelled to bow before the storm of public opinion which has been roused partly by Mr. Michael Davitt, but primarily by Dr. W. Douglas Morrison, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the Prisons Reform Department of the Humanitarian League. The officials, of course, do not admit all the charges brought against the prison system, but on Monday (April 4) it was very evident that the Home Secretary was by no means easy, even as to those points for which he offered some defence. Reformers, however, must not imagine that their work is done, they must keep a vigilant watch upon the Bill, and continue to press for amendments, until the Bill actually becomes law.

.....

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

This poem[1] is written by C.3.3., in memory of a man who suffered the punishment of death in Reading Gaol on the 7th of July, 1896. Never was a more terrible indictment of our prisons written, and never did one come at a more timely moment. Look at the awful picture presented by these three verses:

"The brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales
Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time."

. . . .

"With midnight always in one's heart,
And twilight in one's cell,
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,
Each in his separate Hell,
And the silence is more awful far
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

"And never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word:
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard:
And by all forgot we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred."

What right have we to inflict such torture upon any sentient being? Everyone should read this book, and when he has read it he should ask himself how far he is personally responsible for a system of punishment which deprives men of proper food, sleep, and human intercourse; everyone also should ask himself what is the object of such punishment.

.....

The Howard Association.

THE Committee of the Howard Association are not quite consistent. In their report last October they stated that crime had increased in France and Australia where the schools were without Biblical instruction, whereas in England, where the Bible is taught in the Board Schools, crime had diminished. They have lately issued a new report based on an enquiry as to the best methods of dealing with juvenile offenders, in which they speak of the "admitted increase of juvenile crime, even of a serious nature". But it is the juveniles who go to the Board (and Church) schools, and who are dosed with Biblical instruction. If in October this caused a diminution of crime, how is it that there is now an admitted increase?

[1] Published by Leonard Smithers. Price 2s. 6d.

In their new report the Committee add to our confusion of mind by still further contradicting their early report. They now say that it is notorious that the training of the intellect has not been associated with "Biblical Truth and Morality". What lesson in truth and morality do the Howard Association think a child can possibly gather from the story of Ananias and Sapphira, who were struck dead when they were presumably about to tell a lie, whilst Peter, their judge, who lied thrice and deserted his master in his need, was given the keys of heaven? What is the remedy suggested for this admitted increase in juvenile crime? The Howard Association are of opinion that the greatest power both for preventing and eradicating sin and crime is "the love and *fear* of God", the Gospel of Jesus Christ and "a sense of the solemn realities of Eternity"; many of their correspondents favor the birch. We look for a day to come in England when the training in Biblical morality will be superseded by a training in true morality in our schools; when instead of a child being driven to right-doing by *fear* of a far-away God, and a close-at-hand birch, he shall be led to it by a feeling of personal responsibility and love of his fellows. Morality will never be inculcated by fear, but it may be developed by the cultivation of self-reliance, self-control, and self-judgment.

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Asiatics in Natal.

The Indians in Natal have a new and serious grievance. A certain Indian who is also a burgess, applied for a licence to trade in the borough and was refused. As he had complied with all the requirements of the law, the applicant enquired the reasons for the refusal. These the Licensing Officer declined to give. The applicant therefore laid his case before the Town Council, which constitutes a Court of Appeal on such matters. On February 28th, however, the Council decided that the Licensing Officer should not be required to give his reasons. In a similar case in which the applicant was a Chinaman, the Council actually decided that the Licensing Officer should not give his reasons, even to the Council, for refusing the licence, and they confirmed his decision in ignorance. As the *Natal Mercury* says, "here we have an example of a Court of Appeal giving judgment whilst refusing to hear the merits of the case". We quite agree that this is, indeed, "a mere travesty of justice", and ought not be allowed to continue.

.....

Müller's Orphanages.

The announcement of the death of Mr. George Müller last month caused the press to recall that gentleman's boast that the million and a half of money which he received in aid of his orphanages came in direct answer to his prayers. We are told that he firmly believed in this. We do him the justice not to credit this statement. If he believed that his prayers were answered, instead of praying for money, he would have prayed that the children might be spared the misery which brought them to his orphanages. It is said that 120,000 children passed through his schools and 10,000 through the homes. How much nobler to have saved these 130,000 children from undeserved suffering than merely to obtain money to lift them out of it. The one boon was surely as easy for the Omnipotent to grant as the other.

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Women Guardians.

The result of the recent elections of Poor-law Guardians shows that the invaluable work rendered by women is now being widely recognised. In the provinces a large number of women guardians have been returned, in many cases at the head of the poll. In London, the election which will have the most interest to readers of this paper is that of Mrs. Ellen Grout, who was returned at the head of the poll to her second term of office. Probably Mr. Bradlaugh never had more loyal or reliable friends than Mr. and Mrs. Grout. Mrs. Grout has never made any secret of her views—whether on religion, or vaccination, or extravagant expenditure of the ratepayers' money—and we congratulate the electors of Shoreditch on their recognition of her devotion to the real interests of the poor.

ABOUT SENTIMENTALISM.

An American friend the other day told me a story, which, if it did not actually create a small essay within me, at least furnished so pat a text that I could not choose but write it. The story was this. When Frederick Douglass, the great negro orator (for a great orator he is admitted by all men to have been), in the early days of the Anti-Slavery struggle went lecturing in some of the Northern States, he more than once found himself socially cold-shouldered by the very secretaries of the Abolitionist associations that invited him to lecture; and in one case this treatment left him very awkwardly situated for a night's lodging. Whereupon there came to him a certain Democrat with the greeting: "I don't agree with you at all about this slavery business; and I belong to the other party in politics; but if you want a supper and a bed come with me, and I'll be glad to fix you up." And Douglass went, and was hospitably entertained, and never forgot it.

The most obvious moral of the story, for me, was that there could here be seen very dramatically the difference between sentiment and sentimentalism. Over the latter word there is some difficulty of definition. We think we know what we mean by it, but have trouble in making it clear; and we are apt to clutch joyfully at the epigram which describes sentimentalism as "decomposing sentiment". But that is after all an epigram rather than a definition; and it ought to be possible to reach something more explanatory. In the light of the above-told tale, the truth of the matter would seem to be just this: that what we regard and stigmatise as sentimentalism is *a sentiment about a sentiment*, the echo or imitation of a feeling, induced by a process of literary or other culture, or it may be by mere memory of a feeling once spontaneous, rather than by a direct perception or experience. Of course a genuine sentiment may also be the result of culture and indirect experience; most sentiments, indeed, tend to come under that category; the test lies not in the manner of proceeding, but in the end proceeded to, which is a matter of the psychical cast of the individual. Some people seem irretrievably destined to pass their lives in the process of feeling other people's feelings—that is, getting up a reflected warmth, either from those who do spontaneously feel, or from others like themselves, who only feel that they feel. The difference, roughly speaking, amounts to this, that the person of real feeling, confronted by the given phenomenon, and comprehending it, reacts at once in a genuine sentiment, where the typical sentimentalist, similarly placed, cannot so react, save by way of imitating or responding to some one else's show of sentiment. He lacks either initiative or courage, or it may be a certain form of nerve energy; and he is thus to be pitied rather than disparaged. The Abolitionist secretary who invited Douglass to lecture and left him to shift for himself was such a one. He had acquired the sentiment of anti-slavery by contagion; but by contagion also he had the habit of treating the negro as a social inferior, and the habit of life overrode the reflected feeling, the sentiment about a sentiment.

To be sure, every one of us in his youth has in this fashion come by the first form of some of his convictions; such moral and other imitation is part of the economy of progress. It is the after years that reveal whether we have the faculty to stand in a primary relation to things, in respect of thinking our own thoughts and feeling our own emotions, or are fitted only to subscribe to other people's opinions, and reflect other people's feelings, or it may be recall feelings which were once spontaneously ours. And of course, as life is a mingled yarn, the chances are that most of us combine a certain amount of sentimentalism with sentiment; the main difference being that some are intemperately sentimental, and so figure as types, while the others keep within bounds. In this way is to be explained a good deal

of factitious literary taste, or protestation of taste. Thin-blooded people, for instance (I speak in figures, and not medically), are often seen ostentatiously warming their hands before this or that species of supposed "passion" in poetry or prose, thinking thus to sympathise with and vicariously experience stresses of emotion which to them seem inspired. And as they themselves have no primary passion, in that sense of the word, they can never discriminate between genuine passion and the simulation or travesty of it in others. They suppose that passion is best signified by sputter, or it may be by verbiage; and they hope to catch the glow by assiduous and admiring attention to these manifestations. Now, as it has been well said somewhere by Mr. Meredith, true passion is just noble energy; and noble energy does not sputter and does not deal in verbiage; its mark is to be intelligent and intelligible, not the reverse. Much of the excitement and incoherence that pass muster in its name are at best pathological marks, telling of a morbid variability—of physique and psychosis ill-consorted, and so tending to fall short of felicitous energy altogether. But one set of people, taken in by appearances, is convinced and perhaps hypnotised by the neurotic display, while others, themselves given to neurosis, and proud of their specialty, deny that the title of passion accrues rightly to anything else. Thus we have masquerades of the attribute from people either wholly devoid of it or incapable of its sane forms—we have the afflatus of vegetables, or the afflatus of brandy-and-soda.

The most truly distressing aspect of the matter, perhaps, is one that has also a consolatory side, namely, the frequent association of the sentimental temperament (for it seems to be at bottom a question of temperament) with reasonable and enlightened opinions, and of the spontaneous and genuine temperament with opinions that are merely prejudices, coming of training and surroundings. The Democrat who housed Douglass was a man of the right sort, trained in wrong ideas on certain points of morals and politics; and his wrong notions could doubtless lead him at times as far astray as at other times his good instincts would lead him right. Of such anomalies the world is full. I lately attended, in the United States, an Ethical Culture service; and on the following Sunday I so far departed from my use and wont as to attend a church. The Ethical Culture service was remarkably well attended: a fashionable audience, numbering perhaps from fifteen hundred to two thousand, filled a splendid hall; the preliminary music was excellent, the whole atmosphere propitious, and the lecturer, when he supervened, was obviously an accomplished elocutionist as well as a man of culture, ethical and other. Yet the discourse was to me seriously disappointing. Not once did it convey to me the sensation of a man speaking to men because he had something to say: it was a factitious display, wrought of literary and philosophic commonplaces, carefully draped and carefully posed, but inherently trite, jejune, and distant alike from opinion and from action. Towards ethical culture, in any important sense, it seemed to me to supply nothing: rather it tended to frustrate such culture by deliberately cultivating second-hand sentimentalism instead of the spirit of alert reason. Decidedly more intelligent than the vast majority of sermons, it yet had the trail of the pulpit over it all: the lecturer consciously performed on his voice as on an instrument, and intoned as a priest might to an audience dominated by the traditions of the temple. It might all go to foster a certain kind of sentimental agnosticism, by giving average people the assurance that they could have the sensations of the sanctuary without its abracadabras, but it did not seem a good way to develop cordial and clear-headed men and women.

My sensations in church on the following Sunday were sufficiently divergent. The preacher was, of all the clergymen I have known or heard, one of the most palpably

genuine, the most manly, the most compulsively sincere. His honesty, his courage, his magnanimous brotherliness leapt to the eye and ear through a discourse which proceeded on some of the most childlike—nay, childish—assumptions of Christian belief; he even conveyed a sense of entire sincerity in passages of a kind which, when they come from ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred, betray the rankest sentimentalism. It was as if the man's gift of vital feeling were great enough to carry him over all the shallows of ceremonialism and traditionalism—shallows of which, with a surprising frankness, he confessed the constant presence, the range, and the miasmatic influence. Here was a true man, recognisable as such in any assembly; one with surplus vitality enough to make three good fellows; and yet his thought, his inherited philosophy of life, as apart from his line of conduct, was so primeval, so pathetically incommensurate with modern knowledge, that one could not conceive of its enlightening or even impressing any save the most trivial intelligences. And the audience, as a matter of fact, seemed as mindless, as unenlightened as that of any ordinary preacher, as it well might be, seeing that he inevitably balked the understanding, even as the ethical lecturer balked the temperament. Looking at the congregation as it made its genuflexions and jabbered its responses, like a multitude of trained parrots, one felt a certain sinking of the heart. The strands of temperament here touched were only the most infantine: the temperament allied to such intelligence as this must be about as relevant to the environment of Tahiti or Timbuctoo as to that of modern culture. How, I mutely asked myself, could an ideal civilisation be built up with masses of such material as this? How, with such material to contend against, could headway be made by the factitious methods of the ethical culturist?

If only there could be a compounding of the two essential factors; the forthright character of the preacher with the intelligence and the knowledge of the professed ethicist! Alas, what is best in humanity seems almost always thus to come to us in sundered halves and segments; and when once in a million of men we meet the rare union of sincerity and culture, intellect and temperament, there would seem to be a fatality in the case, and the unique personality is set upon an insuperable task—that of squaring an abortive world with ideals to which it cannot attain. "How rare are men!" said Napoleon once: "in Italy there are counted eighteen millions, and I only met two!" He was fortunate: or rather the Napoleonic standards were, after all, low, in virtue of the moral and intellectual limitations that went with his own gigantic power. Positively, it is enough to drive one to sentimentalism!

John M. Robertson.

THE NATAL NATIVE.

Every now and then some croaker of the true old John Bull breed raises an alarm over him—of one kind or another. He makes no progress, or else he is getting too civilised; he will do no manner of useful work, or his competition threatens to take the bread out of the mouth of the downtrodden white workman; he is growing too numerous, or something must be done to check his migration to other fields, and keep the labor supply within the colony. So that the complaints about balance one another, and the community jogs on quietly enough, on the whole, accepting, as an accomplished fact, the 'Kafir,' whom a merciful Providence has supplied for doing the dirty work in a hot climate. He is not a really disquieting problem as his congeners are in America; the general feeling seems to be that, though he may at sundry times and in particular instances prove a nuisance, "we cannot do without him."

No one is less disposed than myself to accept the above view of the native's final cause; but surely it is better to regard him as a useful instrument fashioned for

our convenience than as a dispensation sent down to afflict us; and a gratifying feature in Natal is the absence—broadly speaking—of that bitter race hatred which exists in the United States, or in any country where the relation between two races is that of despot and slave. Traces of this feeling survive in the Cape Colony, where the position of the natives under Dutch rule was one of undisguised slavery, a fact which, probably, explains the marked inferiority of the 'Cape Kafirs' to the Natal natives and Zulus. There exists, indeed, a law which permits you—having duly registered your "boy" at the government office when he enters your service—to have him arrested for "desertion" should he leave before the expiry of the term for which he engaged, and haled to the "tronk"; but it is not every employer who avails himself of the privilege. The wise master or mistress knows that though you may take a horse to the water you cannot make him drink, and says, "If he wants to go, let him. You get no good from a boy who is kept against his will."[1] These are the houses where the *Abafana*, when their time is up and they go to their kraals for a holiday, always find some decent and reliable friend to take their place till they return, and where the iniquities of the Kafir are *not* the staple subject of conversation.

The stranger, landing at Durban, at once becomes aware of a large native element in the population. He will see them loading and unloading lighters at the Point, clad in flannel shirts or in sacks, with slits cut for the neck and arms—since the municipal bye-laws require that every native shall be clothed "from the shoulder to the knee". There are the riksha-pullers, in their striped shirting or brown-holland suits, trimmed with red braid, ceasing at elbow and knee, and showing sturdy arms and calves of polished bronze. There are the messengers and errand-boys of shops and offices, the servants, male and female, of private households; there are washermen, gardeners and coachmen, though these three callings are largely shared by Indians and natives of St. Helena—the latter mostly "poor whites" with a slight tinge of colour. In all trades which require unskilled helpers—hodmen, or what the Germans call *Handlanger*—there is a demand for Kafirs to fetch and carry for the white craftsmen. But you will not readily find a native joiner, or mason, or fitter, or smith. This is not because the native is incapable of acquiring these and other trades, but because the white man dreads his competition. An attempt was made at the American Mission at Inanda to teach the native boys carpentering, and to send furniture, made by them, to Durban for sale. The first part of the plan succeeded; the second failed, from a conscientious objection on the part of those who might have been purchasers to "take the bread out of the mouth" of European workmen. A very competent native printer has been refused employment at Maritzburg, on the same grounds. When we had that exodus to Johannesburg—where the high rate of wages was an irresistible attraction to those who did not realise that the cost of living was correspondingly high—this prejudice seemed likely to die a natural death. Now the inevitable reaction appears to have set in. Johannesburg is not nearly so prosperous as it was—wages are down, both for Europeans and natives, and the scarcity of labor, which was at one time apprehended for Natal, owing to the superior attractions of the goldfields, has been transferred to the latter. The natives, says my Natal correspondent, writing on February 15th, 1898, "only go to Johannesburg *and endure all* for the sake of the high wages they used to get". This pregnant sentence (the italics are mine) supplies food for thought as to the conditions of labor in the Transvaal mines—a subject which requires to be dealt with separately by one who has opportunities of acquiring first-hand information on the spot. The

[1] "Boys." Applied to servants of any age—sometimes to natives in general—though they may be over 70. Compare the Greek παῖς, which, though used kindly enough, implied the dependent position of slavery.

present gold rush to Alaska may, at any rate, have the effect of drawing off the most unscrupulous prospectors and speculators to a place where it is extremely improbable that any natives will ever be induced to follow them. In the country, on isolated farms where skilled workmen are not, the native who knows how to hang a door, or make a table or a bedstead, is heartily welcome. The writer of this has met a "Kafir" carpenter tramping over the veldt with his basket of tools on his shoulder, in true British-workman style, a spectacle which will probably become more frequent ere long.

Very little of the native element above referred to can be ranked as permanent town population. Most of the young men come to work in town for a longer or shorter period, usually when they are contemplating marriage, and in order to earn the price of the *lobola* cattle which have to be paid to the bride's father—strictly speaking, a kind of marriage-settlement, or guarantee for the support of herself and her children, though the practice is often spoken of as wife-purchase. That done they retire to their kraals, and devote themselves to their family affairs, returning to work, perhaps, now and then, when their presence is not required by the cattle or the crops, to raise money for some pressing necessity, such as the hut-tax. Some become attached to the family they serve, and return, year after year, till they are grizzled *kehlas*,[1] and then introduce one or more of their sons to the same service.

The natives of Natal belong to several different tribes, all more or less closely allied to the Zulus[2] and speaking the Zulu language, sometimes with certain dialectical differences. The Ama Baca, for instance—whose women may be known at a glance by the fringe of small tails or plaits into which the hair is massed across the forehead, recalling the fashion seen in some Egyptian paintings—differ from the dominant race both in speech and in certain points of custom, approximating rather to the Pondos and other south-western tribes.

They are essentially a pastoral people, on the way to develop into an agricultural one. The mealie gardens, formerly cultivated entirely by the women with the native hoe or pick, are now in most cases ploughed by the men with a team of oxen and afterwards weeded by the women, who also gather in the crops. The recent cattle plague threatens a return to the older state of things. I may perhaps be allowed to give another extract from the letter already referred to:

> "What will the men do to get *umfazis* [wives]? I hear they are going to marry on credit—queer to me if the fathers will sell in that uncertain style. A friend of ours had a good cook; one day he announced his intention of going to his *kaya* [home], as his father was taking his fourteenth or fifteenth wife. As he said, 'The *inkomos* [cattle] may die so Baba is buying as many wives as he can to plough the ground by-and-bye'."

Besides mealies, they grow pumpkins, sweet potatoes, beans, amabeli, or "Kafir-corn" (a kind of millet), and forage—either for sale or to feed the horses, for many families own one or more. Their principal food is porridge and milk—or, rather, *amasi* (thick milk, or curds)—pumpkins, when they are in season, or green mealies boiled in the cob; meat now and then, and tshwala, or millet-beer, which, though fermented and sometimes very potent, is extremely nourishing.

There are several native locations in the Colony where the people live under the control of their own chiefs. These, however, in pursuance of a mistaken policy very popular thirty or forty years ago, have been deprived of nearly all their real power and the people who belong to them subdivided and scattered, so that a chief has often but a fraction of his own tribe living near him, while it may happen that a few hundred people, living on two or three square miles of land, owe

[1] Head-ringed men—the head-ring being assumed when a man; having reached the status of father of a family, is called to the council of his chief.

[2] The name "kafir" is, of course, of European introduction; but it may not be generally known that it is considered by the people themselves an opprobrious term of insult, supposing it to be derived from the Zulu *kafula*, to spit out (in disgust).

allegiance among them to twelve or thirteen different chiefs. The recent case of certain native Christians *versus* Hemu-hemu—by some supposed to be a species of Diocletian, though his version of the story places it in a very different light—illustrates some of the difficulties of a chief living under modern conditions when dealing with that complicated person, the Kolwa—of whom more presently.

Those natives not living on the locations or settled in the towns build their kraals on land belonging to some white man, to whom they pay rent at the rate of £2 per annum, or thereabouts, for each hut, and who engages their surplus labor for his farming operations.

The question of the Kolwa, or mission native, is one which a new arrival in the Colony is sure to have forced on his attention before long. He will be loudly assured by old colonists, "who ought to know", that the "raw Kafir" straight from his kraal is a model of honesty and all the virtues, while the boy who has been to school is very much the opposite, and insufferably conceited into the bargain. If he has learnt to write, he forges passes to let himself out after 9 p.m., or orders for goods, in his master's name; if he has learnt to value money, he will commit any crime to get it; in short, there is no end to the catalogue of his iniquities.

Now the word i-kolwa, strictly speaking, means "a believer", and it is applied, in the first instance, to Christian converts, and secondarily (by a not unnatural confusion of thought) to persons wearing European clothes. They are sometimes called "clothed people" or "trousered people", but usually Ama Kolwa. Truly a touching tribute to the obstinacy with which the British middle-class mind—and some of the best of our missionaries have been, in their qualities and their defects, essentially British middle-class—associates virtue with broadcloth and top-hats. But it is conceivable that a man may, in our day at any rate, acquire these adjuncts to respectability, even to the top-hat, without having been at a mission-station in his life. He may commit crimes and be landed in gaol, top-hat and all, and the missionary, who does not even know him by sight, gets the blame.

This is the explanation offered by missionaries and the friends of missions, and doubtless it is, to a certain extent, true; but there is more to be said. There are cases of undoubted "mission natives", who have turned out, to put it mildly, very unsatisfactory. The message of the Zulu chiefs to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in 1877, is here very much to the point. "If a Zulu does anything wrong he at once goes to a mission-station and says he wants to become a Christian; if he wants to run away with a girl he becomes a Christian; if he wishes to be exempt from serving the king he becomes a Christian; if a man is an *umtagati*[1] he becomes a Christian." We may add that the missionaries, in many cases, were too eager to welcome a convert to ask inconvenient questions as to his previous record; some of them may even have been naïf enough to suppose that such a man was renouncing friends and home for the sake of the Gospel. Of course the spread of Christianity will always be confronted with the difficulty of those who are whole not needing the physician; men who have led honest and decent lives on the old plan will not be the first to forsake the ways of their fathers, any more than the noblest of the Stoics were willing to embrace the teaching of the Nazarene. But the recognition of this truth only emphasizes the need for great watchfulness and discrimination.

Again—and this is a point I can only touch on in passing—it is to be feared that a good deal of the so-called Christian teaching has tended directly to lower the tone of character. Fifty years ago, and further back towards the beginning of the century, the manly virtues were at a discount—among Christians of the Evangelical persuasion, at least, who savored something suspicious, if not downright worldly, in courage, patriotism, and the like. Moffat, himself every

[1] Evil-doer.

inch a man, was not allowed by his scrupulous conscience to accord Umziligazi's good points more than a reserved and grudging admiration; and the average missionary, who was to Moffat what Gower was to Chaucer, when he thought he was trying to convert the natives to Christianity, was in reality doing his best to fashion them into the likeness of his ideal—the smug Clapham tradesman in his pew at chapel on Sunday afternoon. Being unacquainted with Dr. Arnold and his experience of boy-nature, it never struck him that one had to approach them through *their* ideals—which resembled those of our Northern Vikings—and so he failed in more ways than one. But it is only fair to say that the teaching and influence of the late Bishop Colenso, who really seems to have been the ideal missionary of modern times—have left a deep and abiding trace on the native element in the colony; not only on the body who continue to call themselves, in loyal faith, the *ibandhla* (church) of England, who "desire to abide by the teachings of Sobantu," but on many who make no profession of belonging to it, and are not even called Amakolwa.

There is one painful subject sure, sooner or later, to come up from time to time, both in common conversation and the colonial newspapers. I allude to the crime whose occurrence, or the mere suspicion of it, in the Southern States of America, is held to justify the most fiendish cruelty—cruelty whose only excuse can be that the perpetrators are literally beside themselves, and which is due much more to race hatred than to moral indignation, since the victims are never white men. That white men are never guilty of it cannot be proved—has been, one fears, only too conclusively disproved. It cannot be denied that it does occur in Natal—though there is a great deal of exaggeration current on the subject; but we are not prepared to admit that the cases recorded prove any exceptional depravity in the race as a whole, or that the white inhabitants should, as a writer in a Natal newspaper recently suggested, have recourse to American methods of repression. Such a confession of failure would be deplorable indeed. To discuss the subject fully is impossible—I would only touch on two points. Probably the crime is not more frequent than it would be in England—perhaps not so frequent—but for the restraints which, in a thickly-populated and highly-civilised country, make fraud safer and more profitable than force. Secondly, it is to be feared that familiarity with the white man has bred contempt in more senses than one, and also that it is not surprising if European treatment of native women has now and then met with retaliation in kind. Old residents will tell you that such things were unheard of fifty years ago. Even now, in some parts of Central Africa, an Englishwoman can travel for hundreds of miles in perfect safety alone with her native carriers. The natives began by looking on the Umlungu as a divinity till it become only too evident that he was very far otherwise, and he was found to be *vitiis imitabilis* by a primitive people whose instincts were strong and their habits of self-control imperfect. How long it will take us, and them, to undo the consequences of this discovery, who can say?

A. Werner.

F. C.

IN FESTAL SALUTATION.

How shall I speak to thee in festal bars?
How shall I chime to thee in festal phrase?
Approach thee, in the garb of festal days,
With rimes of augury and forms of praise?
And thou hast scaled the truth behind the stars.

Dreams have no calendar. Dreams are feasts and fasts.
Smiles, kisses, sobs? A palpitating trance.
Sash opened in the night; sharp lightning's prance;
Masks, trumpets, tramplings, pageantries—one glance;
Sash dropped, and nescience. Only nescience lasts.

Serene, supreme, the truth behind the stars;
The root, the crown, the mastery, the key.
Sympathy, candour, freedom? Holiest three.
The feast of truth? Tuned souls in symphony.
Truth, symphony? The beatific fee.
Thou, dreaming, scalest these transcendent bars.

Cyprian Cope.

PENAL REFORM.

[We wish to remind our readers that these papers do not pretend to deal with the subjects exhaustively, but are merely offered as suggestions for discussion.—Ed.]

II. Criminal Procedure.

Criminal Appeal.—The next reform I have to advocate is one which is most urgently needed, and that is the formation of a Court of Criminal Appeal. There is a power of appeal in civil cases, which frequently affect only the pockets of the litigants; but there is no appeal whatever in criminal cases, which involve questions of liberty and even of life. I do not mean that every burglar sentenced to seven years' penal servitude should necessarily have the right to appeal, and, pending the appeal, the liberty to go on prosecuting his customary avocation. That is the result usually pre-supposed by the opponents of a Court of Criminal Appeal, but matters are not managed in that way in the Civil Courts. A person with an adverse judgment, who desires to appeal, must get the sanction of one or more judges within a limited period. Trial by jury makes any appeal, except by way of a new trial, a matter of difficulty; and the grounds in such cases would generally be that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, or that new evidence had arisen since the hearing. You can only appeal from a jury to a jury; but without a jury, the decision of the judge, with the reasons upon which he based it, might be the subject of appeal, as in civil cases. At present there is no provision whatever for questioning the decision of the jury in criminal cases, whatever may be the facts discovered after the trial; and this Sir James Stephen—who was not a merciful judge, although I believe he honestly tried to be a just one—regarded as one of the gravest defects in our criminal procedure. The utmost that can be done is to apply to the Queen for a pardon in the case of any person discovered to have been wrongfully convicted; but to "pardon" the innocent is not only a clumsy device, but is exceedingly offensive to all our ideas of justice, and places every one concerned in a false position. The prerogative of mercy is invested in the Home Secretary, a man who owes his temporary office to a cast of the political dice. He is called upon to exercise the highest possible judicial functions without any of the essential conditions; he cannot take evidence as evidence, he cannot hear arguments, he cannot, or does not, give reasons for his decisions. He does nothing that a judge is not far better qualified to do, and which he should do surrounded by all the usual safeguards of justice.

The above was in type for insertion in the last issue of the Reformer, but was obliged to stand over. Since then, on March 16, in a House of thirteen members, Mr. Pickersgill moved the second reading of his Bill to establish a Court of Criminal Appeal. The opposition to it was mainly based upon the following points: (1) "If the Bill became law it would lead to the abolition of capital punishment" (Mr. Bucknill); (2) "If the right of appeal were established, the responsibility of a court would be gone" (Mr. Ambrose); (3) "Such a Bill ought not to be introduced except upon the responsibility of the Government" (Home Secretary); (4) "A Court of Appeal would make the first jury lax in the performance of their duty, or incline them to err on the side of severity, knowing that their verdict would be open to revision" (Home Secretary); (5) The process would be too expensive for ordinary prisoners who are poor persons, and "*who very often could not raise the means for making a proper defence at the first trial*" (Home Secretary). Although this should have been a question outside all party prejudices, the House followed the lead of the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General, and decided against the Bill. Just prior to March 16th the Humanitarian League sent to the members of the House of Commons a little pamphlet urging the creation of an Appeal Court, and with it a circular referring to Mr. Pickersgill's Bill. One sapient member of Parliament, who had not the courage to give his name,

returned the circular with this comment, "It has about as much chance of passing after being introduced by Mr. P. as the cow of jumping over the moon. We know too well such names as Hopwood, Davitt, Picton, etc. The only good name on list is Wright's.—M.P." At least Messrs. Pickersgill, Hopwood, Davitt, and Picton have no reason to be ashamed of their names, and they do their work openly, not anonymously. This communication, endorsed by the empty House, shows the spirit in which our legislators approached this important matter. This is only one instance of the general neglect of duty by members this Session. At one time, when a member was returned to Parliament, the sheriff could exact sureties from him that he would perform the duties of his position. A revival of this custom seems urgently called for.

Let us examine these objections to a Court of Criminal Appeal and see what they are worth.

1. *It would lead to the abolition of capital punishment.* So far from this being an objection, it is an argument in its favor.

2. *The responsibility of a Court would be gone.* This supposition is utterly without foundation; it is disproved by the experience of the Civil Courts.

3. *Should only be introduced by the Government.* It is true that a Bill of so important a character should be introduced by the Government. If, however, the Government fails in its duty, that is a reason why private members should not neglect theirs, but none at all for rejecting the measure.

4. *The jury would become lax and inclined to severity.* This is an argument for the abolition of the present method of trial by jury.

5. *Cost.* I wonder the Home Secretary was not a little ashamed of this argument. It amounts to this: JUSTICE is so costly that under no circumstances can it be obtained by the poor person, and for the rich man the present safeguards are adequate! If Sir Matthew White Ridley really believes that the ordinary prisoner is unable to provide a proper defence, it is his obvious and bounden duty to bring in, without a day's delay, a measure for the simplification and cheapening of legal proceedings.

To the foregoing objections the *Westminster Gazette* adds yet another: "Much of the material at present considered by the Home Office in reconsidering a sentence would be excluded from the re-trial, as being legally and technically not evidence." I do not believe in secret evidence. If the information brought privately to the Home Secretary is of sufficient importance to make him confirm, modify, or entirely reverse the decision of judge and jury, then it should be important enough to be heard in open Court. A Court of Justice which is at all worthy of its name should be open to hear all "material" which affects the character of an accused man.

The establishment of a Court of Appeal would carry with it a minor, yet not unimportant reform. At present in criminal cases no proper reports or records are kept. The officer of the Court usually makes certain memoranda, but this is not in any case a report; and nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the meagre record usually kept of a criminal trial. The judge makes notes of the evidence for his own use, otherwise there would be endless disputes as to what was and what was not said. These notes are not only very far from perfect, but, as everyone knows who has been present at a trial, they greatly delay the progress of the case. They would be taken down much more speedily, and much more accurately by an official shorthand reporter, whose report should belong to the Court, and be accessible to all whom it might concern.

There are other minor reforms, some, such as the simplification of indictments, eminently desirable; but these I will not dwell upon now more than to say that everything which tends to make legal processes clearer and simpler must be to the advantage of the whole community, except perhaps of those who live by the legal profession.

B.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

According to the *Christian World*, Mr. Howard Swan has made a discovery which has saved him from materialism, and which is calculated to bring many scientific agnostics back to religion. He finds that by gazing at a brass door-knob or a crystal ball he obtains the sensation of spots and rings of light floating before the eyes. Further than that, by thinking of moral words, such as "Goodness", "Love", and "Justice", these spots and rings revolve before him sunwise, like the hands of a clock; but if he thinks of such words as "Bad", "Wicked", "Cruel", the spots immediately start revolving in the other direction; that is to say *withershins*, or the direction of the witch-dances. Other people's spots and rings, however, do not appear to exhibit the same amount of intelligence; which is a pity, as it upsets Mr. Swan's suggestions for reforming mankind by this "Scientific Spiritual Culture". In order to produce these impressions Mr. Howard Swan finds it necessary to first reduce the mind "to a state of perfect passivity, a complete blank". It is very curious that supernaturalism always requires this state of mind. Although these optical illusions appear quite novel to the *Christian World*, it is probable that they are fairly well known to our readers. Crystal-gazing is a harmless amusement, except to the gazer; and if the scientific agnostic possesses any knowledge of optics, and the physiology of the eye, he will be more inclined to laugh at Mr. Swan than to return to the path of religion.

Dr. Horton has recently drawn attention to the excessive attention now given to games. "In the North of England thirty years ago", he said, "the workpeople were distinguished by a strong intellectual life. Mechanics' institutes flourished. Lectures on great subjects were popular. Debates could be maintained with sound common sense and the mastery of facts. Now the sole subject of interest is football." We fear that there is some reason in Dr. Horton's complaint. Young men in the mass take a much more lively interest in the good or bad play of a team of English cricketers abroad than they do in the good or bad administration of a group of English officials. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; but when Jack gives up all his leisure to play it means moral ruin to a nation. Fortunately there are always honorable exceptions, and until "Jack" sees the error of his ways it is upon these we must rely.

After two years' deliberations, twenty-three Presbyteries and 111 Sessions of the U.P. Church of Scotland, against six Presbyteries and twenty-nine Sessions, have voted in favor of immediate liberty being allowed in the church as regards marriages with a deceased wife's sister. The minority generally are understood to object to any modification of ecclesiastical discipline before Parliament has had another opportunity of deciding upon an amendment of the law.

Malala, a native, was charged under the vagrancy law, before a borough police court in Natal on February 25th, with being an idle and suspicious person. He had been shot at, had had his arms broken when being arrested, and had had some of his teeth knocked out. It is true that he was reported to be an incorrigible thief, but he might have retorted that his captors were unmitigated ruffians. Malala was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and ordered to leave the borough when his sentence had expired.

The Spanish papers are calling attention to the hypocrisy of the English who hold up their hands in pious horror at the accounts of a bull-fight, and yet have not "a word of protest against the sickening exhibition which takes place year by year when her Majesty's buckhounds meet." Our candid friends in Spain do not forget to remind us that the office of Master of the Royal Buckhounds—at present held by the Earl of Coventry—"is looked upon as one of the most honorable of Court appointments."

The remains of Mrs. Moncure Conway were cremated at Fresh Pond, Long Island, on March 4th, and at the same time those of her son, Dana Conway, who died in 1886. The two urns containing the ashes will be placed in Kensico Park, near New York; the vessels will be buried with open tops near the surface of the earth, that they may be penetrated by the roots of rose trees and other flowers, and the ashes return into the life and beauty of nature. —*South Place Magazine.*

The *Natal Mercury*, in giving an example of commercial discourtesy in Durban, commences in this way: "Scene: Durban wholesale store. 'Can I see the manager, please?' Clerk (in a loud voice, *as if speaking to a Kafir*): 'What do you want?'" The "loud voice", which is a discourtesy when used to a white man, is apparently the proper and recognised tone in addressing a Kafir.

At a recent meeting of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company, Lord Saltoun urged the institution of at least one Sunday train, "but the chairman, Mr. Ferguson, resolutely put his foot down. He would never assent to Sunday trains, he declared, and he believed he would be supported by the bulk of the directors."

Mr. Joseph Symes continues his work in Melbourne with unabated energy. The *Liberator* is always vigorous, and now that Mr. Symes has again a hall to lecture in, the Freethought movement ought to make headway.

The Cour de Cassation has quashed the judgment of the Seine Assizes condemning M. Zola. This triumph he owes to the skill of his advocate, M. Labori; but unfortunately a new trial seems imminent.

The National Picture Galleries and the Tate Gallery are again open to the public on Sundays from 2 p.m. On April 3rd these three galleries were visited by 2,317 persons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner's Engagements.—May 1, 8, 15, West London Ethical Society, Kensington Town Hall (11 a.m., For Children). Mrs. Bonner can take no engagements between May and September.

Subscribers who have not yet renewed are asked to kindly intimate as to continuance.

Geo. Jacob Holyoake writes: "The Reformer is really interesting, useful, and instructive. Well, all useful papers are instructive, but all instructive things are not useful. The Reformer is both."

"Mr. M." writes that "he is fully satisfied with the Reformer, and, until this month [March] has never found a dull page in it. The exception is Dr. Bond's article."

D. Anderson says: "The broad reformatory and humanitarian spirit breathed throughout all the articles ought to appeal to all, of whatsoever creed or opinion."

W. J. Lewes writes: "I congratulate you on the quality of the paper, and hope it will be a financial success as well." It will be if all those who think we are doing a work which needs doing will help to make it one. We spare neither time nor labor—a little time and a little labor falls to the share of our friends.

J. Guy sincerely trusts the Reformer will speedily increase its sale, and points to the "pleasant notice of it in last Saturday's *Bradford Observer*".

T. Dawson writes: "Vol. II has made an excellent beginning, and I trust that ere another year is over the Reformer will be able to assure us that it has come to stay."

We thank friends for the encouragement they give us in "wishing success to the Reformer" when renewing their subscriptions. While some trust it may "enjoy a long life", one valued subscriber cheerily hopes "it will go on for ever".

H. Malbon.—Glad you appreciate this paper. We do not know Mr. Neale's address. There were no stamps in your letter.

H. Newland sends congratulations on "the birthday of your valuable journal", and wishes for future success.

H. Howard, in renewing subscription to the Reformer, writes: "I enjoy it more than any paper I have had since our old friend the *National Reformer*. I welcome it every month and cordially wish it every success."

W. Hargreaves.—It was an error, for which please accept our apology.

J. J. Brown.—We are not prepared to "notice" the prospectus of a published book.

J. Greevz Fisher.—Sorry you do not approve of the method of indexing. A method suitable for a library is not necessarily the best for the index to a volume, especially when the space is limited. We think it would be difficult to make it clearer under these conditions, and the person who knows either the subject or the author must surely be able to find what he wants.

J. Withy.—The movement is so disorganised that there is little to be said just now upon its position and prospects. Meanwhile we seize every opportunity of influencing public opinion. Short articles are very desirable and form the rule with our regular contributors, but some subjects cannot be disposed of in three or four columns; that is why we should like the Reformer to be permanently enlarged to thirty-two pages. Glad you are otherwise pleased.

Our readers will regret to hear that Mr. Truelove fell ill with a sharp attack of bronchitis a few days after the funeral of his wife. He writes, however, that, thanks to "good nursing, I am now able to leave my bedroom. The mild weather and a healthy constitution has helped."

J. A. Reid.—Sorry we were unable to answer last month. See *Free Review* for articles on "Introduction to Politics", "Inverted Sociology", and, recently, "Mr. Morley on Macchiavelli", by J. M. Robertson. Also, of course, "The Saxon and the Celt".

G. Fowler.—Thanks for new subscribers.

Thornton Smith.—Cutting received. Thanks.

Mary Blomeley.—Cobbett stood for Preston, and was defeated, in 1826. Pleased to hear from you.

R. S. Johnson.—Mrs. Bonner thanks you, and utilises the information.

W. S. Hurstleigh and Others express much appreciation of J. F. Rayner's "Reminiscences", which appeared in our last issue. Attention was drawn to them by *Reynolds's* and other papers.

Reason.—Geo. Standring announces the discontinuance of his little weekly, after the issue of four numbers. We regret that the effort did not meet with better encouragement.

"Reformer."—You are crowded out. The reply made no impression whatever.

L. Levine, Charleston.—Received with thanks.

D. Baxter, 72a Glassford Street, Glasgow, supplies the Reformer and other Freethought literature.

A. and H. B. Bonner (1 and 2 Took's Court, E.C.) will be happy to forward their new Catalogue of publications to any address on application.

A copy of the March Reformer, addressed to C. M. M. Jacob at Birkenhead, has been returned to us through the Post Office, marked "Gone—No Address". It was not sent from our office; the sender can have it on application.

A cheap and revised edition of Henry S. Salt's "Life of James Thomson (B.V.)" is being prepared by Mr. Salt for publication in the autumn. The former edition was published in 1889 by Mr. Bertram Dobell, that loyal and generous friend to the poet's memory. The new volume will be issued by A. and H. B. Bonner.

Received:—Gazette of Travelling Tax Committee — Inquirer — Clarion — Boston Investigator — Truth Seeker (N.Y.) — West Ham Herald — Liberator (Melbourne)—Indian Social Reformer —Liberty Review—Adult (Jan., Mar., and April) — Author's Circular — Southampton Times — Social Democrat—People's Newspaper (Queensland) — Reason — Personal Rights — L'Effort — Daily Chronicle—Newcastle Daily Leader—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Northampton Mercury — Echo — Literary Guide — Star — University Magazine — South Place Magazine — Positivist Review—Humanity—Burnley Gazette—Liberty and Property Defence League Weekly Sheet—Truth Seeker — Glasgow Herald — Light — 7th Annual Report Humanitarian League — Labour Co-partnership—St. Michael's Chronicle — Midland Free Press—Single Tax—National Home Reading Union Magazine and Report.

Books Received for Review:—The Ballad of Reading Goal, by C.3.3. (L. Smithers)—The Truth *re* New Zealand Conciliation and Arbitration Act (Liberty Review Publishing Co., 6d.)—Divorce and Re-marriage, by J. A. Sewell (*Adult* Office)—Sweetness and Light: Democratic Readings, compiled and edited by W. M. Thompson, Editor of *Reynolds's* (J. Dicks).

THE CAIRO PALIMPSEST OF AQUILA.

When the librarian of a synagogue decides that any of the books under his charge are no longer suitable for use, they are consigned to the "Genizah," or lumber-room, there to repose until natural decay overtakes them. Sometimes the books are placed in a grave of their own in the Jewish burial ground, and sometimes in a shed, or cupboard. In any case the result is the same; they are condemned, and "hidden" from further contact with the faithful. The reason of this strange procedure is to be found in the superstition which forbids the wanton destruction of any piece of writing for fear that the act may cause the desecration of the divine name. Most of the oldest known Hebrew M.SS. have been rescued from these genizahs; and the European hiding-places have been exhaustively explored. A few years ago, however, fragments of ancient Jewish books began to appear in scholarly circles; and on enquiry it was found that they originated from the storehouse of an old synagogue in Egypt. In May, 1896, Dr. Schechter, the Cambridge Talmudist, recognised among some fragments in the possession of Mrs. Lewis portions of the Hebrew original of the Apocryphal Book, Ecclesiasticus. This discovery was of great importance to Hebrew scholars. Various theories had been broached as to the history of the Hebrew language, and it had been widely asserted by orthodox writers that pure Hebrew was a mark of great antiquity; and that those books of the Bible which were written in good Hebrew must necessarily be pre-Exilic. Now the Book of Ecclesiasticus contains a panegyric upon the Jewish High-priest, Simon the Just [Eccles. l. 1-21], consequently it cannot have been written much earlier than about 200 B.C. It is therefore an undisputably modern document; yet the fragments recovered by Dr. Schechter are in good classical Hebrew; which shows that the Jews of the third century B.C. could write good Hebrew, and overthrows the orthodox argument.

Recognising the importance of his discovery, Dr. Schechter suggested to the authorities at Cambridge that he should go to Cairo, and examine the genizah for himself. Accordingly, he proceeded to Egypt in December, 1896, and presented his letters of introduction to the Rev. Aaron ben Simon, Grand Rabbi of Cairo, who willingly gave him leave to ransack the genizah of the chief synagogue and take away anything he pleased. This edifice is now known as the Synagogue of Ezra; but has also borne the names of Elijah and Jeremiah when those worthies were more in fashion. It is said to have originally been a Coptic church dedicated to St. Michael; but shortly after the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt it was assigned to the Jews, in whose possession it has since remained. Dr. Schechter turned out the place, collected all the manuscripts he could find, and left only the printed books and fragments, which were comparatively valueless. This was by no means an easy task, independently of the personal labor involved, for the oriental Jews look upon their western brethren as walking gold-mines, to be exploited for all they are worth when they venture into the East. Accordingly, although Dr. Schechter had full authority from the chiefs of the community, he found it necessary to grease the itching palms of his co-religionists freely; and it required all his diplomacy to circumvent the wiles of the sons and daughters of Jacob. Nevertheless, he succeeded in accumulating a formidable pile of fragments, and in bringing them safely to Cambridge. Last August, his friend Mr. F. C. Burkitt, a capable and profound scholar of considerable repute, while glancing through one of the boxes which had not yet been sorted out, was fortunate enough to light upon a leaf of parchment, which showed traces of Greek characters under the later Hebrew letters; and on examination he discovered that it was a palimpsest of the famous Greek version

of the Bible made by Aquila in the 2nd century A.D. In the middle ages, owing to the decay of all the arts and sciences, good parchment became very scarce; and therefore old books were systematically obliterated, and rewritten upon. These "palimpsests", as they are called, are often very valuable; because it sometimes happens that the older, obliterated writing contains some long-lost piece of literature, which can be more or less made out, and restored for the benefit of modern scholars. In this case Mr. Burkitt judged from the forms of the letters that his parchment had been written in Greek Uncial characters in the 6th century of the Christian Era; but about the 11th century these Uncial characters had been erased, and a Jewish liturgical work transcribed instead, in ordinary Square Hebrew letters. The later book had become worn out, and finally thrown into the genizah where it was found by Dr. Schechter.

Aquila was a wealthy Greek, of Sinope, and is said to have been related to the Emperor Hadrian. He was devoted to astrology and magic; and coming into contact with the Jews, he became a convert to Judaism. On the accession of Hadrian he went to Palestine, and interested himself in a project for the re-building of the temple at Jerusalem. In Palestine, however, he made the acquaintance of the Christian sect, and was formally baptised; but the astrological leanings of the new convert displeased his Christian associates and led to a quarrel. About the same time also, Aquila fell a victim to the charms of a Jewish girl. He therefore forsook Christianity, and became reconciled to Judaism, adopting as his teacher the famous Rabbi Akiba, and became so rigid a follower of the Law as to be renowned in the Talmud as a pattern Jewish saint. Akiba taught that not merely was the Hebrew Bible a divine revelation, but that every word and syllable in it was charged with occult meaning. Now a large proportion of the Jews at that period possessed very little acquaintance with the Hebrew. They read the Old Testament only in the current Greek translations; and as the idioms of Greek and Hebrew vary widely from one another, the esoteric doctrines of the school of Akiba could not be appreciated or promulgated. Aquila, therefore, undertook the task of making a translation which should render the Hebrew text word for word into the Greek, so that all the inherent virtue of the original might be accessible to the Greek-speaking Jews. This version was so literal as to be practically unintelligible in parts; but of course that mattered little to the initiated disciple. One of the most striking peculiarities of this strange version was the way in which the Hebrew particle "*eth*" (את) was treated. This *eth* is the sign of the accusative case; but in some cases it stands for the preposition "with". Accordingly Aquila always represented it in the Greek by the word "with"; not because the preposition was at all necessary to the sense, but merely to carry over the Hebrew particle into the Greek, together with any esoteric meaning that it might be supposed to have in the original. Thus his rendering of the first sentence of the Book of Genesis ran—

"In the capital created God *with* the heavens and *with* the earth".

Here the preposition "with" is totally unnecessary, and in fact makes the sentence unintelligible; although it has been learnedly maintained that the translation of Aquila is quite correct; and that it means that the heavens were created *at the same time* as the earth; or that the divinity created the heavens *with* everything in them, and the earth *with* everything in it. It will also be noted that the Hebrew word *reshith* is translated as "capital" instead of "beginning". This instances another peculiarity of Aquila's translation. Aquila was great at etymology; and as the Hebrew *reshith* is derived from *rosh* = "head", he translated it as "capital", which is derived from *caput* = "head".[1] This single sentence, therefore,

[1] The reader will of course understand that Aquila wrote κεφαλαίῳ, as derived from κεφαλή;

will enable us to comprehend the character of this extraordinary translation. The superstitious care with which it was made, however, would render it invaluable as a means of determining the condition of the Hebrew text in the time of Aquila. It must be remembered that the Hebrew text of the Bible was only settled by the Massoretes in the seventh to the ninth centuries A.D., and Aquila's authorities were several centuries older than that. The fragments discovered by Mr. Burkitt only comprise 1 Kings xx, 7-17, and 2 Kings xxiii, 11-27; but in these few verses there are no less than *thirteen* places where Aquila differs from the received Massoretic text; so that this does not give us a very high opinion of the trustworthiness of the vaunted Massoretic rescension.

The methods of Aquila are not unique in literature. In the thirteenth century William de Moerbeka made a literal Latin version of the "Politics" of Aristotle, from M.SS. much older than any Greek M.SS. of Aristotle that we possess; and this Latin version is of the very highest authority for the Greek text of the work, and is used by all the editors of Aristotle.

When Aquila came to the divine name יהוה, he transcribed it in Hebrew characters, instead of rendering it into Greek. Origen informs us that in his time this divine name or *tetragrammaton* was written in the "Old Hebrew" or "Samaritan" character. This statement has been called into question by sticklers for the antiquity of the ordinary square Hebrew alphabet; but the Cairo palimpsest proves that Origen was perfectly correct, for the tetragrammaton is written in it in the Samaritan character. As Mr. F. C. Burkitt points out, this is convincing proof of the use of the Old Hebrew alphabet for literary purposes in the second century; independently of the fact that the Jewish rebel Simon bar Cochebas employed the same alphabet upon his coins. This is another important point for biblical criticism. The received Massoretic text depends entirely upon the square Hebrew character. It can be proved to have been originally derived from a square Hebrew manuscript; and most of its errors can be explained as misreadings of square letters. If, however, the Old Hebrew alphabet was still in general use in the second century, the original of the Massoretic text must have been a late, and comparatively worthless document. The new discovery also disposes of the claims of the Samaritan Pentateuch to any great antiquity, for the mere use of the Samaritan alphabet does not presuppose an age greater than the beginning of the Christian Era.

It will be seen that these fresh discoveries at Cairo are destined to work a revolution in our ideas of the history of Judaism; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Schecter will be successful in identifying some more lost works among the manuscripts he has brought from Cairo.

Chilperic.

but the above English equivalents are employed to make matters clear to those who are unacquainted with Greek.

GENTLEMEN-DEMOCRATS.

It is humor, and not rationalism, that has been our chief detective of incongruity and falsehood, our great image-breaker and instrument of intellectual and practical reform. Somehow or other the absurdity of certain notions, habits, situations, or institutions eats its way into the common mind and leads to their overthrow. Rapid changes in the external conditions of modern life makes the present age rich in these incongruities. The present condition of the upper classes, as George Meredith shows, is full of appeals to the Comic Spirit. The emergence of a distinct new species, the gentleman-democrat, offers notable material of comedy. Individual instances have always been scattered through history, for history makes much of them, as they have made much of history; men of rank and wealth who, throwing off the fetters of custom and

class interest, have championed the rights of the many against the privileges of the few. But these have been men of exceptional talents, born leaders or teachers where knowledge was to be given or fighting to be done; or in rare instances, also, moved by religion or philanthropy, a Buddhá has stepped from his palace to live the life of the people on equal terms. In revolutionary seasons equality and fraternity have often been put on by aristocrats as a armour against insult or pillage. But until lately democracy has never become an accepted cult of any considerable section of the wealthy classes.

We owe the curious fact partly to recent shifts of political power which have put the government of this country, so far as they choose, in the hands of the masses, and partly to the growing pressure of forces of industrial and social reform in politics. Moved either by genuine sympathy or by political expediency, quite a number of rich men, escaping the age of Whigdom and unable to content themselves with the Radicalism of machine politicians, are assuming the title and the air of Democrats.

The irony of this situation deserves attention. In large measure it lies in an almost inevitable contrast between public and private life. The old Whig had a solid traditional status of almost unimpaired aristocracy; the Liberal of the last generation was scarcely called upon to affect equality and fraternity, except upon the platform. Cultivation of the working man at close quarters was reserved for the license of the election campaign; he was always the patron, never the comrade.

But the modern Social-Radical is in a different case. Concerned with the minutiæ of social movements, driven to intimate relations with his employees or with other workers, he is bound to practise comradeship in a very different way. He is obliged to speak and act as if he felt that every man he meets is as good as himself. Now though, in occasional moments of democratic exaltation, he may believe this gospel of equality and fraternity, or at least may believe he believes it, most of the time he is animated by very different feelings. How can a man brought up in an atmosphere of class distinctions, with innumerable grades of human value stamped upon his consciousness by every custom of his life; when all the conversation he has listened to, all the books he has read, have been permeated by assumptions of superiority; when, in spite of his pronounced views, the great mass of his tradesmen, servants and the working classes show their sense of his "superiority" and "gentility" in every word and act—how can such a man realise in his life and thoughts his democratic professions? The answer is that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he cannot and does not. What does the Radical candidate, carefully cultivating a constituency, feel like, when a deputation of his horny-handed friends is being entertained in his lordly mansion? Does he feel comfortable, and do they? Is there genuine fraternity?

Or let us take for our touchstone domestic service. Does the lady-democrat feel upon an equal footing with her servants? Do the relative positions of the two render it possible for servants to feel that they are as good as their master or mistress? In the United States you cannot get a born American of the British stock to undertake domestic service. Why? Because the position involves arbitrary exercise of personal will on the one hand, unconditioned obedience on the other. This is not indeed essential to all service, even when physical wants form the object, as the professions of doctor, dentist, hairdresser testify. Even in domestic service, the charwoman has an amount of independence and self-respect, seldom possible to the ordinary domestic. The reason for this is that the terms upon which the charwoman works approximate more to the ordinary modern conditions of the sale of labor, while domestic service is, in fact, a close survival of a slave system. Modern industrialism makes for piece work, or for time work with definite

terms as to what and how much shall be done. Domestic service, save by a loosely regulated apportionment of duties, has made very little advance in this direction: for the most part it means the handing over of unlimited control of one's person to the will of another, which is the unpardonable sin against "freedom". There is something pathetic (and humorous) in the futile attempts of the gentleman-democrat to deal with this situation. He may sever his public from his private life, and treat his household as a mechanism. Or he may strive to inoculate his domestic arrangements with a thin virus of sham comradeship. This latter course is usually a most pitiful, but not uninstructive failure. It may be supported for a season, if he has a strong feudal hold over his retainers; his friendliness is not taken for what it pretends to be—equality—but is treated as an amiable eccentricity; it simply brings a slackening of domestic rule without the substitution of any new law of service, a state of things which is "taken advantage of" so far as class custom does not succeed in keeping domestics "in their place". Where "democracy" simply means more consideration for servants and more "evenings out", it may work reasonably well; but where the attempt at "brotherhood" required by democratic theory is seriously urged, it utterly breaks down. I need only allude to the disagreeable and embarrassing experience of those ladies and gentlemen who try to fuse the upstairs and the downstairs life, by getting their servants to take meals with them, or turning the drawing-room into a common room. The essence of certain departments of domestic service is arbitrary power, it is impossible to explain or justify each order: either the complete goodwill of the voluntary co-operation of a member of the family, or the complete submission of a slave is required for the successful ordering of such service. When the general movement is towards industrial freedom, the problem of domestic service only admits one solution. The work which requires special skill and admits of regularity of times and quantities, will be handed over to definite classes of workers on piece-wages, living out and attached, not to a single household, but to a single sort of work; service which is essentially irregular, including much of the labor of direct personal attendance, must be done by the family each for himself or by some voluntary division of tasks. The present ordering of domestic life is in hopeless contradiction to the forms and spirit of democracy.

One result of the want of harmony between the gentleman-democrat and his social and industrial environment is that he is always engaged in a visible struggle to feel the dignity of manual labor. This is one of the most prominent phases of modern hypocrisy. The entire weight of many centuries of tradition, the whole stress of intellectual teaching has been to degrade manual labor as compared with mental labor on the one hand, and with no labor on the other. A sudden intellectual conviction or a feat of moral sympathy will not suffice to overthrow this legacy of ages of false valuation. A gentleman of leisure may be intellectually aware that a navvy is "as good as he is"; he may have some genuine appreciation of the feeling that "a man's a man for a' that", and may half-realise the equality of man in a platform rhapsody, but he never wholly succeeds. He "doth protest too much", and his protests are shrewdly discounted by his working friends. Worst of all, he is half aware that he is posing, and this shakes his confidence in himself and his professions. His democratic speeches are half-cant, and in lucid self-searching moments he recognises them as such. This makes him uncomfortable and "unnatural" in his *rôle*.

He is not much to blame here. There is a folly in those who proclaim the equal value and dignity of all forms of labor which is in part responsible. Hard manual toil, practised as it has commonly been practised, is brutalising and degrading in its effects; all who have been able to get

out of it have done so, and just in proportion as modern industry can shift it on to the tireless bodies of machines does it make for civilisation. Hard manual labor may be a duty encumbent upon all, may be a wholesome physical regimen for all; but the pretence that in itself it has a dignity and worth equal to the more skilled arts or intellectual labor is a perverse piece of clap-trap which is not really credited when it is uttered. Class customs of thought, speech, and action have attached, even to most of the skilled forms of manual work, when practised for a livelihood, a disrepute so persistent, that a member of the upper classes can no more get rid of it than he can suddenly go back on the food-cooking or clothes-wearing habits of his ancestors.

His efforts to conceal from himself these class survivals furnish some of the finest material of humor. To get the ripest flavor of the contrast between professions and practice, we must suppose our gentleman-democrat to be a dabbler in modern economic studies, as indeed he generally is. He will then find himself in a most serious quandary with regard to the use of the money which is the basis of his gentlemanly status. He cannot give it away freely to relieve the wants of the poor with whom he is so sympathetic, because he believes no longer in charity, knowing that it is commonly used by his class to buy off social justice. If he is keen-witted enough, he will recognise the sophistry of the old doctrine of Parsimony, and will therefore recognise that saving his money for investment will not benefit the working classes by enhancing some imaginary wage-fund. On the contrary, he will probably recognise it to be his duty to make a practical protest against the over-saving of the rich by a free expenditure. Thus he is landed in the true dilemma that his duty lies in lavish personal expenditure, for this only injures himself by imposing the burden of a too luxurious life, whereas a policy of doles or saving is injurious to society, and it is clearly his duty to sacrifice himself rather than to do harm to others. Hence, while his democratic sympathies are impelling him to simplicity of living and to generosity, he feels unable to indulge in either of these dangerous courses. Saddled with an economic power of excessive consumption, unchecked by the necessity of prior production, he is driven to a style of living in palpable and glaring contradiction to the practice of brotherhood; for so intimately related are the activities of our material and our spiritual life, that no true brotherhood is possible unless accompanied by some measures of equality of material resources.

The rich democrat does not realise the complete Gilbertian humor of his situation, but he does experience some of its difficulty. The real nature of his dilemma must escape him so long as, with the majority of political radicals, he continues to shirk the investigation of the basis of that economic power which he is vainly endeavoring to harmonise with his professions of democracy. Let him once muster the intellectual and moral courage to brush aside the sophistical cobwebs which class politics and class economics have woven out of words so as to hide the bare basic facts, and he will find that all his difficulties are due to the possession of riches which are not the legitimate result of his personal efforts in production, that they thus constitute an unnatural property which reacts in double injury: first upon their possessor who cannot spend them without damaging himself; secondly, upon those who have produced them and who are wrongfully deprived of their enjoyment. If anyone is unconvinced by this theoretic statement of the case, let him take for a concrete example the superfluous wealth which Mr. George Gould has just put into the form of a gold-plated staircase in his New York palace, and follow out the economic and moral implications of such a piece of conduct.

Perhaps the most exquisite irony of the situation is found in the attempts of the philanthropic rich to turn upon others—chiefly upon those whose poverty obliges them to drive hard bargains—denounce them as sweaters, and to form anti-sweating or consumers' leagues. The utter futility of such amiable methods of reform screens their illogicality. It is soon found impossible to detect sweating in any of the remoter processes of industry—*i.e.*, in those very processes from which the rich philanthropist derives his riches. If the fashionable lady, who wishes so much to put down sweating, were able and willing to follow out the full train of

processes which contribute to the production of the goods she buys, she would discover that it was she and her husband who were the worst offenders: as owners of house property in which some wretched seamstress had to live, paying 6s. rent for a single unsanitary room; as shareholder in some mill or shop; as receiver of preposterously high official or professional fees; as speculator in some South African company deriving profits from slave labor. These things are carefully hidden from our gentlemen and lady democrats; they are carefully safeguarded that they may not learn the full force of the proverb "Physician, heal thyself". The whole science of orthodox economics has in reality been built up by "natural selection" and rejection of ideas and phrases, so as to protect the interests of the classes, just as the economics of Social Democracy has been built up for the purpose of attacking them.

So long as our educated gentlemen and ladies who are so anxious to help the working classes, and to establish a true society upon a basis of equality and fraternity, fail to penetrate the meshes of this class teaching and to reach the spinal facts of modern commerce, they will remain what they are now, Sham-Democrats. J. A. Hobson.

LITERATURE.

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION. By Clement Edwards. (Social Questions of the Day.) Methuen and Co. 1898. (2s. 6d.)

While entirely sympathising with the subject of this valuable little work, we must deprecate what the author states as the more immediate object, namely, the rehabilitation of the Liberal or at least the Radical party, as a force in politics. By the way, this and several other propaganda of reform may aid in such a cause; but surely the question itself is one to be judged solely from the national standpoint. Will it benefit the community? If so, let us all join in the movement without any afterthought of party advantage. One might hope that even a Conservative trader or resident, or especially farmer who feels the burden of the existing system, may be got on to the same platform on this question as the Radical who supports the movement purely on principle.

And each and all of those interested in the question of nationalisation of railways will find matter to interest him in this useful and at the same time eminently readable volume, for it bristles with facts—many of them perfectly startling and most of them unanswerable, and all speaking eloquently to the same point; though—and this is not a small matter in such a controversy—without bitterness or animus against those who are working the existing system; but loyally recognising that they are doing their duty to their employers, and doing admirable work in many ways. The book is a perfect arsenal for the war on paper and platform which will have to be waged a long while before this great question becomes immediately practical.

In answering objections the author is less successful; not that he does not effectually answer those he adduces, but that he omits a good many and some of those weighty. For instance, he does not refer to the danger, real enough as has been shown in the colonies, of railways being made and services planned to suit districts with which influential personages and parties desire to stand well: the cheap advertisement for class votes by unduly lowering of rates at the expense of the nation, in fact, shortly, the indirect and less obvious political factor in administration. This is a danger much more real in England than, *e.g.*, in Prussia, where the machinery of working public opinion, local or national, is much less effective and less under control.

But this great reform should in the first place certainly, and always in great part be discussed and advocated on broad grounds of economic principle and national advantage. Communication being a matter of national concern should be controlled and worked by a national organisation. The Post Office does for our minds what the railways do for our material part, and the one equally with the other should be worked by the nation for its own benefit and not that of a class or classes.

Further, we have the analogy of the old turnpike roads, though Mr. Edwards does not bring it forward. Growing out of the necessities of the time, the old turnpike trusts—private organisations like the railway companies—met a want, served for a time, made their profit sometimes, and then in the interests of the public were abolished, and the management of highways transferred to a public body. It would seem likely that in the natural course of social evolution, railways should follow a similar course. The roads were matters for district or county control, the railways are of national concern and must be in Government hands.

Mr. Edwards points out many vast gains to be assured by nationalisation, but there are several others that might be named. Perhaps the most obvious is the power which the really representative municipalities would acquire to get abundant supplies of cheap fish, fruit and vegetables for the urban workers, for they might well in special cases even recoup to the Railway Department some loss on this traffic in consideration of the vast, indeed, incalculable benefits which would accrue to the pockets, health, habits, and tastes, and even to the characters of the people, while on such

commodities the department might well be content to make no profit.

Perhaps the greatest practical service the book will do is to emphasise the fact of the existence of the Act of 1844, by which the purchase of railways by the State was foreshadowed and provided for, and the principle of valuation laid down, since to the bulk of Englishmen this Act is not only unknown—most Acts are that—but absolutely incredible.

POLITICAL CRIME. By Louis Proal. (The Criminology Series, edited by W. Douglas Morrison.) Unwin. 1898. (6s.)

This is a most disappointing book, one altogether unworthy to appear in the Criminology Series. In its pages we expected to find a judicial examination of political crime in different countries, of the causes which lead to it, and of its punishments; whereas the only suggestion of anything judicial about the whole volume is the office of the writer, who tells us of certain Anarchists he has tried. How far he was fitted to administer justice in these cases may be gathered from the following choice specimens of his opinions: "If the Anarchists display firmness at their execution, the explanation is to be sought in the fanaticism that animates them and in the vanity by which they are eaten up" (p. 79). "The Anarchists, heaping crime on crime, are like wild beasts that revel in blood and destruction" (p. 80). "All Anarchists are Materialists and Atheists" (p. 84). Amongst the "revolutionary passions and . . . sophisms which make up the doctrine of Anarchism" M. Louis Proal includes "scorning to serve in the army". To illustrate the wickedness of Anarchists, Darwin (!) is quoted (without exact reference) as saying in his "Descent of Man" that "poverty is abject".

Having dwelt at some length on the horrors of the wars of religion, the author proceeds to tell us that "without religious or philosophic faith humanity becomes uncharitable, malevolent, and ferocious", and seriously asks us to believe that "the real remedy for the crisis [of Anarchism] we are traversing is a return to Christianity". The book itself is a curious jumble of ill-balanced opinions on political crime in the past and the present. We begin with Macchiavelli, and on the second page hark back to Sylla on our way to the Lacedæmonians, whence we leap forward to the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, to reach the French Revolution on page 16. Twelve pages are devoted to a study of tyrannicide; cases, motives, and justifications are all disposed of in less than four hundred lines. From a merely historical point of view, it is obviously impossible that justice could be done to the subject when compressed into such narrow limits. M. Proal, however, has not studied the limits of space in other directions. Page after page of the book is taken up with tirades against scepticism, atheism, and materialism. False and foolish doctrines are put into the mouths of sceptics, and the reader is asked to be horrified. Two examples will show the ingenuous way this is done: "Whatever sceptics may say," remarks the author on page 344, "craft and violence are not necessities of politics." If this is the method used by M. Proal to foist unworthy opinions upon the prisoners he has to try, we do not envy the political offenders who have the misfortune to come before him. On page 353 we are also calmly told that "sceptics are disposed to smile when they hear moralists express the hope that international wars will cease, and that arbitration will take the place of recourse to force". If sceptics *do* smile it is with sorrow that the professed "moralists" do not join with them to help to realise hopes which they have always entertained.

In his concluding chapter the author at one time leads us to infer that he believes that society is becoming more enlightened; but then, recollecting the deplorable growth of scepticism and "the weakening of spiritual beliefs", he tells us that the consequence of this is political corruption. If this book had been issued by the Christian Evidence Society we should have taken all these tirades against scepticism as a matter of course. Not only are they not at all a matter of course, but they are extremely objectionable in a volume of the Criminology Series, a series which the scope of the earlier volumes had led us to hope would tend to the better understanding of crime, and, by consequence, the better treatment of criminals.

HOW TO HELP THE "REFORMER."

The following letter was not sent to us for publication, but we print it in order to illustrate the difficulties with which heterodox publications have to contend:

"I promised my newsagent that if he would get a dozen copies from his London agent on the 15th and put them in the window for sale, I would try and get customers for them, and failing to sell them, I would take all there was left at the end of the month at threepence each; he promised to accept my terms and has not kept to his promise. I asked him why he had not kept his word, and he said he fears to lose many of his religious customers. I told him to give a copy to anyone who finds fault with him, and ask them to point out anything bad in the book, and I will pay for the copy. Even this he will not do, although he admits I am one of his best customers in the way of books and papers. He wants my order for a single copy, but he shall not have it, as I tell him it is not fair that he should make a single farthing out of a book that he does not treat as other books are treated, so I send you my order as before. . . .

"With best wishes for the success of the Reformer, from one who was a reader of the *National Reformer* from the first number to the last.

"Charles Moon.

"*March* 20, 1898."

In view therefore of the difficulties put in our way, we have thought it might be useful to

suggest to our friends methods of assisting our circulation.

1. Distribute in your neighborhood 100, 50, 12, or as many copies as your means may permit. They can be sent by post or delivered by hand. A local directory will give addresses if you do not personally know a sufficient number. We have a few "returns" of back numbers which would be supplied at specially low rates for this purpose.

2. Take an extra copy for a year, and hand or post it to a friend. [Mem.—We do not *restrict* you to one copy. If you can take more, so much the better; when your own addresses are exhausted, we could save you the trouble by posting out copies to non-subscribers whose names are on our books.]

3. Urge newsagents to display copies and contents bills; promise to purchase their unsold copies if they will show them well first. Offer to supply them with advertisements of this journal bearing their name and address. (We shall be happy to print these in quantities of 250, 500 or more).

4. Distribute advertisement slips, which will gladly be supplied on application.

5. Post your town with contents bills (which we will supply, giving the local agent's name where possible) for three months or longer, if you can.

6. Whenever the Reformer contains an article likely to be specially interesting in your locality, advertise it in the local press.

We should be much obliged if friends would send us the name and address of any newsagent, or newsagents, who regularly supplies the Reformer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOGGING.

To the Editor.

May I, as Secretary of the Prison Reform Department of the Humanitarian League, ask leave to reply to some press criticisms of the protest of this Association against the latest flogging move on the part of "our great unpaid," which seems to be gaining ground, *i.e.*, the extension of flogging to cases of assaults upon women and children? Some particulars of this disgraceful proposal have already been laid before your readers.

Our chie opponent is, I think, the *Globe* newspaper; but strong remarks have been made by writers in a number of leading organs of the provincial press. The garrotters are their great point; and in a criticism of the humanitarian view of corporal punishment, entitled "Inhuman Humanitarians", which appeared in the *Globe*, that argument was strongly emphasised, as it usually is in this controversy. Now, what are the facts as to garrotting? In 1862 there was a sudden outbreak of garrotte robberies in the streets of London. The epidemic, which began in July, lasted just four months. At the November Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, twenty-seven persons were indicted for this crime, and twenty-one were convicted and received exemplary punishment. At the Sessions in January, 1863, the calendar showed very few offences of this character, and at the March Sessions the Recorder observed to the Grand Jury: "I am glad to say that there is an absence of those peculiar charges of robbery with violence of which there was a large number towards the end of last year, and which have been gradually decreasing during the last two or three months." On the 13th of July, 1863, a Flogging Bill was passed into law by the House of Commons, commonly known as the Garrotters' Act. Says Mr. E. H. Pickersgill, M.P.: "I feel sure no reiteration of the facts will ever dislodge from a certain class of minds the belief that flogging put down garrotting in London, whereas, in reality, garrotting had been suppressed several months before the Flogging Bill was even introduced into the House". Garrotting has declined elsewhere than in England, and I believe in Scotland it was never punishable by flogging.

On the strength of this garrotte fable it is proposed to extend flogging in our penal system. Flogging has been ridiculed by the satirist and denounced by the philosopher, and there is no doubt that it is a brutal and degrading punishment. Even the *Globe* admits that flogging is brutal; and this, it remarks, "cannot, of course, be denied", though it advocates its use. But if it is brutal it *must* degrade. It involves, not only the degradation of the offender, but the degradation also of those whose duty compels them to take part in it, either as actual floggers, or even as witnesses to a deed which, unless done in a prison, is now a criminal offence.

I may say that most of the papers have grossly misrepresented the facts, and like the *Globe*, decline to allow me to state our views of the case; that is why I ask your courtesy for the insertion of this letter. In answering the *Globe*, I have at the same time answered all.

Joseph Collinson.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SECULAR MOVEMENT.

To the Editor.

I was much interested in reading the abridgment of Mr. Rayner's lecture in your issue of March 15. He is reported to have said that his lingering shreds of religion were scattered by Mr. Bradlaugh's resistless logic. I gather that Mr. Rayner meant the *Christian* religion, for he tells us a few lines further on that he learned that Bible religion was not only untrue, but wicked; but I should have liked the word Christian inserted, because it appears to me that Mr. Bradlaugh only scattered the chaff of Mr. Rayner's religion, and that the wheat was left. I am led to this conclusion by a further remark of Mr. Rayner's, namely, that on hearing Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, his "mind was enriched by the great affirmations of Monism and Experiential

Ethics". "These two great doctrines" showed him why he "must refuse the evil and choose the good". Now these doctrines are Mr. Rayner's religion. I may add that it pretty nearly coincides with mine, and that I also have to thank Mr. Bradlaugh for having removed the dust of Christian dogma from my eyes. C. F. M.

LAND QUESTION.

To the Editor.

"J. H. C.", who has devoted leisure to the land question for some years, writes (*Reformer*, March 15, 1898), of land as "property." Will he please say when it was that land became property? Henry W. Ley.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

The Humanitarian League, 53 Chancery Lane, W.C.—Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's lecture on "Flagellomania" drew an excellent audience to Essex Hall on March 24th. Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., took the chair. The Humanitarian League has just issued its seventh Annual Report, which shows a steady increase in membership and activity, the work done during 1897 having largely surpassed that of any previous year, while the four special departments of the League, which deal with Criminal Law and Prison Reform, Sports, Humane Diet and Dress, and Lantern Lectures for Children, have an equally full record. A tribute is paid in the Report to the assistance given to humane principles by the Press.

The Women's International Progressive Union has removed to 87 Praed Street, Edgware Road, W. Lectures for the month (all at 8 p.m.):—April 20th, at 87 Praed Street, Debate, "Should flogging in Board Schools be allowed?" April 25th, at 330 Burdett Road, Limehouse, E., Mlle. Adrienne Veigelé, "Are Women needed as County Councillors?" May 13th, meeting at the office of the *Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. Admission free to each. Men also may attend and may be enrolled as honorary members of the Union.

The Women's Vegetarian Union has just removed to 87 Praed Street, Edgware Road, W. On April 17th, at this address, 8 p.m., Mr. J. L. Emary will lecture on "How to begin a Vegetarian Diet"; and on May 9th there will be a lecture at 330 Burdett Road, E., at 8 p.m. Admission free to any of the above. Men are invited to attend and be enrolled as honorary members of the Union. Other meetings are also frequently held by the above Union, such as public meetings, cookery demonstrations, social gatherings of members, garden parties, picnics, etc. Further information concerning the work of the above Union can be obtained from the Hon Sec., Mlle. Adrienne Veigele, at the office of the Union.

A new Hospital of St. Francis, established upon Ethical Humanitarian principles, is about to be opened in the New Kent Road. The name of St. Francis of Assisi is chosen as exemplifying the desire of the founders, who hold that healing should be especially connected with all that is most kindly and humane in the human breast. The Hospital is under no particular sect, but in the name of Humanity asks for the influence and support of all religious bodies, and equally of those who are not attached to any "religion". The offices are 6 Southampton Street, W.C., where the Secretary will be pleased to receive any offers of assistance or answer any enquiries.

Edinburgh Sunday Society.—This Society, which is in course of formation, has for its object: To provide for the people on Sundays sacred and classical music, lectures on subjects in science, literature, history, and art, and generally to promote the rational observance of the Sunday. The secretary is Mr. George L. Berry, 115 Buccleuch Street, and we remark a number of names well known to us in the provisional committee. We wish the Society a long and successful life.

South London Ethical Discussion Society.—During the suspension of the Sunday morning meetings the Society meets as a Reading Circle at Mary-le-Strand House, Leo Street, Old Kent Road, Tuesday evenings, 8 p.m., commencing April 26. The present book for analysis is Paine's "Rights of Man". Mr. Horace B. Lakeman will deliver the introductory lecture and conduct the study of this work. The first Ramble will be held on Saturday, May 7, to Coldharbour, Surrey; train from London Bridge to Dorking, 2.20; special reduced fares are being arranged. Open-air meetings have been started on Sunday afternoons on Peckham Rye, and they have already proved very successful.

Freethought Federation.—At the monthly meeting of the Committee, held at South Place Institute on March 31, a suggested method of missionary work was explained and discussed, and it was decided to issue a circular asking support for work on the lines proposed. A circular will also be sent to Secular societies throughout the country inviting applications for assistance in propagandist effort. The delegates from metropolitan local societies reported their arrangements for the forthcoming open-air lecturing season. Ten members of the committee were present, and explanations of unavoidable absence were received from five others.—Geo. Standring, Sec., 7 & 9, Finsbury St., London, E.C.

Westminster Secular Society.—Meetings every Sunday morning, 11.30, April to October inclusive, on the Grosvenor Embankment.

Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 36, Newington Green Road, N.—Sunday evening lectures are now discontinued. Lectures or discussions are held every Thursday evening at 8.30 p.m. On 21st Mr. Touzeau Parris replies to Dr. Dallinger on "Creation and Creator".

Obituary.—In the death of the late William Edgcombe, Birch Lane, Bradford, one of the most sterling of Yorkshire Freethinkers has passed away. As long as the writer can remember he was always to be relied upon to support the Secularist movement. He was a passionate admirer of the late Charles Bradlaugh. He died (March 9th) much respected by the circle of friends he had gathered around him, and leaves to mourn his loss a family highly esteemed in the locality of their abode. In the presence of a large assembly at Bowling Cemetery on March 12th, Mr. A. B. Wakefield, of Hipperholme, conducted the funeral ceremony, and read over the remains the burial service composed by Mr. Austin Holyoake.—A. B. W.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY BROTHER'S PET.

My brother Tom is nine years old. One day I heard him say, "Father, please may I keep a Bunny? I *should* like one." I waited with interest to hear the result. Finally, he obtained the desired permission, and coaxed his indulgent parent into making him a present of a strong wooden box.

For the next week he was deeply occupied in scattering about the house sundry bags of nails, screws, hammers, and strips of wood. These were the preparations for the rabbit-hutch. In due time the small house was completed, fitted with iron wires in front, a large door, and a beautifully-constructed fastening, on which he expended much time and ingenuity.

During all this time enquiries about rabbits had been vigorously prosecuted, and prices discussed in a very business-like way. On the day the carpentry ceased Tom was in a fever of anxiety to go and purchase the "Bunny", but mother declared he must wait until father came home. When he at last arrived it was nearly dark; but, nothing daunted, Tom placed a sixpence in his pocket and set off.

Soon he returned with a little rabbit in his arms. I fell in love with her at first sight. "Whiskers" (for that was her name) was only nine inches long; her back was brown, but her throat and tail were snowy white, and such whiskers! They were long and plentiful. She had lovely eyes—large and brown—but they looked so mournful. She was the tamest little rabbit we ever saw.

As it was getting late, we put Whiskers into her new habitation with a fine bed of sweet hay, and Tom went to fetch some bran, for which he paid with his own money, feeling a very big man indeed. Next morning Tom was up early to pay his respects to his new friend, and the next proceeding was to rummage about until he found an old dog-chain and a piece of whip-cord. Having fixed the chain to the cord, he tenderly tied it round Whiskers neck, and too her for a walk, just like a little dog. This she seemed to enjoy; she bounded and

"Swung her rump around".

So we all got very ond of our gentle little friend and her playful ways. On fine days her box was put out in the sunshine on the ground, and the chickens used to come and look at her. They seemed to think she was a cat, for they always kept at a respectful distance and growled, as only angry fowls know how. She, little pet, wanted to make friends, and had no idea they were quarreling with her. She would stand on her hind legs, and, putting her front paws between the wires of her cage, would beg, and play ully shaking her head, her bright eyes seeming to laugh and say, "I feel so jolly. Do come and have a game." When she saw or heard us coming, she would run to the front of the hutch and look out for us eagerly; and, although she was frequently put down in the meadow without her chain, she never attempted to run away, but would nibble the grass quite contentedly. My brother used to walk about with her clinging to his jacket, both parties looking very happy.

One morning Tom got up late, and so had no time to caress his Bunny, for his father was waiting to give him his lessons, and he knew that if he was late he might have to read an extra page of Herodotus. So he just paused to fill Whiskers trough with bran and give her some carrot-tops to munch. As soon as his lessons were over, he scampered back to his little pet, and——

Instead of the frolicsome friend he had left but an hour or two previously, there lay the poor thing, her breathing scarcely perceptible, stretched on her bed of hay. In great grief he ran to his mother, who gave him some warm milk in a saucer, but she would not drink a drop. We all went to look at Whiskers, but no one was able to cure her. When I spoke to her she opened her dark eyes with a look of recognition, and lifted her pretty head; but she could do no more. We called the gardener to the conference; he kept a lot of rabbits, and was supposed to know all about them. He announced there was no hope, and that Tom should have been more careful with her diet.

My brother went into a quiet corner and had a good cry, for he was much attached to the little creature. When we went to look at her again she was quite dead. Gertrude Snelling.

CARDBOARD PUZZLES.

1. Cut out of cardboard a small arch about two inches in height; also two strips, one an inch longer than the other. Rest the arch against the short strip on the table, and lift them up together with the long one, without letting either fall.

2. Cut sixteen strips of cardboard, each two inches long; with them form two squares, one within the other, the smaller to consist of four strips, the larger of twelve. These are to represent a castle and moat. A man wishes to get into the castle secretly from the outside, but the only means at his disposal are two short planks (cardboard strips, *not quite* two inches long). How does he do it?

3. With twenty-four such strips of cardboard make nine squares. Take away eight pieces, so as to only leave two squares. M. A. Watson.

4. Same strips and arrangement as No. 3; but take away 8 pieces and leave 3, 4, or 5 squares; or take (*a*) 9 pieces and leave 2 squares; (*b*) 10 pieces and leave 2 squares; (*c*) 11 and leave 4 squares; (*d*) 12 and leave 1 square or 3 squares; (*e*) 7 and leave 3, 4, 5, or 6 squares. [These variations can be extended by an ingenious solutionist.]

5. Lay 10 of the strips side by side, each about an inch from its neighbour. Lift one of them over the next 2 and lay it close by the 3rd; then pair the other 8 similarly, by passing over 2 strips each time (*i.e.*, over either 1 *pair* or 2 *singles*).

MARGATE—Terrace Hotel and Restaurant (facing the Sea). Comfortable and inexpensive Room, holding 500, suitable for Beanfeast, etc. Greatly patronised by Reformers and the Freethought Party.—S. H. Munns and Sons.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

The Affectation of Orthodoxy.

IN Mr. Asquith's address at the recent dinner of the Omar Khayyam Society, there was an expression which well illustrates the ingrained habit of make-believe in religious matters in English public life. After making it the special merit of the Omar Khayyam cult that "no man who has breathed the true spirit of our poet and his great interpreter can be any longer a slave to the conventions which sterilise and devastate such large areas of socia intercourse", the right hon. gentleman thought it prudent to remark that Omar as a critic of creeds "bears a perilous resemblance to the Agnostic whom some of us have met". The very purpose of the speech, ostensibly, was to waive aside the Philistine critics; but it must needs include the deprecatory formula that "some of us have met" the Agnostic. Some of us certainly have. Mr. Asquith must have met two pretty often, in the last Liberal Cabinet. And it may be questioned whether in any other civilised state—in France, or Germany, or Russia, or Italy, or even in the orthodox United States—a statesman would now dream of making obeisance to churchism and the Nonconformist conscience by such a phrase as Mr. Asquith's on such an occasion.

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Orthodoxy and the War.

AMONG the guests of the Omar Khayyam dinner was a romance-writer, Mr. Max Pemberton. And it happened that Mr. Pemberton, in a letter in that day's issue of the *Daily Chronicle*, had supplied a pleasing parallel to Mr. Asquith's remark on perilous resemblances. Mr. Pemberton is delighted with the war, and he eloquently denounces Spain, with which he says he has "some considerable acquaintance".

"The delights of the bull-ring, the ever present and revolting cruelties practised upon dumb beasts, the unpolished infidelity of the intellect of Spain, the crass superstition of her peasantry—these things at home prepare us for the history of Cuba as time and truth will write it."

Without raising the question how long it is since Anglo-Saxons were massacring the kerns of Ireland, or practising bull-baiting, or branding and flogging slaves in the United States, we may suggest to Liberals of Mr. Pemberton's school that barely a year has elapsed since they were eager to combine with Russia for the overthrow of Turkey. Now, there is fully ten times as much "infidelity of the intellect", polished or unpolished, in Russia as in Spain, where the middle and upper classes are still mostly devout Christians; while the Russian peasantry is as crassly superstitious as any in Europe. On the other hand, Turkey is quite the most God-fearing country in the world, and is practically devoid of the "infidelity of the intellect". Mr. Pemberton is doubtless a good "fidel"; but it seems doubtful whether Liberalism has much to gain from the philosophy of religious novelists of his calibre, who seem to have no great area of intellect to polish.

.....

Theistic Ethics once more.

MR. PEMBERTON supplies us, further, with a compendious statement of the Christian or at least the Godly doctrine of the righteousness of war.

"For long years America has listened to the cries of these people, has witnessed the desolation of this island, has sent her children bread, has exhorted her sons to patience. Where we, faithful to the traditions which have built up our empire,

would have waited and have watched for ten years, she has waited and has watched for thirty. Cuba to her has been a Soudan, yet more than a Soudan. As the death of Gordon stirred the British people to all the emotions which patriotism can call forth, so has the loss of the "Maine" moved her to the supreme sacrifice for God and Fatherland."

We all knew, of course, that the historic facts were so—that the American public was patient under Cuban misery for thirty years, and grew impatient only when the "Maine" was blown up. But it has been reserved for a pietist to tell us that such a line of action amounts in the end to a "supreme sacrifice for God". It may or may not be encouraging, but it is instructive, to see how thoroughly the evil aspect of all war is worsened by bringing in religion to whitewash it.

.....

Sectarian Training Schools.

In a matter in which rational reform had begun to seem hopeless, through the acquiescence of Liberals in injustice on religious grounds, there is at last a promise of practical action. It comes, oddly enough, from the side of the Church of England. At a recent meeting of the London School Board, the Rev. Arthur Jephson raised a formal question as to the possible provision of a public training college for teachers, under the Board, or in connexion with the new teaching university for London.

"Mr. Jephson said that, as a clergyman, he had teachers come to him for confirmation—and naturally he welcomed them. But on examination he found that nine out of ten of these teachers were active members of Nonconformist bodies, and only sought confirmation in order to secure admission to a training college. That he considered a very undesirable thing."

It certainly is so; and it is significant of the corrupting effect of the ideal of "compromise" in religious matters that Nonconformists should be willing to tolerate such a state of things year after year, and that it should be left to an Anglican clergyman to propose reform.

.....

The Public and its School-teachers.

It is not merely in regard to the provision of unsectarian training for public teachers that the community has need to consider its position and policy. Under the present system, it annually trains thousands of pupil-teachers who, when they come to the critical stage of their career, find that all their training has been wasted, that they cannot go on as teachers, and that they must begin life afresh on other lines. Not only must those who do get into the training colleges often subscribe to tyrannous religious tests: multitudes never get in at all. So little provision is there that, as Mr. Jephson testifies, "nearly 400 men and more than 3,000 women [all qualified by examination] are excluded from existing training colleges". Yet the over-production of pupil teachers never slackens. We have always time and money to keep up the navy, but never enough to rationalise our school system.

.....

The Denominational Injustice.

Mr. Macnamara added his testimony to Mr. Jephson, having made special enquiry into the matter on the denominational side:

"Sixty-five of the Board's pupil teachers who won first class at the Scholarship Examination could not find places in the fourteen colleges they 'sat' for. Ultimately, after many and anxious applications, they got in, and no doubt some of them subscribed to religious tests which they would have avoided. Of the first class pupil teachers nine could not get in at all, though they had applied to from twelve to twenty-seven colleges. Some of these were refused because they were not members of the Church of England; and 38 had entirely failed to secure admission to college."

Meanwhile masses of Church members get in without difficulty. All the while, too, the Treasury pays £100 a year for every man, and £70 a year for every woman in the colleges. Thus is the Church doubly endowed at the taxpayers' expense.

.....

The Position of English Parties.

One thing is quite certain as to the present party situation in Parliament. Had it been a Liberal Government that was responsible for the series of blunders and vacillations that make up our recent foreign policy in the East, the entire Conservative party,

including Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour, would without any question have been furiously denouncing them on "patriotic" grounds. As it is, though the majority of Conservatives are deeply disgusted, they think it "patriotic" to say as little as possible, because their first duty is to keep their party in power. Such is the play of "honor and conscience" in the "National" party to-day as of old. But the situation is not without its compensations. Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, though they would assuredly have been on the side of braggadocio had they been in Opposition, have actually got themselves in trouble by being so slow to provoke war. Having got so far, they are at least partly disabled from hounding on a Liberal Government to war and menace of war in a future Parliament. It must be confessed, however, that the Liberal Press and many of the party do not in these days look as if they would need much hounding.

.....

Spasmodic Benevolence.

IN the course of the recent painful trial of a mistress on the charge of causing the death of her servant by starving and ill-using her, a medical witness remarked that the diet described, though bad, was not such as he could understand a healthy girl dying of. The judge sympathetically interrupted with a specification of the foods in question, which he evidently felt were miserably insufficient. They certainly were; but the amazing thing is that the judge should not have been aware that every day hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, living everywhere around him, are fed just as badly, if not worse, on the rewards of their own industry, in their own dens. In that case, does not the charge of culpable homicide lie against society? And if it does, is it not part of the judge's business to do more than wait to have isolated cases of cruelty by penurious mistresses brought before him? Charity, it seems, still refuses to begin at home.

Bishop Creighton on Modern Christianity.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON is an able man, but he makes strange assertions. To the deputation who recently presented to him a memorial with 15,000 signatures protesting against ritualistic developments, he said that

"People in England were agreed, as they never were before, about the fundamental doctrines of Christian faith. True religion prevailed in England to-day as an actual power on the individual and society, and they should recognise that it was desirable upon minor matters, such as the mode of public worship (for he considered them minor matters) which are not concerned with the fundamental truths of the Christian faith, but are concerned with the manner in which it is desirable to put forth those truths in public worship, toleration should be practised."

The excitement over the proceedings of Mr. Kensit is a striking proof of the agreement within the Anglican fold as to what *are* the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. As to the fact that an ever-increasing number of people has ceased to believe in the Christian religion at all, it seems useless to urge it in reply to Dr. Creighton, for he must be aware of the fact, and it has no influence on his language.

.....

Church versus Church.

ON the other hand we learn that in the opinion of Cardinal Vaughan,

"Satan is busily engaged just now in holding souls in rebellion by persuading them that they can have all that the Catholic Church possesses without obedience;" that "they are keeping soul far from the Church by teaching them to be content with an imitation", and that "from this point of view the High Church party are unconscious marionettes of Satan, blindly dancing as he wills."

The unity of opinion on fundamentals thus exhibited all round is overwhelming. Doubtless the Union of the Churches will not now be long delayed.

.....

More War Ethics.

THE development of American moral principles in the war between the States and Spain is so rapid that it is difficult to keep up with. At the start, all was philanthropy and concern for Cuba. But the moment Manila was bombarded, the ethical view

widened. The New York *Sun* promptly proposed that the States should retain the Philippines for ever. This was a little too rapid for some of the other journals, at the moment. The *New York Times*, however, was not far behind, remarking that "If Great Britain wants the islands, leaving us a naval station in them, we could dispose of them to her with a clear conscience. So much could not with equal confidence be said of any other disposition of them." The *Journal*, however, shows the progress in store by suggesting that "If the natives are not capable of forming a stable government, we had better sell the islands to some friendly Power." And doubtless our Christian Liberals will be ready to buy.

.....

Pan-Anglo-Saxonism.

IN view of these exhibitions of moral superiority on the English-speaking side, there is a peculiar piquancy in the plea contained in *Brassey's Naval Annual* for a league of English-speaking peoples. The theory is that—

"if we can establish a perpetual league of all English-speaking peoples for settling differences by arbitration, *nay, more*, for mutual defence if threatened by external foes, our latent resources will be too overwhelming to be challenged or contested. Let us cherish the hope that a consummation so happy may some day be reached by the sagacity of statesmen and the growing wisdom and goodwill of kindred people."

The assumption is that there is to be no growth of wisdom and goodwill as between peoples not "kindred". But in the present circumstances the conscientious reference to arbitration must greatly impress those nations which have not the happiness of speaking English.

.....

Mr. Gerald Balfour on Irish Distress.

SURELY the most odious exhibition made in recent years of English aristocratic indifference to Irish misery was that of which Mr. Gerald Balfour was guilty in the debate of last month on Mr. Dillon's motion for the adjournment of the House to call attention to the distress in the West of Ireland. Mr. Gerald Balfour's reply, as reported, ran thus:

He denied that more than 30,000 (300,000 divided by ten) people were without necessary food and clothing. He said no doubt if they could distribute champagne to sick people—(Nationalist cries of "Shame.").

The Speaker: The hon. member for North Mayo (Mr. Crilly) must abstain from disorderly observations.

Mr. W. Redmond: The people ask for bread, and you speak of champagne!

Mr. Crilly: Shame! (Cries of "Order.")

After the disturbance was quieted, Mr. Balfour said that "if the people of Ireland expected that the Government should do that work which in other countries was done by means of charity, the sooner they were disabused of such an opinion the better". It is much to be wished that the Nationalist members could meet such utterances with something more impressive than ejaculations. They might be indicted as "shameful" in the highest degree, without any breach of order. England, as represented by the Unionist party, maintains in Ireland a system of government under which distress perpetually abounds, and refuses to let the Irish people handle their problem in their own way; and when the old story of misery has to be retold, the English Secretary offers an execrable sneer about "champagne" and "charity". Meanwhile the English press, Liberal and Conservative, dwells on the misdeeds of Spain in Cuba.

.....

Mpeseni.

THE newspapers last month published "intelligence" received by Reuter's Agency from British Central Africa, claiming great credit to the British troops, and especially to Colonel Manning for "so promptly and effectually dealing with what might have quickly assumed the dimensions of another Matabele war." We have already expressed our opinion on this so-called rebellion, an opinion amply confirmed by the following extract from a private letter written from Blantyre at the end of February. The writer says, "You will have heard of the great war at Mpeseni's. The seriousnesss of the whole position has suddenly vanished, and we have probable revelations in store for us. It looks as if it had been a most unholy

proceeding, got up nothing more or less than to cause a flutter in the share market at home, and draw attention to the North Charterland Company territory. Of course all the Government troops went up, but got little to do except looting. We have captured over 12,000 head of cattle. Mpeseni's son, the inciter of the rebellion (?) has been captured and hung. All the people are quietly coming in again." It seems that after the return of the British force from this expedition—undertaken in the unhealthy season—every one of the officers was laid up with fever, and one or more died. The British Government allows itself to be made a tool of by unscrupulous persons to promote the interests of this or that company at the expense of the national honor, the health of our soldiers, and the lives and property of despised native peoples.

THE WAR.

Before we are fully engrossed by the edifying details of its practice, it may be well to get a clear idea of the theory of the war waged by the United States against Spain—the theory put forward by its advocates, the theory that underlies that in the minds of perhaps the majority of the citizens of the United States and the officers and men of the fleet, and the theory of the whole situation as it strikes impartial outsiders.

Ostensibly, the war is made from motives of philanthropy, in the interests of the Cuban population at large, and in special sympathy with the sufferings of the non-combatants, who have perished in frightfully large numbers from starvation, under the ultra-military methods of General Weyler. These are the official grounds. Spain was told that she must either make such terms with the insurgents as would stop the war—which meant evacuation of Cuba, as the insurgents would agree to nothing less—or withdraw straightway of her own accord. Nobody can have supposed that Spain would do this, any more than England did in the matter of the Indian Mutiny. On the other hand, the starving non-combatants were previously being fed by the charity of benevolent Americans, who sent cargoes of food, in co-operation with the Spanish officials. It follows, then, that the instant effect of the declaration of war is to plunge the starving non-combatants back at once into the worst distress; with the fair prospect of their all dying before the Spanish army can be driven out of the island.

But even apart from that consideration, it is very obvious that philanthropy is not the motive of the war. Misery in Cuba has been chronic for a generation back; and as regards the recent horrors, the worst of the evil had been done last year or earlier. General Weyler had even been recalled by reason of Spanish dissatisfaction over his blind cruelty, as the "good" Lord Gray was recalled from Ireland after his massacres in the reign of Elizabeth, by reason of Protestant English feeling that he had been too comprehensively cruel even towards Catholic Irish. Spain had of late even offered new and unheard of concessions, which the insurgents refused. On the other hand a large part of the population, especially in Havana, is bitterly hostile to the insurgents. Had Spain withdrawn, there would have been fresh civil war, presumably not less ferocious than what had gone before. All this was clear enough in the United States a few months ago; and during some months spent there, I can testify, I never heard up till the latter part of February a single proposal to interfere by force, though the mortality among the "concentrated" non-combatants of Cuba was perfectly well-known and sympathetically commented on. Such suggestions had doubtless been made, but they found no public currency. *It was only after the blowing up of the "Maine" warship that the idea of coercion was publicly broached and welcomed.*

That is to say, the Government of the United States had not proposed and would not have proposed to interfere by force save for the grievous and exasperating chance of the destruction of an American

warship and crew in a Cuban harbor. Americans, like Europeans, could have gone on bearing Cuban woes with fortitude: it was their own trouble that stirred them to action. At the same time, only the most unscrupulous journalists pretended to believe that the blowing up of the "Maine", if the result of malice at all, could possibly be the work of the Spanish Government. To this day I am not aware that President McKinley's Government professes to believe so. Thus, though there was plenty of ground for suspicion that *some* foul play had occurred, there was no reasonable ground for making war on Spain, since, if it could be shown that Spanish officials had done the deed, not only could they have been punished, but the Spanish Government might be called upon to pay very heavy damages. So far as the bulk of the American people is concerned, then, the war is approved of because of anger at the "Maine" disaster, *though it is not seriously pretended that the Spanish Government was concerned in the act.* About this there is no disguise. We are told that the men of the American fleet are all eager to fight "to avenge the 'Maine'"; and sympathetic war-promoters among ourselves warmly affirm that the motive is righteous, nay, religious.

Now, it is little over two years since the American press and public were nearly unanimous in declaring, àpropos of the dispute between Britain and Venezuela, that such matters ought to be submitted to arbitration. Even those who protested against President Cleveland's despatch were agreed on the arbitration principle. And they were quite right: the action of England, alike under Lord Rosebery and under Lord Salisbury, had been indefensible. But if they were sincere in that case, they ought, as a matter of course, to have proposed that the "Maine" disaster in particular and the Cuban question in general should have been submitted to arbitration. But if any such proposal were made, it has been unheard in the din of the angry cries of the journalists in America and England alike. President McKinley does not appear to have made any such suggestion. The truth probably is that President McKinley has been forced by public and private pressure along a line of action that four months ago he had not dreamt of taking.

The *partisan* situation in America, as I take it, has in the first place a good deal to do with the case. Three months ago it was understood in quarters not ill-informed that the President and his advisers were much exercised about the framing of a constructive Populist programme that should to some extent take the wind out of the sails of the Bryan movement, which goes on energetically all the time, and which promises, if not skilfully opposed, to carry the next election with free silver and all the rest of it. Now, very soon after the "Maine" disaster it was made known that Mr. Bryan was privately advocating the coercion of Spain; and the action of his party in the Senate makes the statement seem probable enough. President McKinley and his colleagues thus saw before them the distressing risk of the Bryan party coming into power on a wave of "patriotic" feeling, and being thus enabled to carry out their policy on other issues. In such circumstances it must have been supremely hard for Mr. McKinley, whatever might be his own views, to resist the course that was obviously popular. And all the while, there can be little doubt, strong financial interests in the States and elsewhere, under cover of philanthropy and "patriotism", have been secretly pressing for coercion in Cuba on commercial grounds. It is within my own knowledge that some of the Cuban plantation owners have long desired American control as the best thing for them. But there are great American influences besides. The case cannot be better put than it has been in a very temperate letter received by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* from a friend of his, well acquainted with both Cuban and American affairs, and I accordingly give it here in full:—

"The Americans are perhaps sincere in saying

that the United States are not contemplating seizing Cuba in order to annex it. It is, indeed, possible that the United States may not formally annex Cuba, and in this they would show their good sense and prudence. They will declare Cuba independent and leave the Cubans to settle matters among themselves. But then immediately will begin an American immigration. There are in Cuba 18 millions of hectares of uncultivated, unutilised land, besides the sugar and tobacco plantations and rich mines. The Americans will bring these regions into quick communication with the coast by the rapid development of a network of railways into the interior. There is abundant, superabundant water, but the low and marshy grounds will be reclaimed without difficulty, and the dangers of yellow fever considerably diminished. Before ten years have passed there will be in the island three millions of Americans, who will simply swamp the 700,000 whites and 700,000 blacks who at present inhabit the island. Within ten years, more English will be spoken in Cuba than Spanish; more people will frequent the Protestant church than the Catholic cathedral; an immense trade will have grown up for the exclusive profit of America, and the great Republic will have virtually annexed the Pearl of the Antilles, an act which will not put another star in the flag of the United States, but will add 12,000,000,000 dollars to the wealth of that country.

"You will, perhaps, say that one has no right to complain when the world is thus enriched by so colossal a fortune. That may be so. But the only thing I wished to point out is that in the present case the United States is not playing the *rôle* of a paladin or a Don Quixote. The money it spends on the war is an excellent investment, whereas the Spaniards are fighting without hope of reaping the slightest advantage, even if victorious; and if beaten they will have what the Germans call 'fauler Fisch und Schlag dazu'—foul fish and blows as well."

This, I believe, states the case with moderation. It will of course be exclaimed against by philanthropists and others here who know nothing of the minor forces of American politics; and have not even realised that war policies are ever got up with an eye to stock-exchange procedure. The common tone on the subject in England is represented by a recent speech of Mr. Percy Bunting to a London political club:—

"He was shocked at the snarling remarks he had heard against America, and the suggestion that the great Republic had mercenary considerations in view. He saw no reason to doubt America's protestations of humanity, and he thought they were justified in helping the island to freedom. Great atrocities had been perpetrated in Cuba by the Spaniards, and he did not wonder that the United States had stepped in and said they should not continue any longer. It was said that America had fostered the rebellion, *and no doubt she had, and he thought the people of this country would have done the same under the circumstances. The United States were acting as the police of the world*, and their motives were to be commended. America was roused to a passion of white heat, and though they might have to suffer, their indignation was just, and he wished them every success. (Cheers.)"

The writer of the letter before cited, it will be observed, does not snarl at America. On the other hand, our Liberal journalists do almost nothing but snarl as regards Spain. The trouble is that they have so much justification. It is not to be disputed that it is her past misgovernment of Cuba that does most to strengthen the hands, and the case, of the enemies of Spain. Had it not been for that, had it not been in particular for the murderous methods of General Weyler, the aggression of the United States could hardly have been ventured on, and would have met with no sympathy. But it is worth our while for a moment to consider dispassionately even the case of luckless and ill-famed Spain.

Spain is certainly, relatively to her past and her potentialities, the most backward of European nations, and this proximately for two reasons, or from one cause that has several aspects—her inability to shake off the influences of clericalism and monarchy. Under these auspices—against which minorities of Spaniards have repeatedly and bravely but vainly rebelled—she remains relatively unprogressive or barely progressive, ignorant, unindustrious, and absolutely complacent over her beastly bull-fighting. Her colonial politics is all of a piece with her domestic life. A people in the bull-fighting stage cannot handle even moderately well such a problem as is presented by Cuba. It is not a matter of "race", any more than it is a matter of form of creed. The "race" solution is in these matters the invariable resort of ignorance. The situation of Spain is a result of many antecedents, going back even further than the time when, with no such mineral resources in store as were

afterwards to make England a great industrial State, she came into possession of what were then thought the supreme sources of wealth—command of vast stores of the precious metals, desired alike by all nations in the period. Let it suffice to say that *the English people, if situated in the same way, would have gone the same way, bull-fights and all.* Spain and Portugal have been doubly unfortunate in that, while the course of modern industry has left them in a manner stranded, they are of all European countries the least able to gain as all nations had need do by culture-contacts. They lie at the fag end of Europe, out of all the main lines of travel, out of the road for India, out of the road for the East, or even for Africa, a *cul-de-sac* for the tourist and a poor attraction for the trader. To make up for all this, they need a peculiarly enlightened and educative policy on the part of their rulers; and this they have not had for many generations. The one grain of sociological comfort in the present situation is the sight of the possibility that the war, which has roused the whole Spanish nation to "patriotic" excitement, may have on the governing classes some such effect as the crushing disaster of Jena had on those of Prussia. But if it should, the Spanish people will hardly thank the United States, any more than Prussia did France.

And this brings us to the moral of the whole matter. The United States, as we have seen, never strove to push Spain in kindness along the path of progress. Nations have not yet dreamt of doing anything of that kind. Charitable Americans did latterly send help to the starving Cubans, and the Governments co-operated; but that good impulse did not go far. Practically no steps were taken towards any peaceful solution. An occasional academic or diplomatic suggestion, a slight movement of the little finger on the part of politicians, was all that ever took place on the motive of a desire to settle the Cuban trouble. Yet everyone knew that Spain could not conceivably back out of Cuba while she had any strength left. Her rulers knew, as we knew, and as Mr. Bunting avows, that the insurrection was all along "fostered" in America. Mr. Bunting holds that "the people of this country would have done the same under the circumstances". But he does not go on to remark that that spirit would have justified any foreign power in helping "our" rebels in the case either of the Indian Mutiny or of the Fenian movement in Ireland. In both of these instances England had been guilty of misgovernment; she misgoverns Ireland and keeps it in chronic misery to this day. The question then is, how should we have regarded the action of the United States had we been situated as is Spain in Cuba?

But of course it is vain to ask these questions while our professed philanthropists, Liberals, and friends of peace, take the tone of jubilant satisfaction over this declaration of war by the United States, after barely a preceding pretence of suggesting a peaceful arrangement. A country in the van of civilisation is found capable of making immense and enthusiastic exertions for purposes of aggressive warfare at a moment's notice, on a nominal pretext of stopping misery and misgovernment, after having seen the misery and misgovernment going on next door, every little while, for a whole generation. For war, for bloodshed, for destruction, men will collectively make any conceivable effort; for peace, for persuasion, for the helping rather than the hindering of a backward community, they will not take a month's diplomatic trouble. Truly we are still but at "cockcrow and the morning star."

The end of the present outbreak, I venture to say, will not be the mere driving of Spain out of Cuba. Even that will probably be no easy matter. Spaniards on the patriotic defensive have always been formidable foes, from the days of the Romans down to those of Napoleon. Their resistance to the last French invasion was the beginning of the breakdown of the greatest military power the modern world has seen. The United

States, it may be said, are not a great military power, and do not want to be. But this step will force them a long way in that direction; which indeed they have been latterly taking independently of the Cuban business. The republics of South America, peopled by the "Latin races", can very well judge for themselves as to the efficient motives in the present aggression by the States. They know that on the same principles they might in a time of trouble be interfered with; and their ruling classes have no bias of abstract sympathy with "insurgents" to countervail that racial ill-will and that commercial jealousy which the present conflict is so well-fitted to renew and stimulate. At a time when increase of armaments is the order of the day throughout the "civilised" world, it is hardly possible that the war over Cuba should not be followed by increase of armaments in the New World as in the Old. Spain, beaten or not, will hardly be content to stay *in statu quo*. In short, we have seen the sowing of the wind: if there is no reaping of the whirlwind it will not be because of any wisdom thus far exhibited.

John M. Robertson.

JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR.

One of the best known emblems of modern Christianity is the monogram consisting of the letters IHS superposed upon and intertwined with one another, with the common variant IHC. There are several popular interpretations of this monogram, the one most in favor being "*Jesus Hominum Salvator*", or "Jesus, saviour of men". Another reading is "*In Hoc Signo* [*est salus*]"; while others explain it as the initials of the English words "I Have Suffered". IHC is sometimes interpreted as "*Jesus Hominum Consolator*", or *Conservator*. The antiquarian explanation is that IHS, or more correctly IHC, is a Greek contraction of the name Jesus. This monogram has been adopted as the peculiar badge of the Society of Jesus; it is a very favorite symbol with the High Church party; but is abhorred by your true-blue Protestant on account of its Jesuitical and Papistical associations.

It has been asserted that this IHS monogram is really a Pagan symbol, and many extraordinary statements have been made in furtherance of this idea. Thus, it has been said to be an Egyptian hieroglyphic; but it will be sufficient to simply deny this, because, as a matter of fact, there is no known Egyptian hieroglyphic which bears any resemblance to it. On mentioning this matter, however, to Mr. F. W. Read, he pointed out that in the Memphitic dialect of Coptic the name "Jesus" is invariably written ⲓⲏⲥ, instead of the ordinary Greek contraction ⲓⲥ, although in the Sahidic dialect the latter exclusively appears. The reader will probably be aware that in the Coptic writing, ⲥ is the form of the S, as is also the case in Greek uncials. Now, the earlier students of Coptic only knew of the existence of the Memphitic dialect, and therefore someone noticing the peculiar three-letter contraction, as opposed to the two-letter form of the Greek, jumped to the conclusion that the Coptic ⲓⲏⲥ represented some ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic, hence the origin of the theory. The age of the Coptic translation of the Bible is quite unknown; and it may not be earlier than the 7th century, A.D. In any case, it gives us no certain connection with any pagan form.

Godfrey Higgins, in his "Celtic Druids" (p. 128) propounded a curious theory as to the origin of the IHS monogram. He says:—

"ΦΡΗ is a word which Martianus Capella, in his hymn to the sun, tells us was expressed in three letters, making up the number 608. . . . . But these Coptic numerals not corresponding with those of the Greeks, they formed the word ΥΗΣ as an enigmatical name of the sun, or Bacchus from their numerals Υ 400, Η 8, Σ 200= 608. This is the real origin of our IHS *Jesus Hominum Salvator*; mistaken by the priests of Rome, copied by ours."

In the first place, Martianus Capella does not say anything about ΦΡΗ. What

he really says is, that the sacred name of the Sun was composed of three letters, whose numerical value amounted to 608. Several words of three letters have been suggested as fulfilling this requirement. The Φ in the above is simply the Coptic definite article, so that the three letters actually give *two* words="the sun" in the Coptic language. In the second place, Godfrey Higgins is absolutely wrong in imagining that there was any difference in the numerical values of the Greek letters as compared with the Coptic; for the two alphabets are precisely the same in this respect. In the third place, Godfrey Higgins was quite in error in supposing that the Greek word ΥΗΣ was formed cabalistically for the purpose of complying with an arithmetical sum. It is really derived from the Greek verb Ὕω, which means "to rain", and the title Ὑης was applied to Bacchus, or to Jupiter, in his character as the Rain-God; in fact Plutarch tell us so in as many words. The Hyades derived their name from the same verb, because they were supposed to influence the rain.

ΥΗΣ in accented small letters is ὗης or ὑῆς, and must be transcribed into Latin characters as "Hyes"; but according to the lexicographer Hesychius of Alexandria (3rd century A.D.) the proper form is ΥΕΥΣ (ὗεύς), in Latin characters "Hyeys". All that is really known of this word Ὑης is that it was one of the cries employed during the celebration of the rites of Bacchus. It was also one of the divine names; but authorities differ as to whom it was applied. According to some, Hyes was a name of Jupiter; according to others it was a name of Bacchus. But whoever or whatever it meant, it does not appear to be of any antiquity. It does not occur upon any ancient inscription, coin, or painting; and it is not mentioned by any author before the Christian Era. Plutarch (born A.D. 50) is the first who speaks of the name.

We have seen that Godfrey Higgins in 1827 started the theory that ΥΗΣ was the origin of IHS, and in his later work "Anacalypsis" he several times writes as though this hypothesis were an undoubted fact; and these confident assertions of his appear to have imposed upon several later writers who, like himself, were ignorant of mediæval contractions. It is almost impossible that a Greek ΥΗΣ could have become IHS in Latin, as the Greek *Upsilon* is almost invariably represented by the Latin Y, which was, in fact, transferred from the Greek alphabet for the express purpose of transliterating Greek words. The Latin formula YHS is utterly unknown; and so is HYES, although either or both should certainly be met with if the IHS combination possessed the slightest relationship to this obscure and comparatively modern epithet of the Rain-God.

It therefore behoves us to attempt to explain how the IHS monogram really arose; and as writers upon this subject are extremely vague in their statements, it may be as well to define exactly what we are talking about before we go any further. A "monogram" is a symbol composed of two or more letters arranged or interwoven in such a manner as to form a single object. A "contraction" consists of two or three letters written in place of the full word. The reader will therefore bear in mind that when we talk of a "monogram", we mean a monogram as defined above; and when we speak of a "contraction" we mean a contraction.

The *monogram* IHS need not detain us, as it is a demonstrably modern invention, and was never employed anywhere before A.D. 1400. But these three letters as a *contraction* are somewhat older; and it will be necessary for us to say a few words upon the history of the art of writing in Western Europe during the Christian Era.

At the commencement of our era, books were written in capital letters; and this style of writing is called "Majuscule" writing. In course of time the small letters, or "Minuscules" were developed, and the majuscules were only employed for initials, and other ornamental pur-

poses. The connecting link between the majuscule and the minuscule hands was what is called the uncial writing. Speaking roughly, majuscule writing was practised until the 4th century, when it was superseded by the Latin uncial; which by the 8th century had developed into minuscule writing. The alphabet in which Irish Gaelic is still printed gives one a very fair idea of this early minuscule writing. Minuscules reached their highest development about the 11th century, and then degenerated into that ugly angular style called "Black Letter" or "Old English". At the period of the invention of printing, black letter had attained its most extreme hideousness and illegibility; and in most of the forms in which it was adopted for the press, it seems to have been the object of the printer to transfer as much ink as possible to the surface of the paper. About the beginning of the 15th century, however, the scholars of the Italian Renaissance revolted against the hideous, square, angular, bristly, illegible black letter, and reverted to the beautiful and clear minuscule of the 11th century. When printing was introduced into France and Italy, the printers were compelled to cut types in the prevailing fashion; and this 11th century minuscule, on account of its beauty and legibility, was generally adopted in Southern Europe and in England for the printing of books; and it still remains as our ordinary printed character.[1]

Now, in order to lighten the labor of writing, medieval scribes were in the habit of using a great many contractions for frequently recurring words, these contractions varying with the class of book which was being written. The reader does not need to be told that the literature of Christianity was originally written in Greek. Many Greek words, such as *evangelus* and *episcopus* were imported into the Latin language; and even Greek formulæ such as *kyrie eleison* and *Christe eleison*, which are still used in the service of the Roman Catholic Church. We shall therefore not be surprised to find that the medieval scribes always wrote the name of Jesus Christ in Greek letters. In the majuscule MSS. it was written in Greek uncials thus **IHC XPC**, because **C** was the form of the uncial *sigma*. In Greek MSS. we only find *two* letters used in these particular contractions, thus **IC XC**. **IC**, for example, represents the first and last letter of the name Ἰησοῦς = Jesus; and in inflection the last letter became altered; thus **IN** for Ἰησοῦν, and **IY** for Ἰησοῦ. The Latin scribes, however, almost invariably preferred to employ *three* letters for the contraction, instead of the two which usually appear in the Greek. When the minuscule form of writing developed itself, the scribes went on copying their books, and treated the above Greek uncials as though they were written in Latin letters, thus ihc xpc. Therefore we have ihc = Jesus, ihu = Jesu, ihm = Jesum; *Christus* being inflected in a similar manner. The letter c, which was thus taken over from the Greek uncial, led to some very peculiar results in the medieval systems of contraction. The scribes took it as a form of final S, and employed it not only in words of Greek derivation, but in purely Latin words. We may instance:—

epc = *episcopus*,
spc = *spiritus*,
tpc = *tempus*,

and so on. As the medieval readers found the name "Jesus" written Ihc in their books, the opinion gradually arose that the Jh was the proper method of spelling the name, so that we get the old-fashioned English *Jhesus;* and by a false analogy the *h* was carried over into other names, such as *Jherusalemme* for "Jerusalem", *Iheronimus* for "Hieronymus", etc.; and it will be noticed that Chaucer always spells "John" as *Jhon*. The Xpc contraction for *Christus* similarly gave rise to other abbreviations, of which a few, such as Xmas for Christmas, still continue in use.

Now the reader will probably see the application of all this. The early medieval

[1] For the history of medieval writing and medieval contractions, see the "Handbook of Greek and Latin Palæography", by Edward Maunde Thompson, Principal Librarian of the British Museum (Int. Scientific Series), London, 1894.

scribes took over the contraction IHC from the Greek, as meaning the name "Jesus" and nothing else. All through the Middle Ages Ihc ihc and ihs were the accepted abbreviations for the name of Jesus, as the final S persisted in asserting itself. It will be observed, however, that the black letter capitals and minuscules could not be combined together so as to make a legible monogram. But when the Renaissance revived the beautiful script of the 11th century, it was then possible to combine the capitals IHC or IHS into a monogram. The first person who is recorded to have used this monogram is St. Bernardin, of Siena, who died A.D. 1444.[1] The popularisation of this monogram, however, is due to the Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius de Loyola about a century later. The Jesuits very appropriately took the monogram IHS as their badge, and they spread it throughout the world as a Christian emblem.

Therefore, IHS can claim no pagan origin. It is simply a contraction for the name of Jesus; and it was only ignorance of its true history which led to the interpretation—

JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR.

CHILPERIC.

THE ETHICS OF POACHING.

POSSIBLY I write myself down an ignoramus when I confess that my mind is not clear touching the protection and disposal of game under the commune. Maybe my Socialist friends have long ago settled that matter in theory in the same spirit of enthusiasm and assurance of equity with which they have decided more complex problems. I have not, however, met with any plain and satisfactory rejoinders to the questions: Are we to have game? Is it to be preserved? And who will be entitled to its use? The fact is, these questions are not easy to answer. Admitting that with the progress of the humanitarian instinct the number of those who destroy wild animals for sport will gradually dwindle, there must still be a very long lapse before the inherent British passion for field sports will be eradicated; and I can well believe that the socialistic farmer of, let us say, a hundred years hence, will scarcely allow a covey of communal partridges to settle in his stubble without trying to stalk up to them and "have a pop at the brown" as the birds take to wing. Moreover, an immense number of people who think it wrong to shoot in mere sport continue to enjoy the flavor of game birds, ignoring the palpable inconsistency of compounding in the cruelty which they condemn, while many more who never trouble themselves about the moral view of the matter, and have no bent nor opportunity for shooting, esteem game of all kinds as a pleasant variety in their diet.

I cannot here discuss the ethics of "blood-sports".[1] It is enough to point out that if we are to have pheasants, partridges, wild fowl, and hares in our markets, they must be killed by more or less painful methods, and protected during the breeding seasons in order to avoid decimation and ultimate extinction. Shooting, as compared with any of the other modes of taking furred and winged game is, undoubtedly the one least open to a charge of inflicting unnecessary or prolonged suffering.

It is fair to ask whether we are in measureable centuries of that new era when no man will willingly trespass against his neighbour. Daily experience of human nature certainly discourages the most sanguine dreams of a peaceful anarchism. Every day we see men lacking in even rudimentary ideas of social ethics, and having no regard for their duty towards one another. An instance of this anti-social feeling is afforded by those poachers who, while they combine among themselves against their common enemy, the game-preserver, do not hesitate to take rabbits from one another's snares. Now, I am not an apologist for our existing Game

[1] See article *Monogramme du Christ* in the "Dictionnaire des Antiquities Chrétiennes", par L'Abbé Martigny (Paris, 1877).

[1] The Leadenhall Press. Price 1s.

Laws, with their intolerable injustices, disproportionate penalties, and sheer impudence; but I unhesitatingly assert that we need just laws for the protection of our fauna, edible and otherwise, and that a long spell of education in the principles of communal rights will be necessary before men in the mass can learn the truth that by studying their neighbours' interests in the matter of taking game, fish, and rabbits, they will best preserve their own rights. Unless we decide in the future that it is more utilitarian to exterminate our wild animals, as our ancestors extirpated the wolves, beavers, mountain cats, and larger birds of prey, it will be needful to enforce a written or unwritten code of venery and woodcraft.

Let us assume that all had an equal right to capture hares for the sole purpose of supplying the table. In two years there would not be a hare in the United Kingdom. With the exception of rabbits, which might survive decimation for a longer period, all other wild creatures could be killed and rendered extinct in a couple of years. If anyone doubts the possibility of this rapid destruction of game, birds, and fish, let him read of the means of wholesale capture described in "The Confessions of a Poacher". Such methods widely employed would soon settle the game and fresh-water fishery questions. Even if close seasons were observed, and most of our hunters, trappers, and fishers disdained the more effectual and easier ways of getting grouse, hares, and salmon, there would still be persons who, caring nothing for "legitimate sport", resort to the most destructive artifices. The disappearance of hares from many districts of England and Wales may be taken as an illustration and an augury of what would happen in the case of partridges or grouse if no means were taken to preserve them. Guns can be bought for fifteen shillings, and bird nets are equally cheap. "You can't eat your cake and have it"; and if you set a wire in every hare's meuse on your farm, throughout the season, it is preposterous to wonder why hares are becoming so scarce. I know a bridge in Devonshire where a time ago the footprints of twenty to thirty hares could be seen early in the morning after a fall of snow. Now you would have to seek for many hours before you found a single imprint of a hare's pad. It is the same in many other parts of the country, where the sight of a hare is something to chronicle in the village.

Give some men—I fear I should say *most*—the right to use game, and they will adopt the readiest mode of extermination. I have no respect for the wealthy churl who sets the law against a hungry laborer caught wiring rabbits. But I have no palliation for the farmers who literally line a river with nets to catch salmon during spawning time, because in their case there is not the excuse of want. The river to which I refer is not watched by keepers; hence the poaching. Mark the foolishness of this proceeding. These men take an inordinate number of salmon at a time when they are out of condition for the table, and in doing so they destroy potential thousands of these fine fish. However strongly you may disapprove of angling for amusement, it must be said of the angler that he rigidly refrains from all practices that greatly reduce the stock of fish in a river. I advance the same plea for sportsmen in the mass; they kill with discrimination and in the proper season. The man with the poaching, as opposed to the sporting, instinct, kills at all times and anyhow, without the slightest consideration for his neighbours. He will trap the only hare in the parish just before the breeding season, shoot roosting pheasants, "lime" a public river, and pull out hundredweights of suffocated fish, or throw a net in the dark over a whole covey of sitting partridges. If these things are done continually despite severe laws, shall we say that without the penalties men would develop a higher social sense? Possibly they might. But I would point out that these decimating methods are practised in places where farmers and

others have the right to take ground game as they choose, and that many rivers thrown open to the public for free angling are selected by working-men poachers who are too lazy or unsportsmanlike to learn the use of a fishing-rod.

I have heard of a certain gentleman, an active Socialist, by the way, who is very keen on the "sport" of blowing up fish by the bucketful by throwing dynamite into a river. Truly social behaviour, forsooth! In one morning he will destroy more fish, large and small, than the fair fisherman would catch in a month. I may be told that this is fair play, and a very admirable example of liberty and fraternity, etc. But thousands of us do not want to slaughter half a ton of fish in a few hours. We may be rod and line fishermen, or naturalists, and we like to lure a few trout expertly, or to study their habits. I can only compare this dynamitard-fish-poacher-collectivist to that dull Goth who, while sitting in front of me at a meeting in a beautifully decorated room at the Holborn Restaurant, remarked: "After the revolution we'll use these sort of places for ash-heaps."

When we have all a right to the land we shall presumably own that which is upon it, the game amongst other things. Are we to hope that by then the Humanitarian League will be no longer necessary; that the game will be allowed to increase and multiply unmolested? Or are we to catch and kill under a new system of State laws? Allowing for the inherent imperfection of humanity, and speaking from a rather close knowledge of rural life, I say that we shall require pretty stringent regulations for the preservation of our fauna. One of the commoner forms of unsocialism (to coin a phrase) is the Vandal impulse to uproot, destroy, kill, and exterminate beautiful things; and when we find "idealists" ruthlessly thinning out the fish in a stream, banishing birds from the woods, and apparently exulting in a rapid progression towards the Great Ash-heap stage of civilisation, which they profess to deplore, we are convinced that free license to take game and wild animals would very soon rid our forests, moors, and rivers of living creatures.

M. Secundus.

BRADLAUGH'S BUST IN HOXTON LIBRARY.

Many readers of the Reformer, I have no doubt, will be pleased to learn that, after considerable delay, a magnificent bust of Mr. Bradlaugh is now located in the news-room of the Hoxton Public Library, within a short distance of his birthplace.

It is not necessary to give all the details of the undertaking, but a few words may be interesting by way of history. Shortly after the death of Mr. Bradlaugh I was asked by the Boro' of Shoreditch Radical Club to lecture to them upon his life. I did so, and money was collected to aid a fund then in existence, found to erect a suitable memorial to Mr. Bradlaugh's memory. This project did not succeed, and it was entirely due to the persistency of two of our members, Mr. J. J. Trowbridge and Mr. G. Papworth, that we ever got our money back.

A portrait was suggested, but we knew of no prominent institution to put it in. Then it became known that the Hoxton Library was to be built, and further that it was proposed that medallions or busts should be placed therein of the departed who were born in Shoreditch and had become eminent. Mr. Bradlaugh was immediately mentioned as one who fulfilled every condition required. The idea was so favorably received that, after a consultation with Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, a local committee was formed consisting of Messrs. T. B. Chant (President), J. Field (Vice-President), E. J. Wakeling, J.P. (Hon. Treasurer), J. J. Clark, H. Richardson, W. Barratt, G. Papworth, S. Fordham, J. W. Vandy, T. Martindill, G. L. Fowler, W. H. Barralet, O. Tomalin, and E. H. Knight, with W. F. Blackall and J. D. Grout as Hon. Secs. They approached the Library Commissioners and enquired whether they would accept and put into a

prominent position in the Hoxton Library, equally with any other that might be put therein, a marble bust of Mr. Bradlaugh if presented before the day of opening? On the following day (Sept. 22nd, 1896) we received a letter from the Commissioners stating that they had "resolved to accept when ready a suitable bust of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and to have the same fixed in a prominent position in the Hoxton Library." They also accepted the offer we made that any surplus funds should be spent in books for the library.

The committee at once set to work to collect funds. The appeal was limited to private circulation, the fund grew rapidly, money came from poor workmen, justices of the peace, churchwardens, Radicals, Conservatives, Freethinkers, and Christians. Sums from 2d. to £5 5s. were sent in; and about half the amount subscribed was collected in Shoreditch.

The commission for the bust was given to Mr. F. Verheyden, who had executed the one at Woking. When the bust was finished, the Commissioners desired our committee to supply a pedestal also. This was more than we had undertaken to do; however, we consented, and ordered a dark granite pedestal of Messrs. Wilkins, of Pentonville, with the following inscription incised:—

"THOROUGH"
CHARLES BRADLAUGH
OF THIS PARISH
BORN SEPTEMBER 26, 1833
DIED JANUARY 30, 1891
ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION
1898

the Committee taking the Woking inscription as their guide.

Now a difficulty arose: the bust was ready, but alas! the library was not. What were we to do? Mr. Verheyden ended our difficulty by offering to take charge of it until its destination was finished. About six months later, viz., April 1898, the committee were informed that the library was ready, and on Saturday, April 16th, we went to get our bust. We found the carriage no easy matter, for it weighed nearly 3½ cwt.; however, with some exertion and a lot of anxiety, we succeeded in getting it safe and sound upon its pedestal. Thus the Bust Committee more than redeemed their original promise.

The bust is a splendid one of flawless white marble, standing upon a dark granite pedestal four feet high, the whole measuring 6 feet 6 inches. Mr. Verheyden is justly proud of his work, but he cannot be more proud than the committee are in having secured so noble a presentment of our leader.

Mr. Wm. C. Plant, the Chief Librarian, in acknowledging the receipt of the bust, two days after the opening of the library, says: "Although this is the first day the general public have had an opportunity of seeing the bust, some hundreds of persons have already expressed their admiration of the execution and skill of the sculptor. Those who knew Mr. Bradlaugh pronounced it a faithful likeness."

The surplus funds will be expended by the committee in purchasing and presenting to the library a set of Mr. Bradlaugh's works bound in morocco.

A regret was once expressed by Mr. J. M. Robertson that there was no institution amongst Freethinkers to which they could give or leave any books. I am not certain, but I believe the Hoxton Library Committee would—although not a freethinking body—gladly receive any such donation of books. JAMES D. GROUT.

LEEDS.—Mr. A. B. Wakefield (of Halifax) was last month presented, at the South Ward Liberal Club, with a handsome testimonial to his services to the cause of Reform during the last twenty years. The presentation was made in connection with the National Reform Union, for which Mr. Wakefield is a well-known lecturer; and it included presents for Mrs. Wakefield and a young son, who appears to have made a good start. We add our hearty congratulations and good wishes.

PRISONS' BILL.—As a result of the discussion in the Grand Committee, the Home Secretary has agreed to abolish the nauseous and insufficient No. 1 diet altogether, and to modify the other stage diets. Punishment is also to be restricted, but on this point Sir Matthew White Ridley is much too vague and indefinite; where he is definite he is in favor of clinging to such forms of punishment as flogging, which is utterly discredited by the experience of nations. The Radicals must not give way; official promises are no use; we want laws to compel official performances.

THEISTIC CHURCH, Swallow Street, Piccadilly.—The lease of this building expires in 1900, and the future meeting-place is being discussed by the society—of which, it will be remembered, the Rev. Charles Voysey is the head.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

We learn from Bombay that the brothers Natu have at length been released, after suffering nine months' imprisonment. It will be remembered that these gentlemen were arrested on the Viceroy's warrant and cast into prison without trial. This arbitrary and oppressive measure was authorised by an old ordinance dating back to the time of the East India Company, and was carried out with the sanction of the Secretary of State for India. What was the offence we know not, for the matter was not allowed to come into court. Members of Parliament ought to insist upon the repeal of an Act which permits such arrests, and which is neither more nor less than a revival of the tyrannous *lettre de cachet*. That it should be used under English government more than a hundred years after the French Revolution is a disgrace to the English nation.

Sir Walter Besant writes in the *Author* a defence of war on behalf of literature. He says that in times of peace people go to sleep, they desire neither to create literature nor to read it, and that "the most dead, dull, and dejected time in the whole history of English literature was that of the early Thirties—a period of profound peace." On these grounds he prophecies a greatly increased demand for literature as the outcome of the unfortunate war between the United States and Spain. Perhaps the hunger riots in Spain and Italy, also an outcome of the war, may inspire Sir Walter Besant to new flights of fiction. For our own part we would cheerfully resign ourselves to do without further supplies from Sir Walter Besant's pen if the "national body" of Spain and Italy might for once "grow fat" in peace.

One more Unfortunate gone to his death.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CRUCIFIXION EVIDENCE
(Prof. Marucchi's Imagination *ex* Graffiti),

Who died, after a short and painful existence, from too much attention.

Obituary cards by *Guardian*.

War between Spain and the United States, a revolution in Italy, a possible revolution in Spain, a revolt in Sierra Leone, riots in Sha-shi, and unrest everywhere. This is the unhealthy condition of the world for the month of May, and as a remedy for it, the respective Government doctors prescribe more troops, more ships, and more guns! They might almost as sensibly send a supply of razors round to the inmates of lunatic asylums. No one seems to think it necessary to examine into the various causes of the general unrest and try to remove these; it is so much less trouble and so much more exciting to remove the rebels.

A Mr. "O'Donohoe", hailing from Dublin, writes to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* pleading for the judicial whipping of women and girls. He urges that it would be more efficacious with women than with men—first, because they feel it a greater disgrace; and second, because they probably feel more pain. The whippings, he thinks, should be inflicted in the presence of other prisoners. We can only believe that the letter is a monstrous jest, in spite of the writer's disavowal.

The Vaccination Bill has been allowed to pass its second reading with merely nominal opposition; nevertheless it contains a clause which, if carried into law and put into practice, will be a source of continual friction and oppression. Hitherto prosecutions have required the consent of the Board of Guardians, a body representing the wishes of the district; the new clause invests the Vaccination Officer, who only represents his office, with full powers to institute prosecutions.

It is said that Mr. Ernest Flower, a member of the Committee now considering the Prisons Bill, determined to make himself personally acquainted with certain of the details of prison life. With that object he went to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, partook of diet number two, laid himself upon the plank bed, and inspected the crank and the sanitary arrangements. He left the prison a sadder and a wiser man, and is now eager to help in the reform of all these things.

The *Star* is doing useful service in bringing to light the various cases of phossy-jaw. One of the cases seems to have been in process for a year at least, but Messrs. Bryant and May's doctors do not appear to have reported it, as they were bound by the Factory Act to do.

Mr. Samuel Smith is alarmed for Protestantism, and has given notice that he will move for the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the alarming growth of Romish doctrines in the Church of England.

The discussion which recently took place in the House upon the absence of members without leave, emphasises the desirability of a return to the old practice of payment of members.

The Norwegian Storthing has passed a law granting universal suffrage for election to the Storthing to all men over twenty-five years of age. The new law has received the King's consent.

The short-sighted attempt to increase the revenue at Sierra Leone by the imposition of a hut tax seems likely to prove a costly business. The natives look upon this tax as oppressive, and are resisting it by force.

Mrs. Ellen Grout has been elected Chairman of the Workhouse and Infirmary Visiting Committee of the Shoreditch Board of Guardians.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A VISIT will be paid to Mr. Bradlaugh's grave at Brookwood on Sunday, July 3rd. Full particulars will appear in our next issue.

W. DAY.—The British Museum contains a file of the *National Reformer*. One or two of the earlier numbers are missing, we believe, but it is otherwise complete. E. Van Meteren (born Antwerp, 1535, died, 1612) wrote a history of the Low Countries for the period 1516 onwards.

J. MITCHELL.—Mr. Bradlaugh was too near death to be disturbed with the news.

A. GIMSON.—We are sorry the advertisement arrived too late for our last issue, which was made up early on account of Easter, our printing office closing from Thursday till Tuesday.

ON Sunday, the 22nd May, Mr. Chilperic Edwards and Mr. F. W. Read will be happy to conduct any freethinking friends through the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. A start will be made from the Vestibule at 3.30 p.m. prompt. The galleries on the ground floor will first be described; and then the party will proceed through the Egyptian Rooms upstairs. All interested should seize this excellent opportunity.

S. HARTMANN.—After inserting letters from both sides we closed the correspondence, commenced by Mr. Cabell, last December. In January Mr. W. H. Reynolds made a statement to us which we made known to our readers, some of whom have a pecuniary interest in the matter, but we did not deem it of a controversial nature. While we are always ready to give such space as our limited size permits for reasonable discussion on matters of general interest, we decline to allow our pages to be used for personal disputes which interest very few besides the disputants, and are of advantage to none. You will of course do what seems right with your letter, as we have done. Every journal has its own rules: we have stated ours and we propose to adhere to them, and can only regret it if we therein fail to please one who has our personal goodwill and esteem.

J. W. LEES, Rochdale.—Thanks. Contents bill shall be sent monthly. Mrs. Bonner would have been glad to see you; she will not be your way again before autumn. We note with pleasure that you are "simply delighted" with the REFORMER.

W. WILTON, Melbourne.—Always pleased to hear from you. Glad you appreciated our "concise review" of Mr. Walker's "Australian Democracy". Duplicate number (October) sent. Thanks for congratulations *re* this journal.

D. S. HEPBURN (Nottingham) writes congratulating "on the great improvement of the last few numbers. Some months ago I had almost decided to discontinue my subscription, but latterly the Magazine has become so interesting that I should be sorry to be without it—an opinion which is fully shared by a friend to whom I pass it on."

"REGULATOR."—We quite appreciate the conditions, which are not helpful to study or hard reading; and we trust we may long retain so old a supporter of reform. Thanks.

F. T. BERRY is "very pleased with the refined and cultured tone of the REFORMER".

J. F. BACK has "no intention of missing so excellent a threepenny worth . . . . kindly accept my congratulations as a Socialist and Spiritualist, on the first-rate appearance and contents of the first vol. May it continue the same fearless ring until its cause is won."

ROCHDALE.—The REFORMER is supplied by J. S. Gilbert, Newsagent, Oldham Road.

MORECAMBE.—W. James, Victoria Buildings, supplies this journal.

BROMLEY, Kent.—J. H. Bennett, Bookseller and Stationer, 38, East Street, supplies the REFORMER.

STANNINGLEY, Leeds. W. Cawson, newsagent, sells this journal.

J. H. BENNETT.—Thanks. Contents bill, etc., gladly sent.

H. MALBON.—Many thanks for new subscribers, duly booked.

J. MCARDLE, Council Bluffs, Iowa, sends "warmest wishes for the success of the REFORMER. . . . . It is an excellent Magazine."

H. SMITH.—Stamps received. Glad you are "well satisfied" with the REFORMER. Thanks for all.

A. E. ELDERKIN.—Thanks.

ALEX. WHEELER.—Thanks for the Leaves of House of Commons Journal, 1707. You doubtless remember the issue in 1881 of Mr Larner Sugden's "Leek Bijou" edition of Mr. Asgill's defence.

J. D. STONES.—We are glad to have your appreciation and good wishes; and to know that you "enjoyed good friend Rayner" and his gardening notes.

W. H. MORRISH writes: "I am very much pleased with the REFORMER, it is interesting and a comfortable size, neatly printed, and altogether satisfactory; and I was interested with Mr. Rayner's reminiscences of Secularism, and other articles."

H. W. WALLER writes: "I should be ashamed to omit to subscribe for any paper bearing the name of good, brave Charles Bradlaugh's daughter".

A. VEIGELE.—Too late. Copy should be in by 6th.

A. GOTTSCHLING.—Too late. Advertisements should be here by 9th.

RECEIVED:—Awakener of India—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday—Anglo-Russian—Ashton-under-Lyne Reporter—Boston Investigator—Bradford Observer—Burton Wood Church Chronicle—Clarion—Eagle and Serpent—East Anglian Daily Times—Elland Echo—Free Labor—Hackney Express—Humanity—Indian Social Reformer—Inquirer—L'Effort—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Liberator—Liberty Review—Liberty and Property Defence League Weekly Sheet—Light—Literary Guide—Labor Co-partnership—Newcastle Daily News—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Northampton Mercury—New Century Review—Personal Rights—People's Newspaper (Queensland)—Phrenological Journal—Positivist Review—Quarterly Leaflet of the Women's National Liberal Association—Reading Standard—Social Democrat—Southampton Times—South Place Magazine—Star—The Times—Truthseeker—Truthseeker (New York)—University Magazine—With the "Red Vans" in 1897 (E.L.R.L. Report)—Melbourne Argus—Single Tax—National Home Reading Union Magazine—Gospel Magazine.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.—An Eight Hours Day, by W. J. Shaxby (Liberty Review Publishing Company)—Ruled by the Tomb, by Orford Northcote (M. Harman, Chicago).

The full legal responsibility or everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, REFORMER, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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JOSEPH MAZZINI WHEELER.

A wide and varied circle of readers will learn with a keen regret the death of Joseph Mazzini Wheeler, which took place on the 5th inst. Born 24 January, 1850, he was thus only 48 years old; and those who were familiar with his aspect, always alert and nervously vivacious, very much the same at forty-seven as at thirty, never thought of him as otherwise than in his prime, physically and mentally. Unhappily the physique had one fatal flaw, which has suddenly ended his busy and strenuous life.

When the present writer first knew him, some eighteen or more years ago, he was connected with a color-printing establishment in Edinburgh, for which he did designing and other work. In this direction he had considerable capacity, hampered only by a nervous hand and an insurmountable predilection to other activities. He had done some very fair landscapes, and his friends sometimes urged him to develop his artistic powers; but he always avowed that his bent lay in other ways. And indeed he was predestinated to the life of the library and the pen. His father, a Radical journalist, had named him in admiration of the great Italian patriot, whose hand, I believe, had been laid on the child's head; and the young Joseph was a Radical on every line of thought. Above all he was an omnivorous reader. Already in 1880 he was one of the most variously read men I have ever known. If he could be said to have a specialty it was perhaps the literature of the religions of India, of which he had systematically gone through all that had been translated in English and French; but there were few directions in which he had not read hard and long. Incidentally I found that he had perused the whole printed mass of the Elizabethan drama; and in the best European and English literature he was as much at home as in anthropology, in which he might have ranked as an expert. All the while he was versed in the philosophical and scientific discussions of the generation; and whether the talk was of Spencer, or Darwin, or Malthus, or Mill, or Maurice, or Martineau, Wheeler was always among the best informed.

This mass of knowledge, unhappily, he had acquired with as little regard as possible to bodily health. More often than not he would sit up reading and note-taking till four in the morning, and then turn up at work, perhaps a little late, none the more efficient for his vigils. A sound physique could ill bear such a strain; and his was not sound. By common consent, he was physically the most nervous man known in his circle; and it was impossible at times not to fear bad results from his obvious overstrains. When, however, he came to London to join his old friend Mr. G. W. Foote on the establishment of the *Freethinker*, his friends hoped that the combination of his studies with his means of livelihood would make both so much more facile for him as to leave him leisure and health. But the fates were against him. When Mr. Foote was put on trial on the charge of blasphemy, the combination of the strain of extra work with intense excitement brought Wheeler's nervous diathesis to a head, and he became temporarily insane.

The attack was not of long duration; and he was dismissed, cured, with warnings to keep very regular hours and attend to his diet. He, however, took a sea-trip to Scotland, still preyed upon by the thought of Mr. Foote's imprisonment; and the trip doing more harm than good, he went from bad to worse in his friends' hands, till he had again to be put under treatment. This time the cure was more lasting; and his marriage, which took place not long afterwards, was probably the means of preserving him in steady, cheerful, and useful activity for the remaining years he has numbered. A devoted husband, he had a devoted little wife, who made him regular in his hours and careful in his diet to a degree that his male friends could only admire and applaud.

But, alas, the physical flaw could only

be guarded against, not extirpated. Of late he had been working hard at a particularly laborious research in addition to his normal work, which always involved much reading; and the strain had a lamentable result. The present writer saw him last a few weeks ago, at the British Museum, and came away distressed from the interview, so clearly did the familiar features show physical mischief at work. A few days afterwards the overworn man was struck down by a violent return of his old malady. He had soon to be put under restraint, and this time there was to be no recovery. He died within five or six days of the attack.

That our friend's death is a grave loss to the cause of Freethought in this country will be the judgment of thousands of readers no less than of his intimates. For some sixteen years he has steadily contributed to the practical and rational culture of many hundreds of thoughtful men in the working and middle classes. The stores of his knowledge were never exhausted; his treatment of the ever-present religious problem was always fresh, always sincere, always sensible. He had himself gone through a long and evolutionary religious experience before he definitely took the side of Freethought, and he thus knew the other view from the inside. Some of those who knew him of old, before his first breakdown, have an impression that he never quite regained his subtler literary powers, the finer edge of his style, though his learning and his judgment went on ripening to the end. But the Freethought party in this generation has certainly had no more loyal and capable man-at-arms; and many who never met him will feel that a friend is gone when they miss his signature from the journals of their cause.

So far as his acquaintance knew, he had no enemies, even religious opponents finding him considerate and kindly. Genial, simple-natured, public-spirited, widely sympathetic, entirely devoid of malice, he had no vices; and if he had any faults they were the merest creakings of the frail nervous system. Abstemious and frugal by taste as well as necessity, he did his long years of hard work on modest pay with perfect contentedness, happy in his little home, his books, his writing, and his social circle. After all it is less bitter, for his own sake, to think of him thus struck down in the midst of his work than it would have been to see what might else have happened later—a slower sapping of his zealous powers. But the tragedy, as always, is for the living—for the one left alone.

Mr. Wheeler's work in book form can give no adequate idea of his activity. His "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers", his "Bible Studies", his "Footsteps of the Past", the "Crimes of Christianity" and other works in which he collaborated with Mr. Foote, and his pamphlets, make no great bulk on a bookshelf; but in every one of these the experienced reader can see the outcome of singularly wide study, focussed to practical purpose. The "Biographical Dictionary" in particular stands for immense labor, and is a genuine service to Freethought. But it is in the many hundreds of his articles in the Freethought journals and magazines that Mr. Wheeler has put the bulk of his pen-work. They represent the unaffected and unwearied intellectual life of a true Freethinker, as good as he was honest, and as learned as he was good.

R.

THEISM FOUND WANTING.

Amongst people who think—think earnestly and at all independently upon chief themes—there is a large number, perhaps an increasing number, in spite of the reactionary wave which is now upon us, who desire for various reasons—reasons of a perfectly honest, honorable, and worthy kind—to be rid of the God-idea. They feel that conception in all its forms to be unnecessary and in the way—unnecessary (at any rate for the present) to man's best progress in thought, and in the way of his

best development of life. Such people are ever to be distinguished from the so-called "ungodly" of the old Scriptures, or of such writings as Carlyle's—the ungodly whose antipathy to God simply stands for antipathy to goodness, and whose only object in endeavoring to banish the remembrance of God from their own and the world's thought is to gain thereby greater freedom for indulgence in folly or in sin. The exact opposite is the actuating principle with those to whom I have referred, for it is their very eagerness to extirpate evil that moves them against those theistic theories which, rightly or wrongly, they conceive as sheltering evil in many of its more subtle phases, throwing the whole question of evil into confusion, and making it the harder to get at and overcome. But these people are as yet in an almost hopeless minority, and have therefore to face the difficulty—the great difficulty—not only of standing up against the tremendous influences of hereditary tendencies and traditional authorities, but also of keeping a steady mind and remaining true to conviction in spite of the pressure of present-day usage, and of the obloquy and scorn which are cast upon them—indiscriminately cast by those who cannot or will not make the distinction I just now suggested, but ruthlessly bracket these intellectual secessionists from the God-idea with those low types of humanity who simply "forget God" to run riot in transgression. It may not be unfitting, therefore, that a word should be spoken again on behalf of this minority by one belonging to it, and an effort made to show, as has often been shown before, that the theistic majority is in no better case, though it professes to be, as regards supplying a rational explanation of things; and in much worse case as regards the provision of clear concepts and practical principles for the guidance of conduct and of life.

I say Theism is in no better case in regard to giving a satisfactory account of things, a satisfying answer to the riddle of creation and causation; though it is just here—as will doubtless have been observed—that the Theist, whether the most ignorant or the most erudite, invariably takes his stand in repudiating and ridiculing Atheistic suggestions of every kind. Your man in the street, confronted with the postulate of "no God", explodes at once with contemptuous enquiry as to how in the world the universe or man came to exist without a God first of all to cause them to exist, to make them. In brief he falls back consciously or unconsciously on the old argument, "a watch bespeaks a watch-maker, and a world-maker is implied in the very phenomenon of a world". And when we pass from the street to the study or the lecture room, it is precisely the same objection that we meet with. I listened to it not so very long ago from the free platform of South Place Chapel. One of the most distinguished representatives, and one of the most charming exponents of a liberal and lofty Theism, triumphantly presented the audience with this dilemma, and evidently thought that it effectually silenced his opponents. The Comtist philosophy was under criticism. It was acknowledged that that philosophy with wonderful skill had exhibited or suggested a complete chain of causes and effects, so related and so joined as to ensure indefinite continuity and progression. "But even so," exclaimed the lecturer in effect, "though the chain *is* complete, showing no ragged end that asks yet another cause, but self-contained as it were and automatic—even so, how came the chain itself to exist at all? If no *single* effect still requires an explanatory cause, how about the whole thing, causes and effects together? The *chain* still has to be accounted for, and an intellectual necessity is shown for what Theists name as 'God'." Exactly so. I entirely admit the soundness of the argument, and should be sorry for anyone who did otherwise. But why leave it there? Is "intellectual necessity" now satisfied? Not at all—not in the least. *It has but travelled one stage further back to confront exactly the same problem over again.* Apply to the something you call "God" the same order of ideas,

the same demands of reason that you applied just now to the something called "a chain", and where are you intellectually? There is the chain, with its forces and effects, a marvellous existence. It must have a "cause", we say. We at once supply a "cause" and call it "God". But in doing so we have only imagined another "marvellous existence". How came *this* to be? Answer: "We don't know, we suppose it never came to be but always was, or else that it was self-originated"—a phrase which, while fine sounding, is of course a blank absurdity to us. It thought about itself before it was, it decided to make itself, and when it was finished it began to be! No! "self-originated" will not do, and "never originated but always existing" is to us absolutely unthinkable—*as* unthinkable, as intellectually baffling—when applied to the merely imagined God as when applied to the observed and actually existing chain—the forces and phenomena of Nature and of Life. Dr. Conan Doyle, amongst other advanced thinkers, falls into this strange confusion of reasoning, this notion of explaining one inexplicable with another. In that fascinating book, "The Stark Munro Letters", so fearless in its heterodoxy, so splendid in its honesty, so noble in its ideals, he turns aside again and again to utter this saving clause of Theistic belief. "What should we say of a man", in one notable passage he exclaims, "who has a . . . beautiful picture submitted to him, and who, having satisfied himself that the account given of the painting of the picture is incorrect, at once concludes that no one ever painted it, or at least asserts that he has no possible means of knowing whether an artist has produced it or not? That is, as it seems to me, a fair statement of the position of some Agnostics. Is not the mere existence of the picture in itself a proof that a skilful artist has been busy upon it?" His argument, you see, is that even though all cosmogonies are in error, all accounts of the great world-picture hopelessly wrong, still the cosmos must have had a creator, the picture must have had a painter. "Very well, Dr. Doyle," we might reply, "granted, on your theory, that because pictures and tables are always, in our observation, made, therefore everything else must be made in a corresponding manner—granted. Your picture had a painter. And now, what of the painter himself? Who made him? "Oh, God made him," the Doctor might reply. "No, but the painter *is* God in your analogy", we should answer; "who made the painter?" And, of course, the Doctor could not say. He thinks it fine sport to make the Agnostic suggest, "It is possible the picture produced itself by the aid of certain rules." But is it not equally absurd to our ears to say, "It is possible the painter produced himself by the aid of certain rules, or was not produced at all"? This riddle that emerges further back is really the same riddle as that which confronts us when attempting to account for the nearer existences. The Theist theory in this connexion is nothing more than the old "Atlas" device revised and brought up to date. The ancients could not understand an unsupported world, so they supplied an "Atlas" to uphold it. But then the inevitable question arose, "What supported Atlas?" It is the same dilemma still. There is absolutely nothing to choose between the position of Theist or Atheist on the mere score of supplying a rational explanation, a satisfying suggestion of how things came to be.

> "The riddle which the Atlas hands resolve
> Revives, writ large, upon the Atlas feet."

But this breakdown in our thinking, this confronting of the unthinkable need not surprise or depress us, for it is really a very common experience with intellectual explorers, with all serious travellers in the realms of thought. There are limits to our perceptions and comprehensions, and, though the greatening mind of man may be ever pushing these limits further back, they are soon reached even by the most adventurous—the enigmas, the obscurities, the contradictions which still leave the wisest baffled, and compel the acknowledg-

ment that we do *not* know. To take one example of many for a moment, think of the mystery of space. We are constantly being told that time and space are not realities at all, but only terms accommodated to our restricted faculties. Yet still we talk of infinity as if it were a something we roughly understood. But we do not understand it in the very least. However far we project our thought, we cannot get away from the idea of a great whole with a circumference somewhere, a kind of magnified world, just as "God" is always in human thought a kind of magnified man. Even great astronomers like Sir Robert Ball try to impress the popular mind with a sense of the vastness of space by the use of comparisons—comparisons which themselves of necessity imply a limit. Suppose we say that the distance from here to the sun is as a foot-rule to the rest; or if that is not bold enough, let the diameter of a million solar systems be as the millionth of an inch to all the remainder. That should carry us pretty far. But what do we mean by "the rest", "the remainder"? If we traverse it, what then? A boundary? An outermost rim? Nay, but what then upon the other side? We both want an end, and don't want it. Our very terms, "size", "magnitude", "vastness", to mean anything, imply a limit somewhere; but infinity has none, and in the mere contemplation of it thought dissolves. Boundlessness completely baffles us. The only infinity we can think of is *not* infinity at all. An unbounded universe is as unthinkable to us as an uncreated world. What wisdom then is there in Dr. Sullivan's appeal to "the first deduction from the canons of thought" as conclusive proof that the cosmos could not have been produced in a particular way? What is "the first deduction from the canons of thought"? Is it the final deliverance of consummate wisdom, or only the fundamental idea of infinitesimal flies? How far humbler and worthier is Mr. Herbert Spencer's frank acknowledgment that our "fleeting states of consciousness are as yet quite unequal to the task of grasping the ultimate reality as to causation", of saying what could or could not be. It is one thing to deduce from our canons of thought principles for the guidance of our own lives, another thing by such deductions to decide the problems of the spheres. In showing, therefore, that Theist and Atheist are alike at a loss to supply any rational account of how things came to be, any satisfactory explanation of the origin of existence, I am not suggesting any absurd impasse—any ridiculous dead-lock, but only that after all which is common to thinkers, and necessarily so at present, in many departments of thought.

But further. Theism is not only found wanting in these respects, in these purely speculative regions, but also in the far more momentous matter of providing wholesome and workable concepts in regard to the present condition of things, and the attitude we should adopt towards the problems of to-day, the facts which face us now. It is indeed just here that I derive my chief justification for bringing these much vexed questions once again under review; for there is a whole world of difference as to poise of mind and resulting action between the most advanced Theist, whose Theism compels him to say with Browning:

> "God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world"—

and to regard therefore with some measure of complacency even the most calamitous things, and the man who, knowing nothing of gods or their ways, simply takes life as he finds it and feels it, labels the good "good" and the bad "bad" just as they appeal to him and impress him, without any reservations or qualifications whatsoever, and thinks of improvement as his own and his brother's concern rather than that of a superintending Providence—as depending, not so much upon unseen supernatural forces as upon his own and his friend's right arm. If Theism is helpless—as helpless quite as Atheism or Agnosticism—when confronting the mystery of origins, it is worse than helpless, it is (as to its teaching) positively

harmful — where the others are at least harmless — when facing the mystery of evil. That profound mystery, it always seems to me, is thrown into the most bewildering confusion of all by the conception which Theism demands of an all-wise, all-good, and all-powerful Being (the only kind of God that modern Theism asks us to believe in) having caused—gratuitously caused—not only the beauty in which we delight, but the bane which we deplore: having deliberately devised and maintained this system of unnumbered horrors — if also of varied joys — this "scheme", as one has described it, "of fangs and claws, war and terror, cancer and cruel plague, even though the sun shines and the lark sings over all the anguish and the misery".[1] If there were no evil in the world I am free to confess that I should find it much less difficult to believe in a God, should at any rate regard the question as purely academical, and no longer compromising or painfully perplexing our interpretation of Nature and of Life. But as there *is* evil in the world I am equally free to confess that, though completely in the dark as to whether there be God or no God, my earnest *hope* is that the ultimate solution of our riddle will show anything rather than this: a Supreme Omnipotence, who *could* have ordered otherwise or not have ordered at all, having all along, for any conceivable or inconceivable end, been ordering *thus*; thus, according to the sad, strange page of history; thus, according to the grim dark features of the world to-day. As Jean Ingelow so truly says, "It is not reason makes faith hard, but *life*".

W. S. GODFREY.

(*To be concluded.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF CUBA.

ON the 2nd of December, 1861, I first landed in Havana. Civil War was raging in the United States. Slidell and Mason had just been taken off the British steamer "Trent", and serious consequences resulting from Captain Wilkes' rash and unwise action were dreaded. Thanks to friendly introductions, my way was made smooth, and as soon as the good ship "Columbia" arrived in the harbor of Havana, a Cuban gentleman came on board, and in broken English placed himself at my service. As I did not know a word of Spanish I was glad to take advantage of his kindness. I had scarcely taken up my quarters at Mrs. Almy's well-known hotel, than an old friend—the American Consul—walked in. A few hours later he brought his wife, and we all went for a drive round the city, and listened to the music of the military band in the Plaza de Annas. It was a lovely moonlight night and the scene bewitching. The temperature like a beautiful evening in June at home, ladies in evening dress in their open carriages, taking life easily, chatting with their cavaliers, eating the most delicious ices, and altogether having a real good time. It was like fairyland: so soft and lovely, and so unlike any place I had ever seen before. The evening came to an end, and I was back at my headquarters to dream of fairyland, palm trees, moonlight and paseas in the Plaza de Annas.

Two days later my Cuban caballero came to escort me to the train which was to take me to my destination—the plantation "Lima", not far from Matanzas, and which was afterwards my happy home for several years. After travelling for about three hours the train stopped, and a gentleman came in dressed in white from head to foot, Panama hat, and riding whip. I heard my name, and knew at once I was near the end of my journey. A few minutes after, the train again stopped—this time at the plantation. My new friend escorted and helped me to descend with all the proverbial courtesy of a true cavalier. The ladies of the family received me with the greatest kindness, the colored servants took possession of all my belongings, and I was welcomed as heartily as an old acquaintance. And such a curious old place the house looked—all on the ground floor, thick walls, large rooms, long corridors, windows without glass, with iron bars, and shutters of wood to be closed at night. A large wide verandah in front of the house and a large door which led directly into the principal salon, as it was called. The floors were all of cement, easily washed and cool. There was a flower-garden, kitchen-garden, and orchard; hundreds of orange trees, mangoes, and other tropical fruits.

This establishment was kept in order by hundreds of negroes and Chinese, with about ten white men, and although the colored population were really slaves, the great kindness with which they were treated left little to be desired beyond the fact of liberty. It may be as well to say that the "Lima" was in advance of the times in the division and management of labor. Instead of working night and day, as had been formerly the practice, the "Lima" led the way in working by day only. Each day no more cane was cut than could be crushed and boiled in the day, and all hands were allowed to rest at night. All the children on the estate were born free, the mothers cared for, well housed, and fed. The sugar houses were provided with centrifugal machines, and everything done to lighten labor and prepare the slaves to make a right use of their freedom. The Sundays the slaves were free to spend and enjoy to their heart's content. To those who were industriously

[1] *Reformer*, December, 1897, p. 279.

inclined seeds and roots were given, time allowed to cultivate for their own benefit, and lastly the produce bought by the master at its full value, and it was a sight to do the heart good when pay-time came and the happy people came to receive their earnings, and ask, "*La bendicion, senor?*" I may add here that no slave which belonged to the Lima estate or to the family was ever bought or sold. They had been inherited from generation to generation, and it was a point of honor never to pass them on to strangers. Such was the slavery there as I knew it. The owners were preparing the way for the revolution which had to come, and by all means in their power render their dependents fit to become free citizens in "Cuba libre".

For many years before I knew anything of Cuba there had been a persistent effort amongst some of the leading men to obtain freedom for the slaves; but the movement had met with great opposition from those in authority, as the trade in slaves was a source of considerable profit to many unscrupulous officials in Havana and elsewhere.

It must not be imagined that this rebellion which is now rending the island is a growth of the last few years. The struggle against Spain has been going on for nearly half a century, and although the risings have from time to time been partially smothered, they have never been really suppressed.

In my own recollection, many of the younger men of leading families took part with the insurgents and lost their lives in their fight for liberty, while their fathers and mothers sacrificed all but honor to sustain the cause they had so much at heart; the head of the house and the women, born and bred to luxury and wealth, have taken refuge in the friendly States of America and gone out to earn their bread. And so it is now. Another generation has sprung up, and again the best blood in the island is being shed for "Cuba libre".

R. Watson.

OPEN COLUMN.

"THE HOCUS-POCUS FOR TAXING GROUND RENTS."

The opinion of Dr. Parker (City Temple) in respect of the taxation of ground rents is shown in the words of his that, as title, head this article. The phrase is from his pamphlet, just published, "Regenerated London". I do not know on what grounds Dr. Parker bases his opinion, and may say with almost certainty I could not subscribe to any one of them. Nevertheless, I accept his words as expressing my own opinion of the taxation referred to; accept and adopt the words—for the reasons I am going to set forth.

The ground-rent taxation proposal is set up as a remedy for the evils of the existing land system. I charge against the proposal that it is irrational and immoral; and affirm that such taxation would not bring the relief it pretends to be adequate for.

All the reasoning advanced for the taxation in question by its advocates rests upon this: that the landlord's income is plunder. Mr. Morrison Davidson (*Weekly Times and Echo*, May 1st) uses the very word. Lord Dudley "plunders the people", he says. And in the same paper of April 10th he speaks of the £8,000,000 per annum "booty" that the ground landlords of London "squeeze" out of their toiling fellow-creatures. The United Committee for advocating the Taxation of Ground Rents and Values published leaflet "Extracts from Authorities." Here are two of the extracts. First, from John Stuart Mill, to the effect that ground rents are "the most gigantic example extant of enormous accessions of riches acquired by a few families from the mere accident of their possessing certain tracts of land without their having themselves aided in the acquisition by the smallest exertion, outlay, or risk"—the most gigantic example extant of stolen wealth, that is; and, secondly, from Thorold Rogers, who says that "the landowner alone, among all the recipients in the distribution of products, owes everything to the labor of others, contributes nothing of his own"—another way of saying "thieves". Further illustrations of the reasoning are not here necessary.

So far I am altogether at one with the taxationists. Landlordism *is* robbery. This start-point is common for both of us. Well, having discovered that they are being robbed, what, on the part of earnest men, is the rational procedure towards the robbery? Why, to sternly end it. Then this, of course, is what the taxationists propose? Nothing of the kind. Instead of ending the robbery, they propose to make terms with the robbers. "Tax the robbers out", says (in capitals) Mr. Morrison Davidson. So says, too, the English Land Restoration League. But taxation recognises, *as property*, the thing taxed; a tax is an impost upon property; and what the ground-rent taxation proposal amounts to is, that the robbery of tenant by landlord shall continue, but that the nation shall step in and possess itself of some portion of the landlord spoil. To one of the tracts of the United Committee, Lord Hobhouse, its President, supplied a preface. In this he says: "It is in the just and important object of making owners of all interests in land immediately contribute 'a fair share' to taxation, that the members of both the Leagues by which the Committee is organised unite". The United Committee is not now existent, but I do not suppose there will be any disavowal of the identity of its intentions with those of the ground-rent taxationist of to-day. Indeed, among the pamphlets in the list of the English Land Restoration League, as supporting their cause, is one by Mr. Fletcher Moulton,

who shows how, by such taxation, "each person who is in receipt of any portion of the annual ground-value will contribute 'a fair share' of it towards the burdens of the community".

Now, as between robbers and robbed, what is a "fair share" of a robbery? I want to know—what share less than the whole is a "fair share" of stolen property? The reasoning put forth by the taxationists points to putting an end to the plundering, and I ask on what grounds terms are held out to the thieves? It is irrational, I assert, to base a proposal for the recovery of only a fraction of extorted plunder on reasoning the logical *sequitur* of which is the recovery of the whole; it is irrational to know a truth and ignore it in action, instead of found action upon it; it is irrational to be aware that a tiger is fastened fang and tooth on the vitals of the nation, draining its life's blood, and instead of destroying the tiger, to propose—"let us pinch his tail".

Take now the inefficacy of ground-rent taxation. First, it is inefficacious in that the tax can be shifted by the landlord back on to the tenant. Say that A is occupant of a house for which he is paying £80 a year to his landlord B, and that B is required to pay a £10 a year tax. On the earliest possible occasion he says to A: "I'm very sorry, but I must raise your rent £5 a year; you see I've got a heavy tax to pay"; and thus half the tax is put at once on to A's shoulders. Is not A helpless under such shifting of the burden? But, besides this, B, who, "a good landlord as landlords go," has, before the tax, been willing to spend £5 a year on the house to make A comfortable, now declares himself quite unable to thus spend any money, and A, for his own and his family's well-being sake, has to himself go to this £5 expense, and the whole £10 tax is thus shifted on to him almost as soon as levied on his landlord.

Look at the matter in another way. When the *Star* was first published, it was going to consider all questions "from the point of view of the St. George's in the East needlewoman, the Whitechapel laundress, and the St. Giles' charwoman." In the then spirit of that paper I would enquire of the taxationists—how will ground-rent taxation benefit, say me, who live in a garret, which is my "parlor and kitchen and bed-room and all"?

A further particular, however, of far higher importance than the money question is this: the landlord holds his tenants in the hollow of his hand. It is a maxim of English law that no man can be at once judge and suitor. Yet, in respect of land and rent, the landlord is at once suitor, judge, *and executioner;* and of his own mere motion, without any previous legal process, he can, for a week's, quarter's, or year's rent due, as the case may be, turn a tenant adrift and take from him all he possesses. To the terror of this dread power—which can make a man a homeless vagabond—even food itself is, quite commonly, a secondary consideration; and an engineer's laborer, applying to me for work, once said to me, "I don't care if I can only pay the landlord, I can go without food." How does ground-rent taxation relieve men from the exercise of this despot power? How otherwise will it operate than by putting the landlord "on his metal," and tightening his grip upon his defenceless tenants?

As to the morality of the proposal. I have just spoken of the landlords' arbitrary powers; and, in fact, as well as being robbery landlordism means slavery. What is slavery? Slavery is that condition of things under which one man takes from another man a portion of his labor, or of the results of his labor, and gives him no equivalent in return. And this is just what the landlord does. He takes part of the proceeds of the work of his tenants, so that he may himself live without work, and gives in return the empty equivalent of permission to use that which did not come of him, but which exists altogether independently of man. "Our boasted freedom necessarily involves slavery," says Henry George, "so long as we recognise private property in land. Until that is abolished, Declarations of Independence and Acts of Emancipation are in vain. So long as one man can claim the exclusive ownership of the land from which other men must live, slavery will exist." How stands the ground-rent taxation proposal in respect of this slavery? It stands towards the slavery part of landlordism exactly as it does towards the robbery part of landlordism: instead of ending the slavery it makes terms with the slavers. But if my fellow-man is doing his life-work under conditions that rob him of his money and his manhood, whence anyone's moral competence to sentence him, as the ground-rent taxation proposal does sentence him, to live on under the same conditions? Such sentence, I allege, is morally impermissible. Further, I allege that to pass it is to act "I am my brother's keeper", and to appoint otherwise than of complete freedom the destinies of a fellow-man.

Summing up. In the ground-rent taxation proposal, which, basing itself upon opinions of wider range than the taxation of rents, repudiates "the wider range than the mere taxation of rents taken by many of the opinions circulated" (United Committee); which, though recognising that "the land of every country belongs in common to the living people of that country" (Henry George), yet "leaves the landowner in the position of a monopolist of an article necessary to the existence of the community" (Mr. Fletcher Moulton); which actually knows its own hollowness, and, conscious of it, takes to apologising for its mincing in the words—"Yet such is the strength of the opposition to be overcome, that our progress must be gradual, during which all interests will be afforded opportunity to adjust themselves to the new order of things" ("Manifesto" of the English Land Restoration League); and which, finding men vassals, is dead to man's

duty to man, and sentences them to remain vassals,—what have we before us? We have before us a proposal not "straight"; we have before us the "demoralisation of reasoning"; we have before us—"*hocus-pocus*".

Henry W. Ley.

"WORLDS! ABOVE AND BELOW."

This is the piquant title of a charming little book by one E. Griffith. It is a solemn and infallible guide (D.V.) to all regions of Hell and Paradise. To those in this jaded age in search of genuine humor let me recommend this little volume. Not that it is a satirical work by some base Atheist, it is a genuine "life-work" by Mr. E. Griffith. Where this treasure can now be obtained I have no knowledge; for myself I purchased it for the modest sum of twopence at an old odds and ends shop in Hornsey Road. Prefacing the book are two diagrams, the first shows a section through the earth and reveals terrors undreamed of by the average man. Beneath the thin crust (100 to 1,000 miles thick, says our author) is the "first Sheol", nearer the centre still is the "Great Gulf", then the second "Sheol", and finally the "Lowest Hell" or bottomless pit. The bottomless pit (says Mr. Griffith) "is called 'bottomless' because, as the earth is continually revolving, it cannot properly be said to have any bottom". This is one of many gems, but radiant among others is this lucent crystal of thought:

"According to Dr. Lardner, the crust of the earth is in thickness about the same proportion to its cavity, as the shell of an egg to its inner bulk.

"Some give the thickness to be about 100 miles. Others vary the substantial limits to between 100 and 1,000 miles.

. . . .

"The existence of fiery matter has according to scientific research existed thousands of years.

"We know fire consumes; but *what material* it consumes can only be conjectured.

"It is certain that volcanoes throw up lava and ashes, which are indisputable signs of fierce burnings.

"Reason demands that fire to continue must have fresh fuel, as the proverb runs, 'Where no fuel is, the fire will soon go out'."

Observe his beautiful sequence:

1st point.—The earth is a hollow ball.

2nd point.—There is fire within (*scientific research*).

3rd point.—Fire consumes.

4th point.—Ashes are thrown up (fierce burnings).

5th point.—Something is therefore being continually burned up.

Here he leaves us with the subtle suggestion of the "fierce burnings" of the damned.

One can picture the worthy man, smiling to himself the smile of spiritual triumph, after completing this masterpiece of lucidity.

But throughout the book there are similar touches clearly pointing to a Heaven-sent genius.

He rhapsodises over Paradise thus: "Oh for that Kingdom of unsullied brightness! the peace and happiness! the pleasures! the joys! the grandeur and exceeding weight of glory for evermore!"

And then he speaks of the vision of St. John in a manner so delightfully naïve that one is about tempted to think the book a manufactured product of a damned unbeliever (oh, the fire of brimstone! for evermore!). He gives the dimensions of the New Jerusalem, and then interprets part of the description thus: "'Every gate was of one pearl', as if it were a ball rolled away from a portal forming the gate-way of the wall."

Evidently under his religious enthusiasm Mr. Griffith waxes poetic. He then goes on to conclude that as "in that world of Paradise we have powers of ascent, descent, and swift, unimpeded locomotion", and yet the New Jerusalem has gates, therefore the New Jerusalem must be a covered city, and "therefore it is conjectured that the city is an immense Pyramid". He says further, "There is an idea abroad that this city will at some future era in the world's history descend and be located on the earth; but we fail to find that the Scripture guarantees such an idea." Then he proceeds to be truly exquisite.

"The assumption that St. John ever went up a mountain on this earth to see the heavenly city is contrary to nature, for the highest mountains are only about five miles in height.

"It would require a mountain nearly as long as half the earth, to go and look down upon a city of such immense magnitude, elevated on foundations to the height of 1,500 miles."

Then thus—humble yourselves reverently—"If such a city ever descended, the courses of the planets would be arrested and cause great havoc in the Solar System. Such an occurrence would be on record as one of the wonders of the ages.

. . . .

"It is [the idea of the city's descent] most unscientific, while the Scripture is the *most scientific* record we know, like a government measure, true to a line.

. . . .

"It is not recorded that it [the city] ever ascended again, so we may reasonably suppose that the great city has remained there since the time St. John saw it descend, which was very shortly after the time when the Lord Jesus Christ opened Paradise to all believers."

After having thus succinctly disposed of any "unscientific" notions concerning such well-authenticated facts as that of the existence of the New Jerusalem, he proceeds to quickly close his chapter with two verses of a hymn—

"I have read of a beautiful city," etc.

Further on in this aid to the weak in faith are some remarks on the earth. "Internally it was an enormous cavern containing fire, probably used as a prison-house for disobedient angels." Then he goes on to the various sheols, the great gulf and the bottomless pit, and he speaks of those justified by faith that dwell in the second sheol and are comforted till such time as they are washed in Jesus' blood and thus glorified. And at length he ends with some remarks on the Day of Judgment and this little poem:—

"Then oh! my Lord prepare
My soul for that great day,
O! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

One's fund of sarcasm fails one. Such a vague, simple, poetical stupidity is the poor man's lot. H. G.

FROM AFAR.

Antwerp.—There are few countries in Europe the internal government of which so nearly approaches to the freedom of the British Constitution as that of Belgium. But the traveller who passes through the country will view with sorrow the superstitions, the religious forms and observances, which still fetter the people, and the slavish veneration with which they regard the power of the priest. Not that the same fetish-worship is lacking in other countries; in Romanist countries it becomes more marked than among Protestants, and it increases in proportion to the want of education among the masses. But Belgium has been for many years a progressive nation, making use of every art of civilisation, advancing in this respect beyond England, spreading education and taking its railways under State protection. Yet superstition still clings about its religion, and Freethinkers are identified only with the extreme Socialists who would subvert the Government. A few days ago I was in Laroche, a beautiful village nestling among the hills, in the heart of the Ardennes district. The villagers had been busy all day bringing in fir trees, each over six feet in height. These they proceeded to place before every house two to each residence, forming an avenue of firs and pines from the outskirts of the village. The care which was bestowed on these and other decorations led me to believe that no less a person than the King or Queen must be paying a visit to the village. On enquiry, however, I was informed that all these decorations were to welcome the new priest, who would ride into the village on the Sunday. This was on the Friday. A few kilometres from the same village on either side are to be found crosses or rude stones over small mounds on the way-side. These mark the burying places of suicides or of people dying suddenly without having a priest to minister to their last wants. Their bodies are not admissible to consecrated ground, consequently their friends raise these humble monuments, often pathetically inscribed *Priez pour moi*. Surely prayer, if it must be made, is more needed for the living than the dead. Out of a population of about 7,000,000 here over 6,000,000 profess Roman Catholicism; but look at the worship in the churches: how much of it, even of those portions designed to inspire humility and veneration, has degenerated into mere form! Even the crossing of the worshipper with the holy water upon entering and departure is now a void and empty ceremony. In several churches no water was provided in the little basins, yet the worshippers dipped therein and even professed to give some of the water to others by touching their fingers. Was this method adopted to save time? The pictures also, though they be the handiwork of the old masters, are not inspiring; and then, the taste of the authorities! Take for instance the Cathedral of Ghent, in which is displayed the original painting by Van Eyck, "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb". The two beautiful wings of this picture, representing Adam and Eve in a nude state, were removed by the authorities as being unsuitable for a church. And yet in the same cathedral they retain a picture representing "The Circumcision". It cannot be through the worship and observances that Roman Catholicism is so rooted in the people; the better explanation is to be sought in the history of its people, and in time-honored observance. Neither Belgium nor England, at the present moment, are in the throes of political revolutions, but there is a movement among the people even in Belgium, as testified by the late increase of the *libres penseurs*, which reveals a dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, a sense that there is something lacking in the conditions of men which should be and yet is not. And I feel that it is to the Ethical and Secular movements that the people look for aid. How shall we proceed? H. O. N.

Melbourne (Australia).—The predominant topic just now is Australian Federation. The Convention which has been sitting for the past three weeks in this city, and which comprised delegates from New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania (Queensland decided, at the last moment, not to be represented) has just risen after framing a "constitution" which it is hoped will prove acceptable to the great bulk of the population of those colonies. A poll of the people is to be taken on this Common wealth Bill early in June. At present the various delegates, having returned to their homes, are for the most part busy with word of mouth, or power of pen, urging upon their constituents the acceptance of this very important and epoch-making measure. Whilst not giving unqualified satisfaction to all the parties in the State, it appears to be favorably regarded by most of the public men and

public bodies that have pronounced upon it. The Governor of Victoria, Lord Brassey, declares it "a government in the fullest sense democratic". The Hon. Alfred Deakin, a prominent member of the Australian Natives Association, and warmly supported by it, says "Take the world over, you will look in vain for a constitution as broad, as liberal in its principles, and as generous in its aim, as the Federal constitution just framed". And, to quote but one more representative statesman, Mr. Trenwith, the leader of the Labor party in this colony, has said, "I see in this Bill some serious objections, but I see also so many advantages in it that I do not hesitate to aver they more than compensate for the defects." The draft Bill is far too lengthy for presentation in these pages; but a brief synopsis may be admissible: "The Legislature comprises two Houses, based upon the direct 'one man one vote' of the people. Women are admitted to the franchise, as the individual States may determine. Both Houses may be dissolved for the people's verdict on their procedure. The Lower House possesses superiority in money powers. Responsible government on the English system is introduced. State debts can be federalised, so as to lessen the interest charged. The State Treasurers are to receive their present average revenue from Customs, so as to assure them and the public that Federation implies no new taxes. A national market is created, which can support national industries." These are but a few of the good points which might be enumerated, did space allow. W.

LITERATURE.

AN EIGHT-HOURS DAY: The Case Against Trade Unions and Legislative Interference. By W. J. Shaxby. (*Liberty Review* Publishing Co.) London, 1898. (2s. 6d.)

This laborious collection of facts and opinions is a storehouse or armory for the use of those who seek to rise in arms (metaphorically) against the unfortunate and unwise tyranny of trades unionism.

To be convinced that the agitation for a legislative—that is a compulsory and universal—eight hours day has not a very strong case one need only read the first 3 pages of this book giving the main arguments *pro* and *con*, and the "facts to be borne in mind" on p. 17. If we add to this a short glance at the cases of special industries which even the coercionists admit require to be exempted, the question will arise in most minds whether the agitators can ever have given ten minutes consecutive thought to the question in its actual bearings on practical life, for the industries necessarily excepted from the law look like equalling if not exceeding those to be placed under its operation. When we go a little further and note (*e.g.*, p. 84) that the experiments in legislation to this end have been numerous and have almost all proved failures, or have remained a dead letter because found to be unworkable, most of us will be content to register a mental verdict against any sweeping, that is indiscriminate and hasty, action.

Further perusal of Mr. Shaxby's forcible pages will assuredly deepen this conviction and furnish numerous grounds therefor; but, however strong the feeling of opposition to the attempt at coercion may be, the good Radical will be on his guard against allowing this to lapse into mere hostility to *all* attempts to secure an eight hours day—or still better a 48 hours week—in individual trades and by non-legislative means. The shortening of hours where possible and desirable let us have by all means; but let us discriminate between the factory and the fishing-boat, the home and the quarry, as well as between the labor of the blacksmith or loom-tender with their physical exertion or strained attention and noisy or unhealthy surroundings, and that of the park-keeper or the tram-driver and other easy if monotonous occupations.

But there are two wider grounds of objection to legislative enactment in this connection even if it were practicable—grounds of principle and natural law. The first is that such an Act would be in effect an attempt to fix wages—approximately at least—and that was surely abundantly proved to be impossible 500 years ago by the Statute of Labourers and many another futile regulation since. To re-enact these or their like is to put back the hands on the dial of social progress, even though the attempt be ostensibly in aid of the worker instead of against his demands as formerly; nor can it be said in this connection that such action is only an exercise of the proper Governmental function of protecting the weak from the tyranny of the strong, for though children and women needed the protection of the Factory Acts, the Trade Unions of to-day are not exactly weaklings.

The second ground of objection is that such interference is an attempt—an avowed attempt—to obviate the evils of over-population, to make the work go farther, that is, to stint the work (and wages) of the employed so as to furnish some work to the unemployed of to-day, and thus to ensure that there shall be a larger number of unemployed to-morrow. The remedy, if remedy it be at all, is but a temporary palliative, and entails a social question in an acuter form a decade or so hence. But it is not even a palliative; it is as Mr. Bradlaugh put it long ago, "forcing ten to struggle for subsistence miserably where six might thrive comfortably", and we hold it better that six should thrive than that ten should strive. The population question is the real problem, and Socialists of all schools blink if they do not actually ignore it.

Other considerations there are in abundance, but to cite them all would be to reproduce Mr. Shaxby's book, wherein they are all writ

large, and which bristles with authorities, personal and statistical, quoted at length and arranged in telling sequence. It is a work that should be on the shelves and tables, and as far as possible in the heads of all who are really interested in social questions and economic science.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOGGING.

To the Editor.

After hearing Bernard Shaw on flagellomania, I felt quite convinced that flogging had unquestionably had a beneficial effect in cases of robbery with violence, for in reply to a leading question from a friendly critic, he said if garotting had been put down that garotters were not reformed, but took to other forms of crime. But if we can regulate crime to an extent, and protect from personal violence, even if property suffers to as great or a greater extent in other ways, we have made a great gain.

Mr. Collinson's special pleading is not convincing. The first falling off in robberies with violence he satisfactorily accounts for; but why has the fairly satisfactory state of affairs continued for over thirty years? We find that ruffianism for mere amusement is frightfully rife, and increasing alarmingly, simply because only farcical punishments are inflicted.

Now although I am quite convinced that flogging has had a beneficial effect in cases of robbery with violence, I am nevertheless utterly opposed to flogging, because the evil brought about in the long run greatly outweighs the benefit; only new and sparsely settled countries are justified in resorting to such a punishment.

Something, however, ought to be done to suppress ruffianism, and if the Humanitarian League are determined to act practically solely in the interests of ruffians and lawbreakers, and without any feeling of sympathy whatever for their victims, that organisation will only have itself to thank if there is any extension of flogging in our penal system.

While heartily sympathising with the efforts to reform our prison system in order that reasonable punishment may be inflicted without brutality, I cannot too strongly condemn those who neglect the protection of the weak, the aged, and the infirm. A. J. M.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor.

Will you be so kind as to insert an appeal for subscriptions to the Mansion House Fund for relief of distress in the West of Ireland? In this day's paper (*The Irish Times*) the following statement appears in the report of the Mansion House Committee: "The amount lodged in bank to the credit of the fund was £4,821 15s. 9d. The amount already granted, £4,830 17s. 8d., showing that the funds entrusted to the Committee are exhausted. . . . A return of the cost of supplying children attending school in need of 1d. worth of bread per day for six weeks, in 15 very distressed parishes, was laid before the Committee, and amounted to £965 13s. *The Committee for want of funds was unable to do anything.*"

These poor children have suffered much from diarrhœa and illness produced, according to medical evidence, by bad or insufficient food. An English lady writing from Galway says, "typhus fever, influenza, and black measles are prevalent. The only nourishment available for the sick is yellow (Indian) meal porridge, occasionally mixed with turnips, and water is the only drink". There is not enough even of this hard fare, and children must often go to school without a breakfast. The same correspondent relates a pathetic incident she herself witnessed. A poor woman nursing her dying child, with nothing to give the little sufferer except yellow meal porridge, and warm water and sugar for the sole drink to allay its thirst. A friend of my own, writing from Westport district (Mayo), says, "The people are but shadows of what they were". In another letter she says, "A young man, lately married, died some miles from here of want and cold, from sheer destitution."

In the meeting of the Mansion House Committee last week, the following appeals were received: "From Westport, co. Mayo. Absolutely no kind of food available for 200 families". "From Newport, co. Mayo. 300 families in great want; food terribly needed just now". "From Lahardone. It is pitiable and heartrending in the extreme to see so many poor creatures in such dire distress". Knowing your sympathies are with the suffering I sincerely hope you will publish this letter.

Subscription lists may be sent to the Mansion House Select Committee, Dawson Street, Dublin. M. G. Kennedy.

JUVENILE CRIME AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor.

There are two statements which you seem to accept and which seem to me more than doubtful, viz., (1) that there has been a great increase in juvenile crime; (2) that education is no check on juvenile crime.

As to the first, I dare say there may be an increase (though I am not sure of it) in the statistics of juvenile crime. But what does that mean? Simply that officious policemen drag children before pliant magistrates for matters of the most trivial character—begging, selling flowers, matches, or even newspapers, if they are too eager to dispose of their wares, and similar crimes. These children are often sent out by their parents with a command to commit the offence and a threat of punishment if they do not. I have reason to believe, moreover, that their trials are usually a perfect farce. But it is only in considerable towns that we find criminals of this kind. In the

rural districts they do not exist. The police there are less officious.

Most of these children, however, are uneducated. They are sent out to beg or to sell instead of being sent to school. Of 1,051 children sent to reformatories in 1896, only 159 are described as able to read and write well, and only four as of superior education. With industrial schools the proportion was about the same. Not more than one-sixth of our juvenile offenders have been taught even to read and write fairly, whereas I should think that more than half the young people of the same age throughout the kingdom have learned these useful arts.

But let us turn to adults, or rather to persons who appear in the ordinary list of convictions. There were 149,000 of them in 1896. Of these only 3,113 could read and write well, and 54 were of superior education. This will, I think, suggest to your readers that most of the fairly-educated boys and girls who were sent to reformatories or industrial schools were not criminals at all, but were sent there on trumpery charges got up by the police in order to display their own vigilance. If this be not so, at all events it is clear that education ultimately tells its tale in preventing crime, for those who can read and write well form not one-sixth but little more than one-fiftieth of this table. Two curious facts relative to it may be noticed. More than half the male prisoners who could read and write well were at Pentonville, Wandsworth, and Wormwood Scrubbs, while two-thirds of the female convicts who possessed the same knowledge were at Liverpool.

It seems to me idle to contend in the face of facts like these that education does not tend to prevent crime. Of course there are some kinds of crime—forgery or libel, for example—which a man requires some education to commit; but that on the whole education is of the utmost importance in restraining crime I think the statistics conclusively establish. This is especially the case with females. The birch will never establish such a record as education has established, even if the boy was flayed alive after a trial of two minutes' duration. Perhaps, if some of the Howard Association writers succeeded in extending the birch to girls, they would fix *three* minutes as the minimum duration of the trial. The wielders of the birch often boast that the boy who has got it does not appear in the dock again. Should he ever have appeared there at all? If he had got a fair trial, would twelve honest men have convicted him? B. L.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

INCREASED ARMAMENTS PROTEST COMMITTEE.—A strong platform and a prevailing note of robust Radicalism were the chief features of the annual meeting which was held on May 3rd, when the speakers included Dr. Spence Watson (president), Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Wm. Wedderburn, Messrs. H. J. Wilson and T. P. Whittaker, M.P.s, Mr. Fox Bourne, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, and Mr. G. H. Perris, the hon. secretary. The work of the Committee during this the second year of its existence has mainly consisted of the issue of pamphlets and other publications; but during the coming year it is hoped to start a systematic lecture propaganda. The Report may be obtained from G. H. Perris, 33, Burnaby Gardens, Chiswick; or a set of the publications (6d., post free) from A. and H. B. Bonner, 1 and 2, Took's Court, E.C.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.—At the annual meeting of the Humanitarian League which was recently held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Mr. Ernest Bell took the Chair, and there was a good attendance of members. The annual report having been read, its adoption was moved by Mr. Sydney G. Trist, seconded by Miss Edith Ward, and carried unanimously. After the adoption of the report, the Chairman addressed the meeting, and a discussion followed, in which Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, the Rev. J. Stratton, the Rev. E. Bagnall, Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, and others took part. The Prisons Department of the League has just issued its annual report which, together with other leaflets and a copy of the Humanitarian League's publication No. 7, "I was in Prison," can be obtained from Mr. Joseph Collinson, at 53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

ABORIGINES PROTECTION SOCIETY, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.—The sixtieth annual meeting was held at St. Martin's Town Hall on April 20th. Resolutions were adopted concerning the treatment of the native races under British rule in South Africa and the extension of British control in West and Central Africa.

NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.—The eighth annual report, recently issued, shows a healthy condition. The society is run on excellent lines for the thoughtful reader of all grades and types, and should be supported warmly. The report gives all information, and can be obtained by sending a stamped address to the Secretary, N.H.R.U., Surrey House, Embankment, W.C.

BRITISH ANTI-DUBBING ASSOCIATION, 46 Gordon Street, Glasgow.—Dubbing consists in the mutilation by cutting off and "trimming" the comb, wattles, and ear-lobes from living poultry. It, of course, causes pain both during the operation and for a considerable time afterwards, or until the raw, open wounds have quite healed up. As all poultry fanciers know, it is quite an unnecessary operation for the bird's welfare; it is also unlawful; yet it remains the general fashion, although it has to be practised in secret, the great difficulty being that to secure a conviction it is considered necessary to have eye-witnesses of the illegal act. This Association was formed last year to consolidate the forces of attack, and it has made very good progress, notably in securing the Poultry Club to its side, the committee of which has passed a resolution "that after 31st December, 1898, no bird be eligible to compete for Poultry Club specials if it be dubbed or otherwise mutilated"; and at the annual general meeting of the club, held at the Dairy Show, no dissentient voice was raised against the decision by the general body of members present. The membership subscription is 2s. 6d., and the hon. secretary is A. TURNBULL.

LONDON VEGETARIAN ASSOCIATION.—A debate on "The Importance of Minor Prison Reforms" will be held in the Board Room, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., on Thursday, May 26th,

at 8 p.m. Speakers: Mr. J. T. Grein and Mr. C. W. Forward; Mr. Ernest Bell, M.A., in the chair. Admission free; a few reserved seats, 1s.

MORAL INSTRUCTION LEAGUE.—A protest and petition to the School Board for London by parents of children attending London Board Schools is being circulated, and sympathisers are strongly urged to help. The protest is against the statement (frequently made at public meetings and circulated in the press) that all the parents of Board School children are satisfied with the religious teaching now given in the Board Schools of London. And the petition is that facilities be granted to our children to receive, in place of the present Bible lessons, instruction in personal and civic duties from Board School teachers especially trained for the purpose—by which instruction the sense of responsibility, sympathy with all sentient beings, intellectual honesty, the spirit of liberty, courage, self-respect, and the other highest qualities of manhood would be systematically cultivated and strengthened. Forms can be obtained from the hon. sec., Miss ZONA VALLANCE, The Deanery, Stratford, E.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—During the month of May meetings will be held on Peckham Rye, near the Bandstand, at 3 on Sunday afternoons. Discussions follow each lecture. These meetings during April have proved very successful, and Mr. J. Clarke, M.A., has drawn large audiences. On Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., at St. Mary-le-Strand House, Leo Street, Old Kent Road, a reading circle is held. Present book: Paine's "Rights of Man." An excursion with the Women's Liberal Association is being arranged for the first Saturday in June.—H. B. LAKEMAN and H. O. NEWLAND, hon. secs.

FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.—At the monthly meeting of the Committee, held at South Place on April 28th, the draft circular explaining a projected method of open-air missionary work in the provinces was discussed, approved, and ordered to be issued. It will be accompanied by a circular inviting applications from Freethought Societies for assistance in their propaganda. The delegates from Clerkenwell and Westminster Secular Societies reported that open-air lecturing would begin on the first Sunday in May. At Regent's Park and Hyde Park the work had been continued, practically without intermission, through the winter months. A letter was read from an active Secularist in Bradford, asking that a special effort might be made to resuscitate organised propaganda in that town; the secretary was authorized to take any needful steps to that end, in concert with the writer of this letter. Delegates were appointed to represent the Federation on the Personal Rights Defence League; and a report was given by the delegate to the Moral Instruction League. Routine business having been transacted the Committee adjourned. [The secretary has received from the Northampton Secular Society an application for affiliation to the F.F.]—GEO. STANDRING, Hon. Sec., 7 and 9 Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

REGENT'S PARK FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.—This society carries on its work in the Parks with gratifying success. During the past few weeks its Regent's Park lecture list has been contributed to by Messrs. Rowney, Baker, White, Pack, Thomas, Papernow, Blanchard, and Maitland, with Mrs. Ida White and others. In addition to this Messrs. Rowney, Baker, White, Maitland, etc., have appeared upon its platform at Hyde Park (near Marble Arch). The hon. treasurer is E. C. RAE, 35 Fortess Road, N.W.

FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S. (near Bandstand, Finsbury Park).—Sunday afternoons, at 3.15: May 15th, A. H. Thomas, "The Bible and the Monuments"; 22nd, H. Snell, "The Military-cum-Missionary Frauds in China"; 29th, E. Calvert, "Is the Bible Contradictory?"—Hon. Sec., H. R. CLIFTON, 25a Princess May Road, N.

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE, 36 Newington Green Road, London, N.—The Thursday night lectures here have not been very well attended yet. They are now made free. Messrs. A. B. Moss, Touzeau Parris, and E. Calvert lectured on the Thursdays in last month. We hope that this month will prove more successful. Mr. H. P. Ward will lecture on the 19th inst. on "Freethought and Free Love", and Mr. Stanley Jones will be here on the 26th to speak on "The History of Spain". On Wednesday, May 18th, there is to be a complimentary concert and ball on behalf of Mr. Simons, the secretary. Tickets, 6d. each.

KINGSLAND, Ridley Road (Open-air Station).—The opening lecture, on the 1st of May, was prevented by bad weather. The lecturers for ensuing Sunday mornings are: May 22nd, E. Calvert; 29th, J. Fagan; June 5th, E. Calvert; 12th, Stanley Jones.—WILLIAM SIMON, hon. sec.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE TALKATIVE TROUT.

WILFRED sat down on a boulder a few feet from the bank of the rippling stream. It was a sunny evening, and the swifts were flying to and fro over the water, showing no fear of the boy perched on the rock. The river was rather deep just there; but when the sun was low, all the little lapping waves ceased to ruffle the surface, and Wilfred could see several trout hovering on the watch for the flies that dance every evening close to the water. Presently a fine trout leapt up into the air, and caught a grey moth; and although Wilfred would not have had time to say more than "Jack Robinson" while the fish was in the air, he saw the gold and rainbow colors and the red spots on the trout.

"That's how it's done," said the trout, when he had swallowed the moth.

Wilfred gave a start. He was so astonished that he nearly lost his balance and fell off the rock.

"Fancy a fish talking!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh, my lad, trout know a great many things that you haven't learned; and what's more they can talk English and sound their h's," said the trout, coming close to Wilfred's feet. "A very clever man read a paper the other day to a scientific society on 'The Education of Trout'. Did you suppose that we are not educated? Ask your father if we're not. Ha ha! he's a fisherman, and he ought to know. Why, if I hadn't received a first-class education, I should have been caught long ago. It's owing to my education that I've grown to a pound in weight."

"How's that?" asked Wilfred.

"It's this way; the trout that are not clever get caught by pike, otters, herons, fishermen, and other enemies. A wise fish uses his intelligence, and is always on the watch against danger. Besides that, he knows where to find food. For instance, I'm here because some remarkably tasty moths fly out of that oak tree every evening. After a heavy rain I go further up the stream, near the clay bank. Do you know why I go there?"

"No, I don't," answered Wilfred, ashamed of showing his ignorance to a trout.

"Bless me! there's a clever young gentleman! I go there because the rain washes beetles, grubs, and nice red worms from the clay."

"I can't tell how you can eat worms," said Wilfred, with disgust.

"I eat them with my mouth. You mean why do I *like* worms. I might as well ask you why you like mutton chops, and trout, and cheese, and lots of things. But I'm forgetting myself; I'm telling you too much. One day you'll come with a worm on a hook, and try to deceive me when the water is muddy, and I'm lurking by the clay bank. Still, I doubt whether you would catch me if you tried for a month. I never take anything into my mouth without having a good look at it first."

"If ever I catch you when I'm a man, I'll put you back in the water," said Wilfred.

"Thank you kindly. If that's a solemn promise I don't mind stopping to chat to you. Wait a minute; here comes another moth."

The trout skilfully seized his prey, and swam back to the boulder, smacking his lips.

"It's cruel to catch flies," said Wilfred.

"Oh, indeed! it isn't cruel to catch trout? I'm afraid you don't learn logic at your school. I must live, you know. And that's just what the otter said when he caught a friend of mine."

"Do tell me about the otter," begged Wilfred.

"It's a rather sad story. However, we all have to die in one way or another, and it's no good brooding about it. Well, about a week ago, my friend and I were in a pool just below here, on a nice warm night. We had had a rather full supper, and my poor chum was drowsy. All of a sudden a shadow fell on the water. 'Look out, the otter!' I shouted. No sooner had I cried out, than flop, swish, in came the otter, and caught my friend. I could do nothing to help him, poor fellow."

"I hate that otter!" said Wilfred

"I can't say that I *like* him. But we're his food, and he's got to live like the rest of us. It's a pity we're not all vegetarians. Then there are the pike—nasty cruel sharks. One of them rushed after me one day, down by the weir; but I jumped out of the water, dropped in again behind him, and shot off to the weeds where he couldn't see me. You can guess how my heart was thumping."

"Have you ever been caught on a hook?" asked Wilfred.

"Yes, once. I saw a nice black fly fall on the water, and I seized it. Directly I felt it on my tongue it seemed dry and tasteless, but before I could drop it, the hook went through a corner of my mouth. At that instant I saw Farmer Dibble on the bank, with a rod in his hand. I've seen so many of my friends caught that I knew at once what to do. I darted at full speed upstream, gave a tremendous wriggle, and got free. Since then I've kept my wits about me."

"You've had a lot of adventures," remarked Wilfred.

"Enough to fill a book. Life isn't all Mayflies and brandling worms for trout, I can tell you. But we have some jolly times; mad, delightful times."

A black fly skimmed the water close to the trout's nose.

"Why didn't you catch that fly?" asked Wilfred.

"I'll ask you another question, my boy. Why do you refuse sour stewed rhubarb when there are strawberries and cream on the table? I'm getting moths to-night, and I don't want black gnats when those juicy moths are in season."

"It seems to me you get a lot of nice things to eat. You're rather dainty."

"Sometimes I'm glad for anything I can get," said the trout. "But in the early summer I have some jolly feasts, caddis grubs, beetles, and green caterpillars for a first meal, then a few little gnats, stoneflies, and water crickets, with moths to follow at suppertime. The happiest time of all is when the Mayflies are about. There's nothing sweeter than a nice fresh Mayfly for breakfast. Farmer Dibble came down one day with some sham Mayflies, and thought he was going to catch a lot of us. But I saw that they were miserable imitations, and I did not rise to a single one. He only deceived a few ignorant youngsters, who didn't know chalk from cheese."

"I say, you're a nice trout, I like you," said Wilfred.

"Fried in oil, or baked?" asked the trout, with a chuckle.

"I didn't mean to eat. I mean to look at and talk to. You're so pretty and clever."

"Thanks," said the trout, turning on his side and flashing his beautiful colors.

"How high can you jump?" asked Wilfred.

"A matter of two feet, at a guess," said the trout. "I'll leap up that fall if you like. One, two, three, here goes!"

The nimble trout flew up from the pool, turned a somersault in the air, and fell with a splash above the little cascade. As he jumped, he shouted "Good-night".

"Where are you?" called Wilfred, for it was almost dark now and stars were reflected in the river.

But the talkative trout had disappeared; and Wilfred's mother was calling him in the garden just across the meadow, where the moon-daisies and purple orchids grow.

Geoffrey Mortimer.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

Gladstone.

GLADSTONE is dead. From the moment of his death the press has been filled with biographical notices, panegyrics, and anecdotes. We ourselves have not much to add to the general gossip, some of which has been trifling in the extreme, to the point of being irreverent and unseemly. William Ewart Gladstone was a great man, but our appreciation of his greatness is not augmented when we learn from the *Daily Chronicle* that he liked his rice cooked in milk.

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Bradlaugh and Gladstone.

READERS of this journal will recall the profound admiration and affection which Mr. Bradlaugh had for Mr. Gladstone, although they did not always agree in politics and were diametrically opposed on religion. It is characteristic of Mr. Bradlaugh that his loyal regard never wavered, although it was sorely tried more than once. As, for example, when Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1869 took up the prosecution of the *National Reformer*, for not giving sureties against the appearance of blasphemy or sedition, which had been entered upon, but abandoned, by their Tory predecessors. It was in 1869, by the by, that Mr. Bradlaugh addressed three open letters to Mr. Gladstone, the first upon the House of Lords, the second upon the Land Question, and the third upon the National Expenditure.

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Letters.

GLADSTONE himself must have been one of the most prolific letter writers the world has ever known. We have seen numbers of his letters—some of considerable length—and every word from the first to the last, even to the address, are all in his own hand-writing. Of those now lying before us the earliest is written to Mr. Bradlaugh from Carlton Terrace in 1868, and tells him that he had read his pamphlet on the Irish Question "with much interest, and with many important parts of it I cordially agree". The latest was written from Hawarden in the April of last year to Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter with reference to the gross slander upon her father published by Mr. Cooper, editor of the *Scotsman*. Mr. Gladstone characterises the story "as false, and almost or altogether ludicrous".

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The Right Hon. Spencer Walpole.

IT is a curious coincidence that Mr. Gladstone's death should have been followed so closely by that of the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole. Mr. Walpole was the Home Secretary who was responsible for the notice issued in the name of Sir Richard Mayne, prohibiting the meeting announced by the Reform League to be held in July, 1866.

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And Others.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone still lay unburied there came the news of other deaths, first of Sir Thomas Acland, and then of Lord Playfair. These soon to be followed by Samuel Plimsoll, the sailors' friend. The end of the nineteenth century is taking a heavy toll amongst the white heads of our public men, and the twentieth will need to produce many a stalwart figure and many a great brain to replace those we have lost during this last ten years.

Theism and Ethics.

FOR nearly an hour, Dr. Washington Sullivan spoke at the Conference convened by the South Place Discussion Society, affirming that Theism was "a metaphysical implication of Ethics." He was followed by Messrs. J. H. Levy, J. M. Robertson, and G. Spiller in the negative, and Dr. Dawes-Hicks in support. Then he replied to all the speakers. Dr. Sullivan is evidently unaccustomed to discussion; he regarded contradiction of his assertions and denunciation of his arguments as personal attacks. Thereupon he himself indulged in personalities. To Mr. Spiller he made no attempt to reply, but his other opponents were "discursive"—although adhering strictly to the lines he had himself laid down—"ribald", and "rude", and their contentions were merely "a rehash of the arguments heard in cheap science halls". It had possibly not occurred to the speaker that "cheap" science is infinitely better than no science at all. Moreover, if arguments are to be valued according to the price paid by the listener, then Dr. Sullivan's were absolutely worthless that evening, since they were heard at the cheapest price possible—free admission, and not even a collection. That Dr. Sullivan should go out of his way to indulge in so gratuitous a sneer came as a surprise to many; it threw an unwelcome light both upon his position and upon the temper in which he sustained the controversy.

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Leisure and Dinner.

OUR over-worked and underpaid members of Parliament are already asking when the session is going to end. Mr. Balfour did not give them the information so ardently craved for, but in the course of his speech on the work of the session he remarked that "on five-sixths of the Tuesdays allocated this session to private members, they had shown their appreciation of their privileges by counting the House out". He seemed to think "the easily-explained desire for dinner and leisure was quite sufficient to account for the fact that at about eight o'clock it was found there were not sufficient members present to continue the discussion". Dinner and leisure are very necessary things, but they ought not to be allowed to absolutely put an end to a sitting. A definite dinner hour should be arranged, during which the sitting of the House should be suspended. Imagine the "hands" of a cotton mill occasionally striking work for the day after four or five hours labor, from the easily explained desire for dinner and leisure!

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India's Balance Sheet.

IN asking the authorisation of Parliament to raise a loan of £10,000,000 for India, Lord George Hamilton took a review of the last three years' accounts. He stated that the total direct and indirect cost of the famine to the Exchequer amounted to Rx. 17,991,000, which at the present rate of the rupee is close upon £12,000,000. The cost of the plague is mainly borne by the local authorities and cost the Government only Rx. 425,000 (£271,241). The extra military expenditure for the three years is put at Rx. 5,351,000 or £3,500,000.

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Dr. Havelock Ellis.

WE are much concerned to observe the prosecution of Dr. Havelock Ellis's book entitled "Studies in the Psychology of Sex: Sexual Inversion". That a scientific work by a writer of such recognised ability and learning as Dr. Ellis—known far and wide as the editor of Walter Scott's Contemporary Science Series—should be at the mercy of any nameless informer to brand as "obscene", shows the need for some radical changes in the Press laws. Prosecutions of this kind, if undertaken at all, should only be upon information laid by the Public Prosecutor or some other known and responsible official. Those who have read "The Criminal" and "Man and Woman", by Dr. Havelock Ellis, will know that these books are monuments of careful investigation and painstaking research, and from them we may learn something of the character of their author. As the case is still in its early stages at the time of our going to press, it is inadvisable that we should make further comment.

THE QUESTION OF FEDERAL HOME RULE.

It seems hard to be always criticising Mr. Morley from within the Liberal party. He is certainly one of its most high-minded leaders, and one of its most educative speakers, sounding as he so often does a note of aspiration and of conscientiousness that is not common in politics, even on the Liberal side. No Liberal can think of him without moral respect, whatever some of us may have to say of some episodes in his career. The unfortunate thing is that just where one looks to such a leader as he for special capacity, that is, in matters of reasoning, of logic, of argument, he is fully as unsatisfactory as, say, Lord Rosebery. To a man of his training one looks for what Burke, before Beaconsfield, called "light and leading". Unluckily, at some critical points, we get instead darkening of counsel and a guidance backwards.

The last serious case is his deliverance at the recent Leicester Conference on the subject of Federal Home Rule. I have not the report by me, but the essential point is easily remembered. While admitting that there was something to be said for "Home Rule all round", he declared the principle of Federal Home Rule to be "impracticable", and suggested that the needs of Scotland and Wales for domestic legislation would have to be met by resort to the principle of "delegation". Reading such an utterance as that, one cannot but ask oneself how Mr. Morley contrives to feel that in speaking so he is really following the logic of events, and taking a practical course. He and Mr. Gladstone were concerned in introducing two Home Rule Bills. The first, after its defeat, they declared to be "dead". The second, in its first form, proposed that the Irish people, having their own legislature, should not be represented in the Imperial Parliament at all. That seemed to Mr. Morley a "practicable" course. When most of his own party and all of the other insisted that it was not, Mr. Gladstone and he proposed as a compromise that Irish members should be entitled to sit at Westminster while Imperial matters were being discussed, but not while the subject of discussion was English or Scotch. *That* seemed to Mr. Morley a "practicable" course. When nine-tenths of the nation urged or admitted that the expedient was ludicrous and impossible, as it would keep the Irish members trooping in and out of the House at question time like the supers in a theatre, Mr. Gladstone and he decided to let the Irish members sit at Westminster all the time, with a voice in English and Scotch as well as Imperial affairs, while English and Scotch members had no say in Irish matters. *That* seemed to Mr. Morley a "practicable" course; and in that form, in the teeth of the unanswerable protests of many Liberals as well of the whole Conservative party, the Bill was forced through the House of Commons—to be thrown out of the House of Lords. Thus did the Liberal leaders wilfully give the House of Lords the incalculable advantage of being able to throw out, in the name of Unionism, *a bad measure*—a measure that could not be logically defended, and was in that sense "impracticable". The vote of the House of Lords, too, and the vote of the electorate at the next dissolution, showed as clearly as such a thing could be shown that the Bill *could not be passed*, and was therefore "impracticable" in the absolute and ultimate sense. And now, after the lapse of years, in which he and his leading colleagues have mostly abstained from all educative discussion of the Home Rule question; after many independent and thoughtful members of the party have recognised that Federal Home Rule is the one way out of the dead-lock; after such men as Sir Robert Reid and Mr. J. B. Balfour (and, if I mistake not, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman), men with an eye for an argument, and men able to say what is practicable so far as Scotland is concerned, have explicitly pronounced in favor of Federal Home Rule—after all this, Mr. Morley, without even a pretence of ex-

amining and balancing the arguments, comes forward in conference to say that the rational, the coherent, the defensible, the manageable scheme is "impracticable".

If he had striven to show that such a scheme had failed anywhere else; if he had pointed either to flaws in its theory or to dangers or difficulties in its practice, we should all have listened with an anxious consideration. The curse of the past Liberal policy in this matter has been headlong action and inconsiderate planning. But all the evidence is for the practicability of the Federal scheme. It is successfully worked in two highly civilised Republics—those of Switzerland and the United States—Republics which enjoy more internal tranquillity and prosperity than almost any European nation; for Ireland is the perpetual negation of prosperity and tranquillity in the United Kingdom. Nobody in the States or in Switzerland ever proposes to abandon the Federal principle, despite its theoretic risks. The reason is that the risks of any other system, for these nations, are seen to be much greater. Even Imperial Germany is to a certain extent constituted on the Federal principle. That the French Republic has not sought to adopt it is easily explained by the peculiar degree of unity of feeling in the French people, the different provinces being so much at one through hereditary military sentiment, and through their substantial equality of good government and comparative well-being, that the question there has never been practically raised, though wise men have broached it in the name of political science. Our case, on the other hand, is exactly the one in which Federalism is specially necessary; and if Federation is practicable for the Swiss Cantons and the United States, it is practicable for us. In face of all these considerations, *a priori* and *a posteriori*, conditions precedent and analogies of practice, what are we to say of Mr. Morley's extraordinary stand on the bare dogma that for us Federalism is "impracticable"? What *can* we say save that it is *he* who is impracticable?

It becomes imperatively necessary to speak out. Mr. Morley and those who act with him are stultifying the Liberal party. It was bad enough to keep silence about all plans and principles, on the theory that luck comes by haphazard and is frustrated by intelligent action. But it is a good deal worse to flout reason when it claims a hearing, and to flout it without argument, with a mere decision of official authority. Mr. Morley is really not the man to settle things in that way. But if his course is to be taken; if the Liberal party is once more to be led to battle in an arbitrary cause, on an issue which logic cannot defend, and on which ruinous defeat has already been encountered, then some of us must perforce elect to renounce all allegiance to its leaders. We can think and judge for ourselves; and are not going to play the fool merely because Mr. Morley and some of the others are obstinate and unreasonable. We are ready for a long fight—and it doubtless *would* be a long fight, mainly because it has thus far been so little prepared for—in a sane and sound cause; but we are not ready to march again to inevitable and just defeat over a preposterous proposal.

Let me remind independent Liberals and Radicals that this tone of Mr. Morley's is unhappily not new in Liberal history; and that this attitude has led to unanswerable reproach many a time in the past. When Lord Melbourne was at the head of a Liberal Ministry, he met the demand for Repeal of the Corn Laws with the remark that of all mad proposals that was the very maddest he ever heard. He lived to see the Corn Laws repealed by a converted Conservative leader. In 1865, Mr. Gladstone, in answer to an appeal for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, declared that the question seemed to him "outside the pale of practical politics". Three years afterwards he carried the proposed measure. It is needless to speak of later matters; this is not the time to seem to disparage a great and venerated leader for his errors. The fact remains that Mr. Gladstone *did* and *could* lead.

The question now in hand is, whether Mr. Morley *can* or *will* lead; and whether Sir William Harcourt can or will do any better. I respectfully but earnestly appeal to all thoughtful Liberals to look into the matter. Liberal triumphs are *not* to be achieved by doing nothing, though Tory triumphs may be; and it is time we had some idea about the manner and the grounds of the next battle.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.[1]

THE number of Socialists in France may be approximately estimated on the one hand by means of elections, on the other by the total number of workmen and upon that of the trade unionists. At the elections of 1893, of over seven millions of votes cast, 600,000 were given to 400 Socialist candidates. But this figure is by no means definite: it does not include the Socialists of those constituencies where there was no Socialist candidate, and who therefore voted for Radicals, Opportunists and so on, or simply abstained. Neither does it account for the abstentions resulting from the active propaganda made by the 110 Anarchist candidates; besides, a certain number of electors vote for a candidate who is not of their party, either because they know and esteem him, because their situation obliges them to do so, or because his opinions are the least removed from theirs. By these means then, we can only obtain a relative approximation of the number of the Socialists in France.[2]

Some other figures may serve as a basis for this estimate. Of the 3,151,581 workmen given by statistics, about 700,000 are members of the trade unions. We may logically consider as Socialists the larger part of these unionists. In fact, in 1890, the Parliamentary Committee on Labor sent out a circular relating to the regulation of work: 91 per cent. of the unions which responded were favorable to the regulation, which is advocated by all Socialists. This can only be a minimum, for among the non-unionists there exist many Socialists; thus, the circular just spoken of was answered by non-unionists, and in the Seine department alone 74 per cent. were in favor of regulation. Further, it appears to me certain that among the five millions of agricultural workers, there must be a certain number of conscious Socialists. Some account must also be taken of the 522,892 employees, 225,000 railway and similar workmen, and of the 453,416 day laborers employed in factories; also of the small middle class, shopkeepers, teachers, doctors, etc. A large number among these are also Socialists.

For all these reasons, in a volume on *Le Socialisme et le Congrès de Londres* I estimated the effective of the French Socialist army as between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 men; but if one means by Socialists only those conscious of the end in view, convinced of the necessity of the socialisation of the means of production, this number must be notably reduced. It appears to me to be logical to put down the figure at about 800,000—one million at most.

Be that as it may, we should note with MM. Jules Guesde, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Arthur Desjardins, and others, that "each day augments the forces of Socialism at the expense of those opposing them". In 1891, already eight years ago, a Royalist, M. A. Claveau, arrived at the same conclusions by exaggerating even somewhat the organisation, the solidarity of the workers, and the self-sacrificing spirit of the proletariate.

French contemporary Socialism is divided into four parties and two groups: the *Parti Ouvrier Socialiste Révolutionnaire*, the *Fédération des Travailleurs Socialistes de France*, the *Comité Révolutionnaire Central*, and the *Parti Ouvrier Français*. To these must be added the Independents and the Anarchist Communist groups, without definite cohesion.

[1] *Résumé d'une leçon faite au College Libre des Sciences Sociales de Paris.*

[2] At the elections of 1898 the Socialist candidates received altogether 788,000 votes; 54 Socialists were elected.

The *Parti Ouvrier Socialiste Révolutionnaire*, or Allemanist party, includes, in addition to many non-federated groups, four federations, each administered by a federal committee. The general secretaryship of the party is seated at Paris. To become a member, one must be a trade unionist. Branches cannot be composed of less than fifteen paying members. The paying members number about forty thousand. The groups, if sufficiently numerous in any one region, form themselves into a federation. The most important federations are at Paris and in the Ardennes. At Paris sits the Federation or Federative Union of the Centre, with 50 branches and 20 trade unions. The Federation of the Ardennes has its seat at Charleville, with 60 branches and unions, among them the weavers' group of Sedan which numbers 4,000 members. In addition to the federations, there are isolated groups at Algiers, Oran, Constantine, Roubaix, Armentières, etc.

The general secretaryship is composed of six delegates from each federation; half retire each year, but may be re-elected. Any member may at any time be withdrawn by his union. Members of Parliament, municipal and county councillors, or employers are ineligible. The function of the secretaryship is to bring together all the groups in order to agree upon questions of propaganda. The delegates meet at least once a week. Each federation holds an annual regional congress, the whole party a national congress once a year.

The party succeeded in electing several deputies: MM. Faberot, Toussaint,[1] Renou, who are still members of the party, and three others who have been expelled. One of them, M. Pierre Vaux, refused to submit to party discipline; that is to say, to confirm the undated resignation which he had given to his group at the moment of his election, and which that group had sent into the President of the Chamber, so that he still remains a deputy. On the other hand, MM. Groussier and Dejeante, deputies; MM. Faillet and Berthaut, councillors, refused to submit to a decision of a national congress relative to the proportion of their salary which should be paid into the party funds, confirmed their resignation sent in by their groups, appealed against it to their electors, and were re-elected.

There are then at Paris several groups which, while bearing the title of *Parti Ouvrier Socialiste Révolutionnaire*, no longer adhere to the Federative Union of the Centre.

Certain municipalities, Nouzon, Fumay, etc., are in the hands of the party. In the Ardennes, 25 communes have Socialist municipal councillors.

A group has been founded at Paris to train speakers. The propagandists, during their tours, have ten francs a day and their railway expenses.

The party possesses different papers, of which a part only is official. In Paris the *Parti Ouvrier*, a weekly journal, is edited by Allemane, with Joindy, Charnay, Barat, etc., as contributors. At Dijon there is the *Réveil des Travailleurs*; in the Ardennes the *Socialiste Ardennais*, etc. The party does not edit propagandist pamphlets, with the exception of some reports of national and regional congresses and a Communist programme by Allemane. But members individually publish pamphlets, among others MM. Arcès Sacré, Jeannin, Marpeaux.

The *Parti Ouvrier* traces its claims to to the *Manifeste des Egaux* of 1796, to the Communist manifesto of Marx and Engels of 1848, and to the manifesto of the International of 1864. Their programme declares (1) that the party seeks the complete emancipation of *every* human being; (2) that this can only be realised by the socialisation of the means of production; (3) that the historical fact of the separation of classes renders it necessary to maintain a political party distinct from all *bourgeois* parties, for that emancipation can only result from revolutionary action, and that the conquest of political power should be

[1] These two gentlemen failed at the recent elections, but there were others elected; M. Poulain, for instance.

sought as a means to this end. The end in view is free communism, but the members have drawn up an *interim* programme of palliatives, in which they claim direct legislation by the people, the suppression of the budget of public worship, the replacing of magistrates by juries, of the standing army by the armed nation, old age pensions and public care of the sick. The party is disciplined, but the control of all action taken in the name of the party is in the hands of the rank and file. Most of the members believe in the general strike, and are bitter enemies of State Socialism. A. Hamon.

(To be concluded.)

PENAL REFORM.

[We wish to remind our readers that these papers do not pretend to deal with the subjects exhaustively, but are merely offered as suggestions for discussion.—Ed.]

III. Punishment.[1]

If, without passion and without rancor, we examine of what stuff criminals are made, we either come to the conclusion that crime is not so much deliberate wrong-doing as it is a disease actually to be traced in the physical degeneration of the criminal, or else we find that it is an evil product of evil environment. Hence it follows that criminals, as a class, are rather to be commiserated than to be blamed, rather to be pitied than punished, if by punishment is meant anything over and beyond what is necessary to protect society from their depredations and attacks. Criminality is but a remove—sometimes a very slight remove—from insanity. We pity the insane: we do not blame them; yet it is necessary for society to protect itself against them, and we detain them in asylums for that purpose; but nowadays it would be considered inhuman indeed if, in addition to detention, lunatics were whipped, starved, or confined in dark cells.

Before dealing with the methods of punishment in use in this country, I wish to draw attention in the briefest manner possible to the influence the teaching of Christianity has had upon the popular attitude towards punishment, because in that will be found a reasonable explanation of the extraordinary harshness of persons otherwise humane.

It is not merely that the Mosaic code breathes the spirit of retaliation in every letter, but that the *whole* theory of Christianity hangs upon the idea of vengeance. Adam and Eve were placed in a garden under certain conditions; these they violated, and they were punished for their transgression. The punishment, so far as it affected them, was out of all proportion to the offence; but not only were Adam and Eve condemned to excessive punishment, but their innocent descendants also, from father to son and father to son again, until the moment came when Jesus Christ was sent specifically to satisfy the Divine vengeance, and to give his life to save from further punishment myriads of innocent creatures yet unborn. In harmony with this doctrine of illimitable revenge—without which Christianity would be non-existent—examples of vengeance sometimes of the most insensate character pervade the whole of the Old Testament, and are frequently to be found in the New. Not merely is vengeance inflicted upon grown persons, but even upon newborn babes, upon animals, and upon plants. Humane Christians may see and repudiate the barbarities of the Mosaic code, but they ignore altogether the horror underlying this scheme of the temptation of the innocent followed by the unending punishment of the guiltless, and blindly hold it up to admiration as the most perfect wisdom. Thus it follows, naturally enough, that this idea of retaliation—absolutely essential to Christianity—has left its mark upon the Christian character and comes into all Christian punishments. It is to the Deist Hobbes that we owe the nobler doctrine that there should be no other design in punishment than admonition and correction. As Charles Bradlaugh said, "Punishment which is vengeance is itself a crime".

Most—but by no means all—humane

[1] For other papers of this series see January, February, and April.

writers and speakers agree that the aim of punishment should be to secure the protection of society through the reformation of the offender and the deterrence of others from crime. Mr. Asquith last month said that punishment should be deterrent without being cruel, reformatory without being faddist or academic, and discriminatory. If we examine the punishments inflicted in England under Mr. Asquith and other Home Secretaries, we shall see that our practice falls far short of these fine theories.

In England our recognised methods of punishment are four—imprisonment, fine, flogging, and execution. Except from the point of view of vengeance, every one of these methods as now carried out is an absolute and acknowledged failure.

Our principal method of punishment is by imprisonment. Let us carefully enquire how far that proves a satisfactory protection to society.

In our prisons we have persons sentenced to terms varying from one day to twenty years, or the nominal life sentence. All sorts of sentences are given according to the disposition of the judge who tries the case, whereas the sentence should depend upon the disposition of the criminal who commits the crime. In the year ending March 31st, 1897, out of 147,000 prisoners in the local prisons sentenced to less than two years' imprisonment, there were more than 58,000 imprisoned for terms varying from one day to one week, and a further 37,500 for less than two weeks. Now who is supposed to profit by the day or the week's imprisonment? Society or the prisoner? I confess I cannot see wherein the advantage to society lies; nor on the other hand do I see in what the benefit to the prisoner consists. Hitherto [Sir M. White Ridley pledges himself to amend this in the new Prisons Bill] he has been kept upon a diet known as the No. 1 diet, which, even were it palatable and all eaten, would be barely sufficient to sustain life. Consequently by the time he came out of gaol he was so morally depressed and physically reduced that if he were a drunkard—and it usually *is* the drunkard who furnishes these very short sentence cases—the first thing he did was to go straight to the publichouse and there seek the dram in which he found momentary comfort and temporary relief, and which, unfortunately, anyone seems ready to give him. The effect of even a small glass of ardent spirits taken into a practically empty stomach was to make him drunk again almost immediately. The next day he was again before the magistrate; he would get another seven days, and the sad story is repeated all over again. In this way we have had such melancholy cases as that of Elizabeth Watts, who was sentenced at the South-Western Court to seven days' imprisonment for drunkenness just before Christmas. She was only 31, but it was the 232nd time which she had been charged. An improvement of diet may do a little to mend matters, but much more than that is needed. It is time that it was officially recognised that drunkards are not necessarily criminals in the ordinary sense. Drunkards should be detained either in separate establishments or in separate wings of the ordinary prison, where they should be treated with the special treatment the case demands. The object should be to send them out of prison with the drink crave diminished, and not, as now, augmented.

Such short sentences, whether for the drunkard or the criminal, are utterly useless; long sentences are not only useless but, under our present system, barbarous. To realise how little the prison punishment does reform the prisoner, we have only to take up a newspaper and glance at the reports of the proceedings of the Assizes or Quarter Sessions.

If we examine the judicial statistics we see that in 1893, 50 per cent. of the total number of prisoners in England and Wales had been previously convicted; in 1894 the number had risen to 54·5 per cent.; in 1895 to 55.6; and by the current number of the Prisons Report I see that the percentage is still rising, and in 1896 was as high as 59 per cent.

Dr. W. Douglas Morrison told the Romilly Society the other day that in no other country in Europe is the proportion of recidivists so high as in England. Besides those offenders who have been convicted twice or thrice, there are actually many thousands whose record shows them to have been convicted more than ten and even more than twenty times.

On March 31st, 1897, there were in prison 600 juveniles under the age of 18, and of these 358 were known to have been previously convicted. These reconvicted juveniles are the material out of which the habitual criminal is made, and it has been remarked that not only in England, but throughout Europe, there is an increase in the number of criminals under 21. In estimating the number of juvenile offenders we must not look to the prison returns alone, but must take into consideration also the reformatories and the industrial schools, and the power of discharging first offenders now vested in the Magistrates, under the Summary Jurisdiction Acts and First Offenders Acts; and not only that but also the more justly lenient tendency of the age towards young people.

An apparent increase in slighter crimes does not necessarily mean that the nation is growing more demoralised; it may only mean that our legislators have been making new additions to our penal laws. I will quote a few figures to illustrate what I mean. In 1894-5 there were 62,494 infractions of the Education Act, whilst the Vaccination Act was responsible for 4,760 offenders. In 1895-6 the Sunday Trading Act produced 3,143 criminals, and the Muzzling order 34,143, whilst bicycle offenders numbered 3,142. The punishment in these cases is usually a fine, which to the well-to-do man is no punishment at all. If unfortunately the offender is poor, even if he can pay the fine, it is often a considerable tax upon his earnings, while if he cannot pay his poverty receives the prison stamp, and henceforward he is a disgraced man. And it must be remembered that this is true of a large number of people. In 1895-6 no less than 74,000 persons, or 17 per cent., were imprisoned in default of fine. People who clamor for the law to interfere here and the law to interfere there, little realise the full consequences of what they ask. An eight hours law, for instance, would inevitably be followed by what would appear in our judicial statistics as an increase of crime. I want especially to draw attention to this aspect of a particular class of legislation, for in my opinion we should take it as one of the guiding axioms of our lives: Never to ask the law to do for us what we can do for ourselves. There are several good reasons for this, of which one only concerns us now. The power of the law depends solely upon its ability to punish any violation of its ordinances: punishment in a large number of cases means not merely public disgrace but absolute moral degradation; the prison, as we know it to-day, although professedly a reformative institution, is in reality often a nursery of crime. Hence all new penal legislation should be severely scrutinised, and the advantages it promises carefully weighed, lest they are counterbalanced by the terrible consequences it will certainly bring in its train.

Those who have followed the discussions on the proposed Prisons Reform Bill will agree that it is impossible to exaggerate the hardships, the monotony, the servitude of a prisoner's life in our prisons to-day. He is under all sorts of petty restrictions. We have men in our prisons sentenced to five, ten, twenty years' imprisonment, and during all these years they may not speak save to the warder concerning their work, or on the rare occasions when they see the chaplain, doctor, or the governor. The prisoner working in his solitary cell must keep absolute silence; he may not hum or whistle, even if it be below his breath; he must walk at a certain hour, for a given time, at a set rate, each day; and when at night he lies down upon his unrestful couch he is still under constant surveillance. Every act of his daily life, to its pettiest detail, is rigidly marked out and pre-arranged for him, and the smallest

violation of the prison rules means dietary, cellular, or corporal punishment over and above that to which the judge sentenced him. Death is the only visitor free to come and go without the Governor's order.

The removal of this unnatural restriction on speech—together with many other improvements—was recommended by the Prisons Committee of 1895, but until quite recently these recommendations have been quietly and completely ignored.

The more we examine the prison system which prevails in England at the present moment the more we are driven to the conclusion that it is based upon an utter ignorance of the criminal nature, and consequently—save during the actual incarceration of the offender—it is ineffective as a protection to society, and is unnecessarily cruel to the prisoner himself. It is therefore our business to ascertain whether any other punishment, or any substantial modification of the present method of punishing by imprisonment, is likely to have better results.

As I have already pointed out, it is the habitual criminal, the professional, against whom society needs to defend itself. But how can we identify him? It is, of course, impossible to do so at the outset of his career—save perhaps in a few exceptionally marked cases—and there are but two ways in which he could become known. One we have in course of time, under our present system, by the prisoner's record; but we do not make this the basis of any action: it merely serves to show how useless imprisonment is as a means of protecting society. The alternative is to keep every criminal under the continual observation of trained observers, and this observation is only possible with the indeterminate sentence.

In the United States there is an institution known as the Elmira Reformatory, where an attempt is being made to put into practice the principle of indeterminate sentences, and in this principle I believe will be found—to some extent at least—a solution of our difficulties. There are certain details in the working of this system at Elmira to which I am strongly opposed, but even with these drawbacks (as I consider them) Elmira shows splendid results.

Prisoners sentenced in this way should be carefully classified and graded; every means should be tried to lift them out of the moral degradation into which they have fallen; they should have wholesome food and lead a wholesome life, they should have good books, and above all they should have ever before them the hope of bringing their freedom nearer by means of good conduct and hard work—hard work which should be productive and a help towards their own support. In the final grade they should be put as nearly as possible in the condition of free-men as is consistent with their detention. In the case of those whose conduct never showed them worthy of discharge, I do not hesitate to say that such persons should be detained in prison all their lives just as we now detain criminal lunatics. Some people urge that there should be a minimum and a maximum to the indeterminate sentence, but I think not. If punishment aims, even as a secondary consideration, at the reform of the offender, it is nonsense to order him to be discharged on a certain day whether his reform be complete or not; nor on the other hand should he be detained for a period unnecessarily long. It would be recognised as absurd to send a patient to a fever hospital with an order that he was to be kept there not less than one week and not more than two; and what would be immediately recognised as an absurd method of treating the physical malady is in fact equally absurd in dealing with that deep-seated and complex mental disease which finds its outward expression in crime.

In my next and final paper I will deal with the other forms of punishment: fines, flogging, and death. B.

A gentleman writes from Ottawa:—

"I have been reading 'B.'s' articles on criminal reform with great interest. It may interest the writer to know that in Canadian criminal

courts, both before the magistrates and at assizes, the evidence is taken by an official stenographer. The same is true in civil cases. Within the last few months the Minister of Justice has issued instructions to judges that in pronouncing sentence of death a sufficient interval must be allowed to enable him to make a full consideration of the case. Thus a murderer, sentenced some two months ago, is under sentence to be hung on the 20th instant.

"By the last revision of the criminal code, the power of ordering a new trial was conferred upon the Minister of Justice where he thought proper. The first case in which that power was exercised—a woman sentenced to death for the murder of her husband—has just resulted in her acquittal on the second trial. However, I fancy the dislike to hanging a woman had some weight. Our system is not perfect by any means, but the premier colony has set so much of a good example in reforming criminal procedure."

A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

WHEN Professor Maspero's "Struggle of the Nations" was published in an English form by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, about a year ago, it was pointed out by the *Guardian* and the *Athenæum* that the translation was of a most faulty character; and that the expressions of Professor Maspero (who is an enthusiastic advocate of the higher criticism) were often garbled and changed in order to conceal the really heterodox character of the work. The Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge at first denied the mistranslation; but they have now issued a leaflet, which they propose to include in future copies of the work, giving the French and English of the passages which have been tampered with. This is accompanied by a letter from M. Maspero, in which he affects to believe that the changes were made in order to preserve the continuity of the parallel paging of the two translations. This excuse, however, is rendered supremely ridiculous by the passages themselves, which show clearly that the *sense* and not the *length* of the sentences has been altered. The leaflet is reproduced in the *Guardian* of the 25th May, and to anyone who reads it further comment is needless.

We have received for distribution from the *Champion* (Bombay) a number of copies of the petition presented to Parliament on behalf of the wife of the elder of the brothers Natu. As the brothers are discharged from prison, the petition, in its present form, is now useless. The Natus have not been granted a full release, however, their prison has been merely enlarged from a building to a town. Englishmen ought not to rest until that tyrannous ordinance of seventy years ago is entirely repealed.

A FRAGMENT.

YES, it was only a quarryman; maimed for life, perchance dying. I was waiting one summer night at one of the great stations up North for a train going South, and saw him tenderly lifted out of the guard's van and carried along the platform. He lay stricken and bound on a stretcher, the once powerful frame shattered and blasted out of shape: one arm hung nerveless by his side, the knotted fingers scarred with toil and grimed with dust and blood, the other, out of sight, was crushed under the sheet that covered him. A great wave of compassion surged through me: I vibrated with pity as I gazed at the ashen face and the lips rigid with pain, at the matted hair pressed close down on the furrowed, sweaty brow. What lines were carven round the suffering mouth! What a look of inarticulate, yet teloquent reproach seemed to flash ou as his anguished eyes unclosed for an instant and looked into mine! My own filled with tears. Yes, there was reproach in those eyes, and rightly; the reproach that the victims of toil—the scapegoats of labor—have dumbly voiced for ages. His spine was crushed, and he was being borne home to die.

What had *he* done, what I and the other indifferent men and women who now gazed pityingly at him, that he should lie at our feet thus marred and riven? Had he not pleaded the right to work and live? *We* had given him, and *his* class, the estimable privilege of heavy and dangerous work, of ill-paid toil; to him had been awarded the drudgery of the world in order that *we* might lead easier, pleasanter lives. We described him disdainfully as "one of the masses", and despised him for being uneducated, horny-handed, brutalised, and coarse.

Will that voice of the myriad toilers and martyrs to labor be for ever mute and feeble, its reproach inarticulate?

MARY REED.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

WHEN the Grand Committee held its final sitting on the Prisons Bill, Sir M. W. Ridley brought forward a clause restricting the infliction of corporal punishment. Mr. Asquith voiced the opinion of the majority when he pointed out that the clause failed to secure the essential condition of a *public* judicial enquiry before corporal punishment could be inflicted. He very rightly said that there was "a profound sense of dissatisfaction in the public mind with these secret proceedings". After some discussion Sir M. Ridley promised to look further into the matter and "go as far as he possibly could". Mr. Pickersgill moved an amendment to abolish corporal punishment altogether, but the Home Secretary would not hear of that; flogging was, in his opinion, "absolutely necessary for the maintenance of prison discipline". Why it should be necessary south of the Tweed and unnecessary north of it, we think it would puzzle the Secretary of State to discover.

ON the 25th of April there was a tremendous fire in Glasgow, the biggest known for twenty years. St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral was threatened, and it is related that "at the request of the priests the Catholic community knelt in the streets and prayed that the wind might change and blow from the south, so that the Cathedral might be saved. The wind changed at midnight, and thus turned the flames to a northern direction". This was such an interesting miracle that we took the trouble to make particular enquiries into this matter, but alas! as well for human veracity as for superhuman miracles, our investigations received a check at the first and most essential point. We ascertained for a certainty that the wind did *not* change.

THE walk through the Egyptian Galleries of the British Museum on Sunday, May 22nd, was a great success. Over forty persons attended, coming from all parts of London. Mr. F. W. Read's lucid and entertaining remarks were closely followed, and many questions were asked. The police in attendance rendered every assistance, and pointed out one or two objects of interest which had been recently added to the collection, and which were not yet labelled. The visitors heartily thanked Mr. Read for his efforts, and hoped they might again have the pleasure of hearing him discourse upon Egyptian history and Egyptian antiquities.

A PRISONER on remand recently died at Walton Gaol, Liverpool. When he was committed for trial his counsel asked for bail and alluded to the state of his health, saying that he might never come up for trial. The callous reply from the Bench was, "Then he will come before another Tribunal". It should be a recognised rule for magistrates to grant moderate bail to all prisoners unless there is reason to believe the accused will make use of his liberty to escape. The detention is an irreparable wrong in the case of an innocent man, and in England the law is supposed to presume innocence up to the moment of conviction.

THOSE who believe in the flogging of schoolboys should make a note of the methods employed by the Rev. C. J. Gull; headmaster of the Grocers' Company's School, Hackney Downs. A boy was taken from the school for a day's holiday. The parents sent a note of explanation to the master, but this was ignored and the boy deliberately thrashed for being absent. The parents asked Mr. D'Eyncourt at the North London Police Station for a summons against the Rev. C. J. Gull; but the magistrate refused to grant it on the ground that "the discipline of the schools must be observed"!

THE *Westminster Gazette* reminds us that the late Lord Playfair was one of the early supporters of Women's Suffrage in the House of Commons. When Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill for the Removal of the Electoral Disabilities of Women was debated for the first time in 1870, Dr. Lyon Playfair spoke in its favor. In the following year he again spoke, and his name appeared on the back of the Bill. In 1884 his vote was recorded in favor of Mr. Woodall's amendment to the Representation of the People Bill.

THE number of women Guardians is slowly increasing. On the old boards there were 889 women members; there are now 954. At the present time there are only three counties without women Guardians. These benighted shires are Cambridgeshire, Huntingdon, and Rutland. The Metropolis is at the top of the list with 94, followed by Lancashire with 76, and the West Riding with 59; while in thirty-two English counties the returns reach double figures.

REFERRING to the paragraph which has gone the round of the press alleging that he had embraced the Catholic faith, Mr. John Morley told his constituents at Arbroath that "they must not believe all that they read in newspapers, and if they read a paragraph about a quiet, peaceable member of Parliament changing his faith, they should hesitate before they accepted it.

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott seems to adopt the view of Moses that "the Lord is a man of war". He is reported to have preached a sermon on June 5th on the "Secret of Power", in which he said that the Americans have learned "to lay hold on the muscles of the Almighty and use God's projectiles".

ON the motion of Mr. Costelloe, the London County Council agreed to petition Parliament to take the necessary steps to enable women to sit as County Councillors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER has been asked to visit Accrington in the autumn. If there are any towns in the vicinity at which a lecture would be welcome, friends are requested to communicate with Mrs. Bonner at 23 Streathbourne Road, London, S.W.

IN consequence of the pressure on our space the Reviews and some Correspondence stand over until next month.

THE administration of *l'Humanité Nouvelle* offers to send that magazine at a reduced price to the subscribers of the REFORMER. We can cordially recommend *l'Humanité Nouvelle* to those of our readers conversant with French. Amongst its contributors it numbers Clémence Royer, the translator of Darwin, and E. Réclus, the well-known anthropologist. More detailed information will be found in the advertisement.

L. SMALL.—We are sorry the note on "Home Reading" came too late for insertion this month. We cordially agree with what you urge, and the item shall appear in the July issue.

N. S. S. ALMANACKS.—We are much obliged to the friends who have brought us copies of the Almanack in response to our advertisement. The only issues now required to make up the sets are for the years 1876 and 1878. These are specially wanted, and anyone having copies to dispose of is requested to send price and condition to A. Bonner, at the office of this paper.

R. H., Canada, writes: "I am very happy to know that the REFORMER has passed through its first year so successfully; and I wish it with all sincerity a long career in the stimulation of right thinking, and the rooting out of the error that is so prevalent in all lines of human thought and action. While the REFORMER lives, and I live, I shall always look for it monthly."

T. G., Manku.—Thanks for your appreciation. We note your objection, and have received a letter, which will appear next month, from another source on the same subject. There is reason in what you say, but nations are always ready to boast of the good they do and to forget or ignore the ill; yet misery sinks deeper and has a more permanent effect than happiness.

W. WILTON.—Thanks for papers. We shall be interested to see the final decision.

H. LEES SUMNER, H. EMERSON SMITH, and W. PAYNE.—Thanks for papers.

A. TOWNSEND.—Glad you are pleased with REFORMER.

J. H. WOOLLETT trusts "the journal is gaining new readers each month. It certainly deserves to be successful."

H. ELSMORE.—Our publishing date is too late for the point raised.

W. WARD.—We note you are getting the REFORMER through your newsagent; should be glad to add his name to our list if you will forward it. Thanks for appreciative words and wishes *re* this Journal.

C. STOCKER.—Almanack received. Glad you think Vol. II better than Vol. I.

T. COBB.—Thanks. We are glad to have sympathy and good wishes, and to know that you consider the REFORMER "suitable for all times and occasions", and that "it advances ideas which, if followed to their logical conclusion, would be productive of the highest possible good to mankind".

E. CALVERT, W. COOPER.—Hearty thanks. The kindly thought is much valued.

S. L.—Mr. Symes (who is Joseph, not Geo.) is at 419 Bourke Street, Melbourne. He carries on a vigorous campaign there, and has recently recovered the Secular Hall, which had been diverted for some years. We had already sent on his address, etc., to the person who advertised in *Reynolds's* and *Lloyd's*.

J. COULIMORE.—We warmly reciprocate; trust the matters are satisfactorily settled.

FRIENDS OF RUSSIAN FREEDOM.—This Society held its annual Conversazione at Clifford's Inn Hall, E.C., on June 9th. Dr. Spence Watson briefly sketched the aims of the Society; music by Russian composers was sung and played; and specimens of Russian peasant handiwork were on sale for the benefit of famine-stricken workers. The admission card bore a well-conceived and appropriate design by Mr. Walter Crane—worth preservation on its artistic merit. Particulars of the Society may be obtained from Mr. J. Frederick Green, 40-41 Outer Temple, E.C.

RECEIVED:—Free Labor—Herts Leader—Liberty Review—Record (Watford)—Social Democrat—Awakener of India—Boston Investigator—Clarion—Home Links—Indian Social Reformer—Inquirer—Liberator—News of the Week—Personal Rights—People's Newspaper (Queensland)—Sheffield and Rotherham Independent—Truthseeker (New York)—St. Michael Church and Parish Chronicle—Literary Guide—Northampton Mercury—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Bristol Evening News—University Magazine—Truthseeker—Labor Co-partnership—New Century Review—Rochdale Labor News—Herald (Melbourne)—Women's Vegetarian Union: 3rd Annual Report—National Home Reading Union Magazine—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Single Tax—Bulletin Mensuel, Fédération Francaise de la Libre-Pensée.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.—A Visit to Walt Whitman and some of his friends, by John Johnston, M.D. (Labor Press, Limited, Manchester)—The Labor Movement, by L. T. Hobhouse. Cheap edition. (T. Fisher Unwin)—The Devil's Walk, by G. H. Baker (Author)—Gladstone Memorial Card (F. Wunderlich)—Men, Women, and Chance, by Wm. Platt (T. Fisher Unwin)—Music, and do the English Love it? by F. Norman Concorde (Concorde Concert Control)—The Wonderful Century, by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace (Sonnenschein).

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address—not necessarily for publication, but as some sort of guarantee of *bona fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, REFORMER, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Legal questions will be answered by the Solicitor who kindly gave his services to the *N. R.* (1891-3). Two penny stamps must be enclosed to cover postage to and from him.

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THE LATEST BRADLAUGH MYTH.

AN extract from the *Daily News*, without date, was sent me a couple of months ago. It consisted of a pretty little story about Mr. Bradlaugh written in the form of a letter, and signed "John Wilde", of Weston-super-Mare. On the 25th of last month this story reappeared in the *Bristol Evening News* as quoted from "a New York paper". The letter runs as follows:

"Sir,—The following retort is strictly true, and was told me by a gentleman who heard it made. When the late Mr. Bradlaugh was once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister, the former insisted on the latter answering a question he had asked him by a simple 'Yes' or 'No', without any more circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner. The reverend gentleman rose, and in a quiet manner said: 'Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?' 'Certainly', said Bradlaugh. 'Then, may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?' This was a poser, for if answered by 'Yes' it would imply he had previously beaten her, and if by 'No' that he continued to do so.

"Weston-super-Mare. "JOHN WILDE."

The first thing one notices in this "strictly true" story is the omission of the names of the "gentleman" and the "dissenting minister", and the omission of any particulars as to time and place. Next, it is quite impossible that Mr. Bradlaugh should have asserted that every question could be answered by a "simple 'Yes' or 'No'". Suppose we ask, What is Mr. Wilde's conception of the "strictly true"? To this question it would be absurd to answer "Yes" or "No". The proper reply is "Apocryphal hearsays". Then Mr. Wilde must be dense indeed if he imagines that the "reverend gentleman's" catch question would have proved a "poser" to Mr. Bradlaugh, even with the given limitations of reply. The answer is obviously "No", because he certainly could not discontinue doing something which he had never commenced. The *question* implies previous wife-beating, which the answer "Yes" would confirm. The only reply which Mr. Bradlaugh could make would be "No", and this would be absolutely true. I fear to say "strictly true", lest it should be taken in a "Wilde" sense.

It is strange what vitality myths have. If you expose them in one shape they re-appear in another, and your very exposure may be distorted to form the foundation of a new incarnation. When Mr. Bradlaugh denied the "watch story" at Halifax, the negative was eagerly twisted into the affirmative, and Halifax cited as a place where my father uttered that supremely foolish defiance of Deity. The cleverest men are liable to be "posed," at times, and there need be nothing discreditable about it; but really the absurd trivialities on which these Wildes assert that Mr. Bradlaugh was being continually posed, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, makes one wonder what sort of man they suppose him to have been! A man who, with everyone's hand against him, could win his way from Bacchus Walk, Hoxton, to be—as Mr. Gladstone called him—"a distinguished member" of the Parliament at Westminster, was not the man to find even a passing difficulty in such puerilities as these.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

THEISM FOUND WANTING.

(*Concluded from page 75.*)

Now I observe that whenever Theists talk about their God revealing himself in his works, it is almost always to some pleasing phenomena that they point. I would not for a moment accuse them of disingenuousness, but fatally disproportionate, if not actually disingenuous, such pointing is. The beauties and bounties of Nature—her exquisite scenery, marvellous processes, and stately laws; the varied and entrancing sights of earth and sky and sea; the wonderful provision of springing pastures, dropping fruits, and waving harvests; the wizard workmanship of plant, or insect, or human organism; the orderly procession of seasons and

systems; the precision with which tides and stars retire and return; the glories of the mind and heart of man, the soaring intellect of poet and philosopher, the glowing love of mother and of friend—these are the things which too exclusively engross their thoughts, fill their imagination, and furnish the suggestions with which they construct their God; just as it was of old when they enthusiastically exclaimed, "His work is honorable and glorious, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein"; "O Lord how great are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all". But what of the *other* things that are hideous rather than honorable, gruesome more than glorious, suggestive rather of ignorance than of wisdom, of devilry more than of goodness or grace? What of Nature's ugliness and blackness of look, her bleakness and bitterness of mood? What of her contortions and convulsions, of devouring earthquake and pitiless storm, of blight and blizzard, drought and famine, pestilence and poison, fire and flood, disease and death itself? What of the horrible spectacle presented by the animate world in its predatory ways—of so vast a proportion of living things ruthlessly preying upon smaller or weaker orders, turning even the dreamy loveliness of summer air and murmuring stream into one huge theatre of strife—of pursuit, flight, capture, struggle, pain and death? A spectacle which caused Tennyson to exclaim:—

"For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal,
The mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow is speared by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey."

What of the great human tragedy, of our own struggles and sorrows and sins, of this brave but blind wrestling with forces which in the end are ever too much for us, of a race experience which wrung from Theodore Parker the complaint "A mystery is gathered about our little life. We are limited and hemmed in on all sides. Our schemes fail. Our plans miscarry. One after another our lights go out. Our realities prove dreams. Our hopes waste away. We are not where we would be, or what we would be"? What of the wrongs we have inflicted as well as suffered—of our tyrannies and brutalities towards the animal world and lower forms of life—of "man's inhumanity to man"? What of war and crime, of oppressions and rebellions? What—to cite the fresh illustrations in our time of the grim happenings of all history—what of India, of Armenia, of Cuba, of Crete—of the blood-soaked desolations, the distraught and ruined peoples? What even in more favored lands of slums with their hideous squalor, prisons with their black disgrace, dissecting-rooms with their callous cruelty, slaughter-houses with their brutalisings of the butcher and ceaseless outrage upon innocent but helpless life? What of the so-called "mishaps" attendant upon our civilisation—of railway accidents, mining disasters, wrecks, and burnings, and the myriad miseries which somewhere or other with every tick of time are starting sighs and prompting tears, and making it—all hopes and efforts notwithstanding—a "groaning and travailing creation" still? These too are *effects* which must be read into the *cause*. These, if you will have a Creator-God, are also (all of them) "parts of his ways" with which you must construct your idea of him. The Bible itself supports this necessity. "Without him was not anything made that was made." "Shall there be evil in the City and the Lord not have done it?" And I say when this is honestly recognised, and the whole outlook proportionately surveyed, any possible presentation of Theism only "makes confusion worse confounded" in regard to the riddle of existence and the mystery of evil. It matters not in the least for the point of my argument whether you take the more ancient or the more modern view—whether your creed is that of the most rigid Calvinist, or the most generous Optimist. In either case, and apart from all subsidiary questions of sin and salvation, you have, back of the whole

complication, the one supreme, independent, omnipotent Will purposing and planning the whole thing, not only in its vast outlines, but in all the minutiæ of its detail—conceiving and arranging every enormity, every abortion, every pain, every weird and wicked thing, as surely as every beauty, every glory, every gladness, inspiration, or perfection. This is absolutely inevitable unless you adopt the old dualist idea of *two* eternal principles of good and evil, independent of each other, and ceaselessly warring against each other—a far more rational theory, be it observed, than that in vogue to-day. But the modern Theist does not speak of Duality, but of Unity, and his own contention for the necessity of tracing all things back to *one* originating and creating cause forbids us to attribute these ills to either man or devil, and compels us to regard them ultimately as the conception and the work of God. Now even if we adopt, in respect of this, the sunniest view of all—the view set forth by Tennyson of a "far off divine event" which shall gloriously consummate, and as he would say justify, the present process—even if we try with him to believe

> "That nothing walks with aimless feet,
> That not one life shall be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void
> When God has made the pile complete",—

still we find ourselves shut up to the fact that God is working this great good by evil means, and I ask, can this, in our thinking, be justified? As Dr. Conway so truly says, "It is *not* ethically defensible to say that men must not do evil that good may come, and at the same time maintain that such is just what is done by God". As to *methods*, therefore, we must either condemn God or justify the Jesuit, who in this matter is so inconveniently careful to imitate his God. To say that that is wrong in us—and wrong just because it is obnoxious to God—which yet at the same time is so little obnoxious to him as to be the very thing he has devised and by means of which he works, is, as I have said, to throw all our thinking into worse confusion than before. But this idea of God compassing good ends by evil means involves this further dilemma. Either we must think of him as *unable* to work in any other way, in which case omnipotence itself of course stands compromised, for, to quote Dr. Conway again, "Omnipotence" (the very term surely implies it) "*could* secure all the good by good means"; or else we must think of God as *able* to do differently, but *choosing* to do thus—able to work his good ends by purely beneficent forces, but preferring to use the maleficent (in their present effects) as well—in which case, while we save the omnipotence, we sacrifice almost everything else which is held most dear in the popular conception of the Deity, we put God further off than ever, and destroy henceforth all possibility of parallels between the best in man and the probable in God, such parallels, for example, as "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him". It is *not* like that at all; it is the very reverse of that; it is like something not known to us and not countenanced by us, for if father or friend, be his motives and his objects what they might, attempted to adopt measures towards us such as the supposed God adopts, or anything comparable thereto, he would be universally execrated and condemned. This God, therefore, retires behind the thick darkness, and becomes to us, for to-day, an absolutely incalculable force. As John M. Robertson says, "It is obvious that there is no rational presumption to be made from our moral sense to the moral sense of the surmised omnipotence, since the processes of Nature are such as no good man would dream of carrying on".[1] The Theist's idea, there-

[1] In an article on the Newfoundland ice disaster (March, 1898) the *Daily Chronicle* remarks: "In the presence of the mighty elements of storm and sea and crushing and crashing ice all human efforts were of no avail. The great forces of Nature, as in earthquakes, in landslips, in avalanches, so also among the 'thick-ribb'd ice' have no ruth. The human lives, on which we set more and more store as civilisation advances, are not as an atom of dust in the balance. The mystery of the why and

fore, of a being of supreme wisdom and supreme love brings him no scintilla of assurance in regard to to-day and to-morrow. He can reckon roughly as to his friend, but he cannot as to his God. The shark, the snake, the flame, the sword, may be his next messenger to him for all he knows. He knows nothing. He is perforce, in spite of all his Theism, as Agnostic as any of us in practice with reference to what may happen next. He is, with us, wholly in the dark, but with the additional disadvantage that he has continually to be justifying in his God the things which in themselves he condemns. And who shall say that this pitiable attempt to reconcile irreconcilables does not inflict on the Theist himself serious moral damage? I believe it does. I believe that his theory not only outrages needlessly his reason—his intellect—but that it also fatally interferes with his ethical development. He may admit himself bound by a moral code which does not bind his God, but the very thought that his God is not so bound—that he, whose propriety is unquestionable, does all these things, works by all these means—cannot fail to have a disturbing and weakening effect upon his sense of right and wrong. I am deeply convinced that the disposition abroad to-day to condone cruelty and injustice in a thousand forms, to wink at or indulge in many kinds of iniquity, derives its sanction to an enormous extent from the subtle idea—the idea so paralysing to the true moral sense—that evil is only good in disguise; the idea that a perfect God is behind it all, a God who employs himself these methods, knows what he is about, and will bring all right in the end. Remove the notion of divine permission and intention from this seething mass of evil, and less composedly should we look upon it, less recklessly ourselves tamper with it.

But now if we drop Theism what have we? Simply an Emergence—unexplained, remember, in its beginnings any way, whether we be Theist or Atheist—an Emergence starting, so far as our current guesses go, in independent unrelated atoms, taking shape presently in worlds, developing in wondrous growths with ever more and more of vital energy, bursting at last into conscious life, advancing through countless stages of animal existence, at length evolving man—man with his powers of thought, contrivance, speech, but man still profoundly ignorant of himself and his environment—man experimenting, adventuring, often dangerously far in advance of his solid attainments in knowledge, getting thus into multitudinous difficulties and distresses, and getting out again with infinite pain and loss. Learning and forgetting and re-learning his lessons in the school of stern experience, taking wrong roads, following false ideals, retracing his steps, beginning over again, forming and re-forming societies and civilisations, full of fault but full of hope—hope that some day and in some way, if the physical earth lasts long enough and the race persists, he will find out fully how to "use the world as not abusing it", learn completely "how to live". A mystery indeed still—a mystery which, if bright in its picturesqueness and promise, is also dark in its miseries and mishaps—but a mystery the misadventures of which are at least such and nothing more: the blundering mistakes of those who know no better, who have yet to learn; the conflicts and collisions of forces which have not yet found their proper harmonies—*not* the inscrutable decrees of one who, while professing all the perfections, including love, empties upon the objects of his affection, along with his good things, a perfect Pandora's box of every kind of woe.

Theism therefore, I maintain, is valueless, save to those who are willing to be self-deceived. The mystery of origins it leaves unchanged; the mystery of evil it changes for the worse, and only com-

wherefore of these disasters is brought home to us by one of such dimensions as this befalling men hardened to the utmost endurance by the nature of their avocations, and yet in some instances flying into the arms of an easier death to avoid one more dreaded."

plicates. What good then is it? It is *not* true—as I think I have sufficiently shown—that Theism affords reasonable ground for a sense of protection, of relief in having someone higher than ourselves to appeal to in extremity, to pray to in need. It may afford that sense to those who, as I say, are willing to be self-deceived, to picture to themselves a God different from that which all phenomena and all events declare; but to those who recognise the awful meaning of the words, "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts", who realise that any moment he may do what to us would be the worst and unkindest thing—spite of all our pleadings—and still be justified, Theism (in this world at any rate) suggests no sense of protection, and prayer ensures no gain. Said a poor Irishwoman, in the course of the present famine, "Sure God is good, and he won't see the poor children die of starvation before his face." It was a most natural conclusion, but it was a verdict, alas, contrary to the evidence. *That is precisely what he does do if there be a God.* But even if this sense *were* a reasonable deduction from Theistic belief, is it not one which belongs rather to the child than to the man? It may be that the race has needed the illusion in its infancy and adolescence, but equally needs to be freed from it ere it can attain to full maturity—to the manhood which in the individual we associate with self-reliance and self-help. It is the same with that other sense thought to be so invaluable by Theists, the sense at once of irresponsibility and responsibility—irresponsibility in respect of the management of the world, responsibility in respect of our own course and conduct as creatures answerable to a Creator. The sense of irresponsibility becoming in childhood is felt to sit ill upon the man and to be unworthy and detrimenta then; and the sense of responsibility towards parent or pedagogue proper in youth is universally regarded as one which should afterwards give place to higher and wider conceptions of duty, of the obligations imposed by Nature, Society, and Life. It cannot therefore be always good for man to maintain the childish attitude in the higher realm, to shift the onus and the blame of things on to imaginary shoulders, and say, "It is not my concern"; nor can it be good—as Isabel Esmond, in the *Humanitarian*, suggests—for man "to doubt his power to do the right, not in fear of any God, but because in it alone he may find the true harmony and meaning and purpose of his life". The whole Theistic notion, therefore, I cannot but believe, is—as man progresses—becoming increasingly unfit and absurd. Lowell sings:—

> "Each age must worship its own thoughts of God
> More or less earthy, clarifying still
> With subsidence continuous of the dregs."

That is very true, but perhaps the clarifying is destined to clear away not only the dregs, but eventually the "thought of God" itself altogether. Surely it is even now seen to be a decaying superstition. Just look at it. Once everything was a god—Sun, Moon, Stars, Winds, Streams, Storms, all personified. Then came the great two personalities, representing the great twin forces, God = good, Devil = evil; now it is common for thinkers everywhere to smile at the weird, old-world spectre of a personal Devil, while yet retaining as a still reasonable belief the idea of a personal God. But if the one has to go is not the other bound logically to follow suit? It may be a wonderfully refined and exalted notion of a personal Deity that is now suggested to us, cleansed of all the courser concepts; but it is, and it cannot help being, absurdly anthropomorphic still, invested (as Mr. Clarence Seyler puts it) "with the common trappings of the human mind"—"the mystery" which William Watson so finely says "we make darker with a name". Better, far better, that the name, and all the bewilderments that gather round it, should be let go—abandoned with the rest of our superstitions—and the mystery bravely faced, without complicating theories of either above or beneath, before or after, God or Devil.

In conclusion I should like to express the hope that no one will think that I have undertaken lightly, still less with any relish, this task of discrediting belief in the God whom I was taught to revere, as probably most of my readers also were, at a mother's knee, and whom I also, in my maturer years, have sought to serve as a minister of his religion. I do not take kindly to this iconoclastic work, though at times I feel impelled to it. I am far from indifferent to the loss of the consolations (however ill-founded they may have been) that I once enjoyed. But better than these consolations, better than the heart's-ease of those who have remained unprogressively consistent, and unthinkingly complacent—mere echoes of a dead past—all their days; better by far than this is the consciousness that one is voicing to some extent, however small, the new gospel of to-day, and heralding, however poorly, the still better gospel of to-morrow which even now is trembling into being. Answering the charge which one's own heart—not to speak of the outside world—at times prefers of irreverence towards the God I once worshipped, comes the, to me, sufficient assurance that I at least thought too highly of my God to retain a belief in his existence when I found that such retention would involve a lowering of my ideal. So long as he was to me infinitely just, wise, great, and good, I could love and follow. But when that had to go, *everything* had to go, and now I stand alone, suspected indeed and sighed over by many who once were not unwilling to learn from me; but here, as William Watson again so sanely and courageously expresses it:—

> "Here where perhaps alone
> I conquer or I fail.
> Here, o'er the dark Deep blown,
> I ask no perfumed gale;
> I ask the unpampering breath
> That fits me to endure
> Chance, and victorious Death,
> Life, and my doom obscure,
> Who know not whence I am sped,
> nor to what port I sail.

W. S. GODFREY.

THE VISIT TO BROOKWOOD.

THOSE desiring to visit the memorial to Mr Bradlaugh at Brookwood, on Sunday, July 3rd, are informed that the train leaves the Necropolis Station, Westminster Bridge Road, at 11.30 a.m., returning from Brookwood at 2.30 p.m. Tickets can be obtained for 2s. each at the station on the morning.

Mr. J. Powell, unable to go himself, sends 2s. 6d. "for flowers for your father's grave".

When we went to Brookwood last year, we found so many new graves in the vicinity of my father's monument, that a general fear was felt that in a short time we should not have standing-room in front of it. In order to guard against this, a wish was expressed that we should buy the piece of ground in front, and thus keep an open space in perpetuity. This wish, however, has only now begun to take definite shape. Last month I received the following letter from Mr. H. A. Lupton:—

> "DEAR MRS. BONNER,
>
> "On visiting Brookwood a few days ago, I was much struck with the desirability of acquiring some ground in front of the grave. I am forwarding you £5 5s. for this object, and trust others may contribute any further sum required.
>
> "Yours sincerely,
>
> "HENRY A. LUPTON."

The smallest space which would answer our purpose is an area equal to that already occupied by the memorial, viz., 9 ft. by 12 ft., and immediately on receipt of Mr. Lupton's letter with its generous enclosure, I wrote to the Necropolis Company as to the cost. They replied that the cost, including grant-stamp, etc., would amount to £16 7s. As there were several friends at Brookwood last year who spoke of their desire to join in the purchase of an open space, I felt justified, having in hand Mr. Lupton's subscription, which forms so large a proportion of the sum required, in writing to the Company to kindly reserve for me the refusal of the specified ground.

H. BRADLAUGH BONNER.

23, Streathbourne Road,
Upper Tooting, London, S.W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

TO THE EDITOR.

IN his article entitled "The Hocus-Pocus for Taxing Ground Rents", Mr. Ley contends that the taxation of land values—for that, I take it, is what he means by "ground rent taxation"—"is irrational and immoral and . . . . would not bring the relief it pretends to be adequate for".

May I, as a Single Taxer and a member of the English Land Restoration League, which he arraigns, be allowed to try conclusions with him?

First, as to the alleged irrationality of the

proposal. Mr. Ley agrees with us that "landlordism is robbery", but asserts that the proposal to "tax the robbers out" is irrational *(a)* "because taxation recognises *as property* the thing taxed", and *(b)* because the United Committee, Mr. Fletcher Moulton and other half-way reformers with whom the League rightly co-operates, do not "go the whole hog".

(a.) The landlords are welcome to all the comfort they can get from this dictum of Mr. Ley's. 'Twill be but cold comfort, however. We "taxationists" do, indeed, "recognise *as property* the thing taxed"—land value—but we recognise it as the property of the State, *not* as that of the landlord. In the words of the resolutions adopted by the English Land Restoration League at its annual meeting on the 18th inst., we "emphatically declare that the land and the rent of the land belong of inalienable right to the whole body of the people"; "land values are created by the presence, the growth and the expenditure of the whole community, and therefore belong of right to the whole community"; and we propose to make use of the taxing, or taking power of the State to appropriate land values for the benefit of the whole community.

(b.) We agree with Mr. Ley that "It is irrational . . . . to base a proposal for the recovery of only a portion of extorted plunder on reasoning the logical *sequitur* of which is the recovery of the whole", and we Single Taxers heartily commend this view to those of our allies who hold that untenable position. We do "go the whole hog". Our aim is to get rid of the dog-in-the-manger, land monopoly; but we do not disdain to co-operate with those who would make him as uncomfortable as possible in the meantime. "Pinch his tail, by all means," say we, "but as soon as we get a chance we shall cut his tail off close behind his ears."

To vary the metaphor: the fight for land reform is like an advance into a country held by an enemy and guarded by a series of forts. Some reformers would only advocate the capture of the first fort—say the imposition of a tax of 4s. in the £ on land values; others would press on to the second fort only; others to the third and fourth only; and so on. We, however, are determined to fully liberate our fatherland. Nothing less than complete freedom—nothing less than a tax of 20s. in the £ on land values—will content us. But we have a little common sense. We recognise that we must proceed a step at a time—that the outlying forts must first be reduced. We endeavor, therefore, to unite as large a body of men as possible in the attack on the first fort; when that is reduced we shall press on with all those who are willing to join in the assault on the second; and so on until the last stronghold of the enemy has been taken.

Can Mr. Ley propound a better plan?

Next as to the alleged inefficacy and immorality of our proposal, for the charges of inefficacy and immorality formulated by Mr. Ley stand or fall together.

"Landlordism means slavery." Slavery is immoral. The taxation of land values will not abolish landlordism and the slavery arising from it. The taxationists know this. Therefore their proposal is immoral. Such, in brief, is Mr. Ley's argument.

The whole of the argument rests upon the unsupported assertion that "the tax can be shifted by the landlord on to the tenant". Now, not only are all economists of standing agreed that a tax on land values falls wholly on the landlord and cannot be shifted on to the tenant, but the fact has been practically demonstrated by the land value taxes of ½d., 1d., or 2d. in the £ (capital value) in South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, New South Wales, and Queensland. It stands to reason that the tax cannot be shifted. There are some 26,000,000 acres held out of use in this country, and perhaps as many more only half used—"labor starved". How long could the landlord dogs-in-the-manger retain their grip on such land if taxed, as we propose, upon the full annual value that the land would have if put to the best use of which it is capable? The experience of our Australian Colonies has shown that a tax of 1s. 8d. in the £ on the annual value of land is sufficient to loosen the grip of land monopoly. A tax of 4s. in the £ would, of course, be still more effective. Now the natural, the obvious first step toward the taxation of land values in this country is the imposition *upon present values* of the existing tax of 4s. in the £, now, thanks to landlord chicanery, levied upon the land values of 1692. The tax at present brings in about £1,000,000. If levied on present values it would bring in at least £32,000,000 to £40,000,000, a sum which would enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to introduce Payment of Members and Election Expenses, to abolish the Breakfast-table Duties, and to give a substantial instalment of Old Age Pensions, say 10s. a week to all over 65 years of age, or 5s. a week to all over 55. The tax on land values, moreover, would force the dogs-in-the-manger to let go their grip of the millions of acres now held idle; and no man, whether wage-earner or tenant, would work for another for lower wages, for longer hours, or under worse conditions than he need work for himself on the land thus set free. The effect on the labor market would be magical, and even the poor sempstress in her garret would benefit.

When the goal was reached, when all the present robber rates and taxes were abolished and all public revenues were derived from a "single tax" of 20s. in the £ on land values, labor would no longer be enslaved. The landlord could no longer live in idleness, on the labor of others, and the single tax on land values would not take from any man any portion of the results of his labor. It would simply take for public purposes the land values created by, and therefore belonging to,

the public, leaving to each man, free from tribute to the landlord and tax to the State, the full product of his labor. The landlord might nominally remain, but practically he would be a mere rent collector to the State, taking, like a land agent, a certain small percentage on the rent. His business as land "owner" and oppressor of the people would be gone for ever.

Our demand for the taxation of land values is, therefore, I maintain, a "straight" proposal. It is no *hocus-pocus*. All landlords are afraid of it, and it is the only thing of which they are afraid.

In conclusion I would point out that Mr. Ley, while condemning the taxation of land values, propounds no remedy of his own. I presume he wishes to put a stop to the robbery and the slavery he so eloquently denounces. How does he propose to do it?

Portsmouth, ARTHUR WITHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

IF the subject of which he attempts to treat were not so serious, Mr. Henry W. Ley's letter in your Open Column of last month, which certainly affords very amusing reading, would not call for a serious reply. He tells us that "Landlordism is robbery"; that it is our duty "to sternly end it"; and without enlightening us as to how he proposes this necessary duty should be attempted, he denounces a policy directed to this end—a policy which has gained the serious attention and aroused the utmost enthusiasm of earnest men in every constitutionally governed country in the world—as "immoral", "irrational", and "inefficacious". Why he regards it as "immoral" he does not inform us; he stigmatises it as "irrational" seemingly because it proposes to do gradually, constitutionally, and systematically what this great leader of men thinks should be done "at one fell swoop"—though he does not give us any hint of his plan whereby this could be effected; and he denounces it as "inefficacious" seemingly because in his opinion "the tax can be shifted by the landlord back on to the tenant". To throw some light on the value of Mr. Ley's opinions, let us examine the facts of the case, and see in what respects the Taxation of Land Values would affect them. In this country there are large tracts of coal land, of iron land, of slate land, as of land suitable for small allotments, for agriculture, for building purposes, etc., kept out of use by their legalised owners because it does not pay them or suit them to allow them to be used. The present system of taxation, both national and local, formulated and established as it has been by the Landocracy and their parasites, encourages land monopoly and the withholding of land from use. Land monopoly, as is well known, tends to increase rents and to decrease wages. It increases rents by making land artificially scarce, enforcing land-users to pay not economic, but monopoly rents. It decreases wages by debarring the workers from access to the natural outlets to the industry of the nation, compelling them to compete one with the other for any and every available employment which will enable them to keep body and soul together. The policy which has aroused Mr. Ley's wrath and indignation, instead of taxing houses, improvements, incomes, tea, coffee, tobacco, etc., would tax all land, whether occupied or vacant, whether used or withheld from use, according to its unimproved rental value. As regards the morality of such a proposal, it must be remembered that land values are due, not to the industry of any one individual, but to the presence, activity, and public expenditure of the whole of the community; hence they form the natural and equitable source of public revenues, which could thus be gained without infringing on the earnings of a single citizen. We claim it to be rational—as, in fact, the only rational system of raising the public revenues—because we realise that land values, being due to natural causes, necessarily spring into existence wherever a community of men may settle down; the only question the community can decide is, as to whether they shall be allowed to provide unearned incomes for a privileged few, or whether they shall be appropriated to provide public revenues to be expended for the benefit of all. The former we regard as "rational" and equitable, the latter as both "irrational" and unjust. As regards its efficacy; of course it all depends for what purposes it is advocated. The veriest tyro in economic reasoning should be able to see that the first instalment of such a policy would immediately tend to break down land monopoly, which is the direct enemy of labor, the direct hindrance to any improvement in the material condition of the masses of our people. I have already pointed out that, by tending to break down land monopoly, it would tend, not to increase, but to decrease rents; and hence that the landholders, however desirous to do so, would not be able to shift this tax, as they can and do every other tax, on to the land-users. Nor do the landlords themselves believe that they would be able to do so, or why should they abominate this tax above all others, and oppose it by every means in their power? Under such a system of taxation, landholders would soon be competing for land-users, not as now land-users for permission to use our national inheritance. Much more could be said on this point, but in conclusion I would oppose Mr. Ley's somewhat arrogantly expressed opinion by that of another, at least equal, authority, John Stuart Mill, who, after an exhaustive analysis of the whole question, tells us—"A tax on rent falls wholly on the landlord. There are no means by which he can shift the burthen on anyone else".

Ilkley. L. H. BERENS.

THE BEDBOROUGH CASE.

ON May 31st, at Bow Street, before Sir John Bridge, Mr. George Bedborough, of 16 John Street, Bedford Row, Secretary to the Legitimation League, was charged with publishing and selling "an obscene libel" in a book called "Studies in the Psychology of Sex: Sexual Inversion", by the well-known author Dr. Havelock Ellis. Two or three days later bail was granted, the magistrate requiring two sureties in £500 each. On June 8th there was a further hearing of the case. Mr. B. Wontner prosecuted on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, Mr. H. Avory defended, and Mr. R. Humphreys held a watching brief on behalf of Dr. Ellis.

Mr. Avory, at the commencement of the proceedings, explained that he was not instructed until half an hour previously, and at his request it was agreed that only formal evidence should be taken, so that he might have an opportunity of reading the book.

Frederick William Hardesty, a clerk, aged eighteen, of Windsor Road, Liverpool, stated that in March last he saw an advertisement in the *University Magazine* of a book entitled "The Blight of Respectability", and wrote to the University Press for a copy of the book, enclosing a postal order for 2s. 6d. In return he received a copy of the book "Sexual Inversion". Without reading it he returned it to the University Press at Watford, with the request that the fivepence he had paid for postage should be refunded to him. He received a letter in reply, but could not say how it was signed. His request for the return of postage was complied with. He also received a copy of the book he had ordered, with an apology for having sent a wrong one.

In reply to Sir J. Bridge, witness said he showed the book, "Sexual Inversion", to the Rev. Martin Cave, the curate of his parish.

Mr. Humphreys said the author of this series, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", was in Court, and took all responsibility for the authorship of the work.

Sir John Bridge said that had nothing to do with the present case. A medical man might be the author of such a book without its being considered wrong; but it was different if another man published such a work among all sorts of people.

Addressing the magistrate on the question of bail, Mr. Avory said the defence he should raise was that this book was a scientific work, and not an obscene production.

Mr. Bedborough was remanded on the same bail as before.

A Free Press Defence Committee has been formed of which Mr. Henry Seymour, 57 Arundel Square, London, N., is the secretary. Amongst those who have joined are Robert Buchanan, Walter Crane, G. B. Shaw, J. M. Robertson, Edward Carpenter, G. J. Holyoake, W. Platt, etc.

CONFERENCE ON THEISM.

ON May 12th, at South Place, under the auspices of the South Place Discussion Society, and the impartial chairmanship of Mr. W. Rawlings, Dr. W. R. Washington Sullivan opened an interesting but too brief discussion on "Theism as a Metaphysical Implication of Ethics". Dr. Sullivan—who was formerly a Roman Catholic priest, and is, we hope, merely in his present stage in the natural course of evolution and not as a final resting-place—affirmed his form of Theism in a speech of an hour's length, characterised by the attractive delivery and elocution of a practised speaker and rhetorician; in fact, the manner was so effective that the matter seemed quite strong, if one did not stop to criticise it. Messrs. J. H. Levy—who we regret to say was in ill-health—and J. M. Robertson attacked the position with vigor and directness; Dr. Dawes Hicks defended; and Mr. Gustave Spiller spoke earnestly and well for Ethics without Theism. Dr. Sullivan's reply indicated much warmth of feeling and resentment of the direct thrusts which had been made at the weak points in his armor, and gave the impression that he was unused to debate. A summary of the proceedings, with a letter from Mr. Robertson, appeared in the *South Place Magazine* for June.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[*Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.*]

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY.—A well-attended public conference and discussion on "Peace and Arbitration" was held on Sunday evening, May 15, Mr. W. J. Reynolds presiding. A letter was read from Dr. M. D. Conway, and the speakers included Messrs. Felix Moscheles and J. F. Green (of the International Arbitration and Peace Association), H. F. Wyatt (Navy League), J. Allanson Picton, G. H. Perris (Increased Armaments Protest Committee), J. A. Baines, and W. R. Cremer (Working Men's Peace Association). The following resolution was carried with a few dissentients: "We protest against the unwise and unrighteous system of attempting to settle disputes by war, and against the folly of ever-increasing armaments. We pledge ourselves energetically to oppose the rule of force in international relations, and to concentrate our efforts on the organisation of juridical procedure between nations." At a special meeting on May 22nd, it was decided, on the motion of Messrs. C. H. Seyler and W. Crowder, to "form a Council of Thinkers to confer with our Society as to the best means for bringing about a closer unification of Rationalistic thought and practical endeavor"; and a sub-committee was appointed to prepare a scheme accordingly.

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, FINSBURY.—"Flesh-eating and Ethics" is the title of a lecture which Mr. W. S. Godfrey (author of "Against killing Customs") will deliver on Sunday, June 26th,

at 11.15 a.m. The lecture is intended as a reply to the position taken up by the *Ethical World* in regard to Sir Henry Thompson's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. Salt's criticism thereon.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—During May, open-air meetings have been held on Peckham Rye every Sunday at 3 p.m. A series of lectures upon "Ethical Development of Character, and its Relation to Social Life" was given by Mr. H. O. Newland, the subjects being: (1) "The Influence of Sympathy as opposed to Fear in the Formation of Character"; (2) "Cosmopolitanism and Patriotism"; (3) "Environment"; (4) "The Ethics of Punishment"; (5) "Self-reliance, Self-control, and Self-realisation". The weather was unpropitious on the first two Sundays, but large audiences assembled on the other occasions, and several new members were added to the Society. During June, Mr. J. Clarke, M.A., will lecture on the Rye. So successful have been these meetings that it is hoped to start others in Brockwell Park. The second excursion of the ramblers' club was held on Saturday, June 4, at Hampton Court. The reading circle meets on Tuesdays at 8 p.m. at St. Mary-le-Strand House, Leo Street, Old Kent Road. Present book for study, Paine's "Rights of Man".

FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.—The monthly meeting of the Committee was held at South Place on May 26. The Northampton Secular Society's application for affiliation was unanimously agreed to. A resolution of sympathy with Mrs. Wheeler, and of recognition of the inestimable services rendered to the cause of Freethought by her late husband, J. M. Wheeler, was adopted. This is being simply written upon vellum, and, when signed by the Committee, will be presented to Mrs. Wheeler. The secretary reported, with regard to the projected missionary open-air tour, that some subscriptions had been received in response to the circular sent out, and that accordingly arrangements for commencing the work would be made at the next meeting. A resolution relating to the death of Mr. Gladstone, recalling his noble plea for religious freedom in the debates on the Oaths, was adopted. The resolution was recorded in the *Daily Chronicle* of May 28.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.—The Annual Conference was held at Secular Hall, Rusholme Road, Manchester, on Whit-Sunday. Twenty branches were represented. The President, Vice-President, and officers were re-elected; resolutions were passed (*a*) calling upon Freethinkers to more actively support their principles by making affirmation in lieu of oath, by advocating non-religious marriage ceremonies, by withdrawing children from religious instruction in schools, and by secular funerals; (*b*) protesting against the prohibition of public funerals in London cemeteries; (*c*) anent the death of Mr. J. M. Wheeler, etc. A successful public meeting in the evening was addressed by Messrs. Cohen, H. P. Ward, Laurence Small, Watts, Thurlow, Forder, and Foote. The Manchester Branch, who have the Hall, possess a fine oil painting (full length), by Mr. Walter Sickert, of Mr. Bradlaugh at the Bar of the House of Commons, and a marble bust by Mr. Holding.

THE LIVERPOOL BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY sends a resolution which "expresses its pleasure at Mr. Forder's re-election to the honorary secretaryship of the Society, and desires to add an expression of its high appreciation of the value of his life services to the cause of Secularism in general and of the National Secular Society in particular. Further, this branch regrets the want of complete unanimity manifested with respect to Mr. Forder's election, and regards the opposition offered as thoroughly unwarranted and unjustifiable."

HUDDERSFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Branch National Secular Society).—The Annual Report states that the Society has been more active in its propaganda, having secured a room for Sunday lectures. The balance sheet shows something on the wrong side. The Sick Club, however, is in a very healthy state: its funds have not had a call for two years, and there is a good balance. The Secretary is W. H. Spivey, Friendly St., Northumberland St.

REGENT'S PARK FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY Sunday meetings, near Gloucester Gate, 11.30 and 3, and at Hyde Park, 11.30, 3, and 6.30; also week-days at 7.30.—Lecturers for June: Messrs, Blanchard, Maitland, Papernow, Rowney, and White. The Annual General Meeting is fixed for Tuesday, June 28th, at 8 o'clock, and members are earnestly requested to attend.

WESTMINSTER SECULAR SOCIETY, Grosvenor Embankment.—Lectures every Sunday morning at 11.30. During the month of May we have had some strong opposition, not characterised by courteousness.

FINSBURY PARK (Freethought lectures near Bandstand).—Sunday afternoons at 3.15: 19th, H. Snell, "Zola and Religion"; 26th, E. Calvert, "Does the Bible sanction Slavery, and is it Woman's Friend?"

FINSBURY SECULAR SOCIETY.—Open-air lectures held during the summer on Clerkenwell Green, Sunday evening, at 7 p.m., June 19th, W. J. Ramsey; June 26th, W. Heaford; July 3rd, A. Guest; July 10th, Stanley Jones.

KINGSLAND, Ridley Road (Open-air); Sunday mornings, 11.30.—Audiences are better, and the opposition seems waking up. Messrs. Stanley Jones, W. Heaford, E. Calvert, and J. Fagan, have all had good audiences. On Sunday, June 19th, W. Heaford will lecture; 26th, E. Calvert; July 3rd, C. Cohen; 10th, Stanley Jones.

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE, 36 Newington Green Road, London, N.—The audiences do not improve at the Thursday night lectures. Mr. Francis Barnard, Anarchist Poet of America, lectured on May 19th on "Freethought and Free Love" in the place of Mr. H. P. Ward, who is now residing permanently in Birmingham. Mr. Barnard received a somewhat severe heckling. On June 2nd Mrs. Lilian Harman lectured on "The Regeneration of Society". A fairly good audience attended. A resolution was carried at the close concerning the prosecution of Mr. Bedborough, and the attack on the liberty of the press, to which Messrs. Thos. Shore, Oswald Dawson, H. Seymour, and others spoke. Coming Thursday evening lectures are: June 16th, Mr. Stanley Jones; 23rd, Mr. A. B. Moss, Dramatic Recital; 30th, E. Calvert.

WOMEN'S VEGETARIAN UNION; and WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL PROGRESSIVE UNION.—These Associations have just issued their annual reports which can be obtained at 87 Praed Street, Paddington, W.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE PLAN.

I HAD tramped some distance through the wood, and although it was still early in the morning, I really believe I was nodding where I sat, on a stone by the brook, to rest me after my long walk. I know that I jumped in surprise on hearing "Quack!" in a tone that marked indignation at my being so near.

I turned, and what did my eyes behold but the mistress of that quack, a fine mother duck resting with half-spread wings near a moss-covered stone. This mother was gowned in pure white, bonneted in black, and her beak was polished so that it looked like orange-colored glass. About her were ten ducklings pruning their small yellow feathers, or dozing between the flickering leaf shadows.

On the moss-covered rock and near to the duck sat a maiden with bare feet; at her side was a basket containing books and luncheon, and in one hand she held an open book. Her sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, showing dimpled arms that had been many times kissed by the sun and caressed by the breeze. Her face was fair, and the sun, shining between the leaves, touched her hair here and there with gold. In spite of her two neat braids, many wayward locks struggled and got loose, only to curl saucily about her head.

The maiden sat beneath a fine old oak, while the brook at her feet, splashing and chattering over its stony bed, made the flowers and shrubs growing on its bank nod and nod their heads, by touching the leaves that bent within its reach.

I wondered if she ought not to be making her way to school, so I walked slowly to her and asked how it was she sat amid moss and grass and violets instead of going to school.

She took me into her confidence at once. "You see," she answered simply, "my mamma was ill, and the doctor sent her away by the train. Papa was busy on the farm, and sister was always keeping the house clean, so no one had time to take me to school. I wanted to go alone, but they said I should be lost in the woods.

"At last I thought of a plan, so, when papa went to market, I asked him to please bring me a basket such as girls use when they go to school—and he did. Sister found some books and a slate—I had a slate pencil—to put in the basket, and we tied a sponge on a string, that it might be fastened to the slate.

"My plan was a secret between myself and Mrs. Mother—that's her", and the maiden pointed to the duck, who eyed me with her head on one side.

"The next morning I asked sister if I might please have a bottle of milk and some cake in my basket. 'Yes,' she said, 'You may have the milk and cake; but you cannot go to school, dear.'

"'Oh yes, sister dear, do let me go to school; not to the big school-house, but to one that Mrs. Mother and I know of.'

"'Is it far away?' she asked.

"'No, it is inside our own fence,' I said.

"She gave me a kiss and said I might go. I hurried to find Mrs. Mother, and off we started. We could not go fast because of Mrs. Mother's babies, who were only five or six days old, and then one or the other of the ten had to stop to try the water under every bramble that grew by the brook along which we walked.

"At last we reached the school-house; not one built by a carpenter, but one already made. The roof is a great tree, the floor is carpetted with grass, violets, and moss. My chair is a beautiful moss-covered stone resting at the foot of the tree.

"There are many teachers, and I love them all. First came the singing teacher, a dainty lady dressed in yellow, whose picture I found in one of the books, and whose name papa said was Miss Canary. She would trill, then wait for me to try. We were so interested in the lesson that we quite forgot the others, until Professor Toad hopped upon a stone near by, and said, 'Gymnastics, please.' He began with a hopping exercise, and a tongue exercise which I will get if I try long enough. The teacher of elocution came next, in a beautiful gown of yellow and black, with gauzy trimmings, and taught me this verse:—

"Pollen for bread,
Nectar for honey;
Early to bed,
Rise when it's sunny.

"Papa and sister laughed when I repeated my lessons to them; but I did not mind, for they said I could go to my school every fine day, and that is how I am here with the flowers."

This is the story as told by the maiden whose golden hair was teased by the breeze, whose lips were cherry red, whose teeth were shining white, and whose eyes had surely been kissed by Queen Happiness, for happy beams fairly darted from beneath their long lashes.

HYPATIA HOOPER.

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,
Here's luck to you, good luck!
Winter's over, nearly over,
Over, over, over, over.
Spring's the next thing
With its ploughing
And April with her springing flowers,
And May and June with Summer bowers.
Look forward, look forward.
I'm looking,
Looking, looking, looking, looking.

From "A Thrush at Dawn," by Alice Law.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

The Egyptian Leech.

THE taxpayer, who has difficulty in making ends meet, who has to deprive himself and his family in order to fulfil the demands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, cannot have felt very cheerful when he learned that out of his hard earnings he had been called upon to contribute a "free grant" of £798,000 to the Egyptian Government. Sir Michael Hicks Beach drew a glowing picture to the House of Commons of the condition of Egypt, and told how it was going to pay all expenses entailed by the "wiping out of the Kalifa" or "the final smashing of the Kalifa"—to quote two of his choice humanitarian expressions—provided the British public would kindly give it the money to do it. This the House, after protests from two or three of the members, finally agreed to do. We have been muddling about in Egypt for the last sixteen years; England and India both have been contributing towards the cost of these excursions, and it is nearly time that we had a clear and precise statement on two points at least: 1st, for what purpose, and for whose benefit we are in Egypt; and, 2nd, how much our occupation has already cost us, and what further cost it will entail. The advantages had need be great to justify the British Government in thus lavishing "free grants" of British and Indian lives and British and Indian gold upon His Highness the Khedive.

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The claim of India.

BUT although the Government are so ready to give three quarters of a million to a country which, by their own showing, stands in no need of our assistance, and towards which they have still to prove our obligation, they utterly decline to entertain any proposition to relieve India of a portion of the cost of the recent war on the North-West frontier. India is in financial difficulties, the country has been desolated by famine, plague, earthquake and war. India is part of ourselves, the war was waged in our interests, our moral obligation towards her is of the clearest. Surely the only people in these islands who refuse to acknowledge the claim that stricken country has upon Englishmen, are the handful of gentlemen responsible for the Government of the Empire!

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A Sailor on Sailors.

AT the Gaiety, Lord Charles Beresford would prove a formidable rival to Mr. Dan Leno. At the Dullity he is unsurpassed in his particular rôle. His latest witticism —which "brought down the House" as usual—was delivered on the occasion of the adjourned debate on the Criminal Evidence Bill. He said that "if men who were charged with offences in the Navy were allowed to give evidence on their own behalf, most of them would be hung". This flattering tribute to the intelligence and morality of our sailors from a "naval expert" was, as might be expected, hailed with shouts of laughter.

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Flogging Sentences.

THE recently published return of the sentences of flogging passed by six judges during the last fifteen years is extremely interesting. Mr. Justice Day heads the list. During fourteen years (1883-1897) he has ordered 3,766 strokes to be administered, an average of 269 each year.

As each stroke is equal to nine actual lashes, this means that the 137 poor wretches corporally punished by Mr. Justice Day, during this time, have endured 33,894 lashes! It would be instructive to the general public if the House of Commons would order a further return showing how many of these men have come back to prison after being thus barbarously punished, and what was the nature of their offences. We suggest that the majority return to prison, and that their crimes are crimes of violence. When the law sets an example of brutality it is only natural that the lawless should be brutal also.

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Still they come!

YET another Bradlaugh myth! Some weeks back a friend referred us to the February number of *Pearson's*, but for one reason or another we have only just seen it. In an article by "B. Waters" (whoever he, or she, may be!) on "New Kings on old Thrones", we find the following passage:

"An unlikelier *partisan* [of the Jacobite princes] was found, strangely enough, in the late Mr. Bradlaugh. His denunciations of the Georges were easy to explain by his Radical views, but he *often* went so far as to admit to the present writer that, *if* he accepted a sovereign at all, he would prefer that it should be one with hereditary right. He was *often* to be seen in the lobby of the House of Commons reading and displaying a copy of the latest issue of a Jacobite paper." (The italics are ours).

We hope that "B. Waters" is not dangerous, but in any case it is clear that he ought to be under restraint, so that he may not be at liberty to impose further upon the credulity of the public. It might assist to restore "B. Waters" to sanity if he read Mr. Bradlaugh's pamphlet on "John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough", in which this extremely unlikely "partisan" of the Stuarts remarks, that when James II's ship was wrecked in 1682 the king himself was "unfortunately saved". The introductory chapter to "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick" might also aid in procuring a sober understanding of Mr. Bradlaugh's views on the hereditary right of monarchs. It is to be feared, however, that if "B. Waters" could find a Jacobite partisan in such a pronounced Republican as Mr. Bradlaugh undoubtedly was—and in spite of that "often" expressed "if"!—his malady is too advanced to admit of such a simple remedy as a study of facts. In regard to the little Jacobite paper, the *Whirlwind*, it had a short life and a merry one. Mr. Bradlaugh took a humorous interest in it, for he had a passing acquaintance with its erratic editor—whom he met for the first time in the summer of 1890—and a warm friendship for one of the artists, whose skilful pencil helped to relieve the tedium of the Jacobite articles. Out of this slight nucleus of truth has "B. Waters" evolved his freak of a Republican partisan of the monarchical right of princes, who "often" displayed to his admiring fellow-members of Parliament a paper which only came into existence a few months prior to his death, during some of which months the House was not sitting!

FABIANISM AND NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

AT a recent meeting of the Fabian Society a paper was read by Mr. H. Snell on "Malthus after a Century of Criticism". At the close of the discussion which followed, Mr. Snell stated that in going about the country he met many Neo-Malthusians, who were usually (if not invariably) opposed to all Socialistic reform, and who took up the position that their propaganda and their propaganda only could cure the evil of poverty. In this connection Mr. Snell said that Mr. Bradlaugh, for whose memory he avowed the greatest respect, had rested his advocacy of Neo-Malthusianism on the "Wage Fund" doctrine. On being afterwards asked by me for chapter and verse, Mr. Snell referred me to the pamphlet "Labor's Prayer".

Differing from Mr. Bradlaugh on one or two fundamental positions in economics, but knowing that he did *not* hold the Wage Fund doctrine in the only sense in which it used to be applied to affairs, I

have carefully re-read "Labor's Prayer", and am forced to the conclusion that Mr. Snell's statement is one of the worst of many bad mistakes made by him in this matter. The passage upon which he relies, I presume, is the following :—

"Why are wages low? Wages are low because the wage-winners crowd too closely. Wages are low because too many seek to share one fund" (p. 3).

Other passages (p. 6, etc.) repeat the perfectly true proposition that wages are made low by over-supply of labor; but that just cited goes on as follows :—

"Wages are *lower still* because the laborer fights against unfair odds; the laws of the country, overriding the laws of humanity, have been enacted without the laborer's consent, although his obedience to them is enforced. *The fund is unfairly distributed as well as too widely divided.*"

After urging that the workers can raise wages by using moderate caution in the increase of their numbers, the pamphlet then raises the question: "Can working men, by combination, permanently raise the rate of wages?"; and after quoting a speaker who had pressed the Wage Fund doctrine in the old way (saying: "If that fund is small, no device can make the rate of profit or rate of wages higher"), Mr. Bradlaugh says :—

"This is in theory quite correct, if it means that no device can make the *total divisible* greater than it is, but not if it refers to the increase of profit or wages by partial distribution. In practice, although it is true that if the fund be small and the seekers to share it be many, the quotient to each must be necessarily very small, yet it is also true that a few of the competitors—*i.e.*, the capitalists—may and do *absorb for their portion of profits an improper and unfairly large amount*, thus still further reducing the wretchedly small pittance in any case receivable by the mass of laborers."

Now, this is for all practical purposes a rejection of the Wage Fund doctrine as applied to the wages question. The capitalistic use of that doctrine was to contend that the amount of capital *devoted to wages* was a fixed quantity, which could not be increased by any action of the men. Mr. Bradlaugh, on the contrary, insisted that it was not a fixed quantity, and that the men's action could enlarge the sum secured as wages and lessen the sum secured as profit. That is practically the position taken up by Professor Marshall to-day; and, apart from the fundamental questions of the dependence of industry on *demand*,[1] and of the expansibility of production with consumption, it is an absolutely sound statement, which in the hands of Professor Marshall supersedes the Wage Fund doctrine.

To represent Mr. Bradlaugh, then, as holding the latter doctrine in connection with his Neo-Malthusianism is an utter misrepresentation; and Mr. Snell has fallen into it, apparently, in virtue of a habit of discussing complicated questions uncritically, and at second hand. I know him to be a perfectly honorable person, and an amiable one to boot; but his paper on the population question showed him to be on that head extremely confused in his thinking and inaccurate in his data. I expect, indeed, that he and some of his Fabian colleagues will pronounce the foregoing exposure of his error as to Mr. Bradlaugh a piece of "hair-splitting" or a "quibble". Mr. Snell avowed in discussion that he had used the word "sterilisation" in his paper with the meaning of "limitation of families"—an avowal which almost paralyses criticism; yet he airily characterised as a "quibble" the protest that such blundering turned much of his argument into chaos. It seems necessary to say that people who argue in this fashion are not well fitted to instruct anybody from the platform; and that if Mr. Snell stands to his assertion concerning Mr. Bradlaugh after reading the foregoing extracts, he must be regarded as past expostulation. I have often noted that puzzle-headed people, as well as disingenuous people, when their blunders and self-contradictions are exposed, are wont to charge "hair-splitting" against those

[1] On *this* head, be it observed, the Fabian Society, as represented by Mr. Webb ten or twelve years ago, took up the position of the Wage Fund school. I am not aware that Mr. Webb has even now definitely abandoned that position, or that his former Fabian supporters have done so either.

who correct them; and it would seem brutal to deny them the comfort of the epithet; but on the other hand, even as color-blindness is a dangerous defect in the steadiest of engine-drivers, so the incapacity to reason consistently, to remember accurately, and to follow vital distinctions in doctrines, is a defect in a propagandist for which no goodness of character can make amends. Mr. Snell seems to have formed his views on the population question among a kind of people who, instead of correcting his tendency to haphazard assertion and happy-go-lucky argument, have encouraged him to feel superior in virtue of his shortcomings. The talk of the pseudo-academic school of sentimental Socialists on the population question in recent years is the expression of a natural incapacity for exact thought, cultivated by a habit of bluffing easy-going people with verbiage.

I do not say that such persons are often connected with the Fabian Society; but that that Society is somewhat implicated in their procedure was suggested by the reception given to Mr. Snell's paper and to the criticism passed upon it. To show how vacillating and incoherent, nay, how hopelessly self-contradictory, was the drift of Mr. Snell's discourse, I will put together a few pairs of his propositions, as noted by me at the time.

1. Two healthy and bright children are certainly [as the Neo-Malthusians so constantly point out] better worth rearing than ten ill-developed.

2. Apart from quality, population is in itself national wealth. The living candlesticks of the Highland chief in "The Legend of Montrose" (Mr. Snell got that story wrong, like his other data) were noble possessions. (These clansmen, be it remembered, were utterly illiterate, semi-savage, virtually enslaved, and, in the terms of the case, put to uses of degraded servitude.)

3. Neo-Malthusian propaganda is undesirable, because it "sterilises" (=persuades to limitation of families) the more careful workers and the educated classes, but has no effect on the poorest. By stopping the propaganda, accordingly, we shall leave the former classes to compete in the way of large families with the poorest—which competition is desirable.

4. At the same time, Neo-Malthusian propaganda has nothing to do with the limitation of families among the more comfortably placed classes. Such limitation in their case is the inevitable result of their comfort; and it only needs similar comfort to "sterilise" the classes now very poor. [So that Neo-Malthusian propaganda only does what comfort does: yet it is undesirable and even injurious].

5. It is no use preaching limitation to the very poor. They will not practise it [though if they did, it is implied, it would lessen their poverty].

6. The very poor of France, who *do* practise limitation, are poorer than our very poor, who do not practise it. [This after we were told that it is "affluence" that leads people to limit their families; and that poverty always tends to produce very large families.]

7. At the same time, the miserable French poor practise family limitation because of their ambition to ape the *bourgeoisie* and have "six course dinners".

These are a few of the astonishing self-contradictions of a paper which two active members of the Fabian Society, Mr. Bland and Mr. J. R. Macdonald, took upon themselves to champion. And the championship was almost worse than the exposition. Mr. Bland is a somewhat shrill publicist who athletically skims the surface of a variety of questions without getting deep into any. He wrote one of the "Fabian Essays", and his notions of argument and demonstration may be gathered from his assumption of having convicted Mr. Morley of economic ignorance and Mr. Bradlaugh of inability to shake off eighteenth century philosophy by the reference: "*Cf.* the speeches of Mr. John Morley on the eight hours proposal and the taxation of ground rents. Also the recent writings of Mr. Bradlaugh, *passim*." What the Fabian Society now thinks or

says of the eight hours movement and the taxation of ground rents, I forbear to enquire. As to eighteenth century philosophy it is impossible to retort the charge. Mr. Bland has simply no philosophy at all; and if his opinions appertain to any century whatever, they belong to the eighth more than to the eighteenth. His contributions to the discussion under notice were, one blusterously eloquent attempt (by way of an eighteenth century discrimination between an "opinion" and a belief) to rebut one criticism on a side issue, and for the rest a Jingoistic rant to the effect that if the birth-rate of France does not increase, France will, "as surely as to-morrow follows to-day", be divided up by the other Powers. It is, I confess, taking Mr. Bland too seriously to ask why, on his schoolboy theory, the great Powers thus far show no notion of dividing up Switzerland or Holland or Greece or Denmark. Mr. Bland's is not a reasoning mind; he finds himself more at home in frenzied prophecy. And when he leaves prophecy he revels in such forms of folly as the assumption that a Neo-Malthusian would argue that there is no harm in being subjected by a foreign power.

Mr. Macdonald adopted another tactic. Mr. Snell having in his paper talked pityingly of the "loose thinking" of Neo-Malthusians, and having called me "obtuse" when I pressed him for a definition which he was helplessly unable to give, I took occasion to say that his charges recoiled on himself, as I had never heard a more loosely reasoned paper from a speaker of Mr. Snell's ability. With reference to this, Mr. Macdonald cited me as having said that it was the most nonsensical paper I had ever heard in my life. On protest being made, Mr. Macdonald apologised so promptly that it was difficult to credit that he had forgotten or misheard what was really said. Thus is the public edified by some of its teachers. For the rest, his defence of Mr. Snell's paper consisted in making out that "we"—which might mean Fabians or I.L.P.ites or both—were perfectly friendly to the Neo-Malthusian position; and that it was outrageous to "attack us"—this when Mr. Snell's paper had consisted in a muddling attempt to disparage and discredit all Malthusian and Neo-Malthusian propaganda, while reluctantly acknowledging the rightness of the ideal. Now, while some Neo-Malthusians[1] may at times have represented their doctrine as *per se* anti-Socialistic, I can testify that I have heard many Socialists attack all forms of Malthusianism—more explicitly if not more ingenuously than did Mr. Snell—as false. At the same time, it is notorious that multitudes of Socialists a few years ago were wont to stake their case on the so-called "iron law of wages", which implied, if it meant anything, at once the Wage Fund doctrine and the old or ultra-Malthusian view that population would always multiply down to the level of subsistence. I pointed out in the discussion that, on the other hand, nearly all the prominent Neo-Malthusians of the last twenty years—all with whom I had been closely associated—habitually worked for political and social reform as well as for the propaganda of prudence. In comment on this express rejoinder to his own charge, Mr. Snell thought fit to say I had claimed for my own party the best and highest kind of teaching, and that such a claim was "mere vanity". Thus can some men debate.

As between such forms of partisanism, the proper course for candid and rational people is to study the question dispassionately as a problem in social science. That is not the course hitherto taken in the Fabian Society, as represented by Mr. Snell's paper and the discussion thereon. To charge quibbling and sophistry on those who expose your nonsense and your confusion is the method of people with a lower order of conscience and of strategy than ought to be found in any society of reformers. To preach the ideal of mere numbers and the gospel of armaments in the name of Socialism is to

[1] Mr. Snell named none; and he took care not to proceed upon any of the current publications of Neo-Malthusians.

reduce Socialism to the level of the politics of Mr. Chamberlain. If Fabianism can be held together only by thus bracketing the doctrines of Jingoism and the doctrines of Marx, of course we are not entitled to blame the society severely for such a policy. But as a sympathetic outsider I will take it upon me to say that such a view is needlessly pessimistic. There are enough people interested in real social science to keep up such a movement at a reasonable level of candor and rationality. Mr. Bland's simple processes of mind must not be taken as the common measure. The Fabian Society has always somewhat resembled the Issachar of the inspired text—a powerful and intelligent animal couching between two burdens—the burden of being respectable and the burden of being ultra-Socialistic. But the burdens are not unalterable, and Issachar might at a push take a leaf from the book of the camel. On the other hand, of course, the methods of the blatherskite tend to lead to the results of the blatherskite; and the ideal of bluster and incoherence, random declamation and random imputation, can realise itself like another.

John M. Robertson.

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.[1]

(*Concluded from page 91.*)

The *Federation des Travailleurs Socialistes de France*, or Broussist faction, numbers about 30,000 members, a figure which might almost be doubled *if* one reckons in it all those who share its opinions. Its influence is enormous in certain quarters of Paris, for example, in the Epinettes, where M. Brousse has been municipal councillor for fifteen years. This party is entirely political; believing that the French proletariate is not sufficiently organised for a sudden revolution, it seeks an immediate end—the amelioration of the life of workmen and the regulation of the conditions of labor. It demands the transformation of all monopolies into public services, it advocates free bread. Communism is the ultimate but very distant aim of the Broussists. They are possibilists, who above all seek the conquest of public powers.

The *Comité Révolutionnaire Central*, known as the Blanquist party, is strongly organised. It is composed of committees. For every ten members or fraction of ten members, the committees of Paris and the suburbs sent delegates to the Central Committee, to which also delegates are sent from the departmental committees. This Central Committee meets once a week. In addition to its executive, it has an administrative committee, elected for a year, of which the deputies and municipal councillors of Paris are *ex officio* members. In those departments and towns where there are several committees, they form a Federation in regular connection with the Central Committee. There are hardly more than 40,000 adherents to the Central Committee, but this number may be doubled if one takes account of those who sympathise with its programme. The party has several deputies: MM. Breton, Chauvière, Vaillant, Walter, etc.; municipal councillors at Paris: MM. Landrin, Moreau. In the department of the Cher and of l'Allier, fifty communes have elected Blanquist municipal councillors.

The party has no journal at Paris; in the centre, two or three. One of its members, M. Argyriadès edits a little monthly magazine, *La Question Sociale*, to which Socialists of all schools contribute. For the last eight years he has also published the *Almanach de la Question Sociale*.

In its declaration, the *Comité Révolutionnaire Central* proclaims itself atheist, materialist, transformist, republican, communist, revolutionary and international; it adopts all methods of action economical, political and social, electoral and revolutionary. They do not accept delegates from trades unions, but recommend these unions to keep clear of all political parties; they also recommend to political parties to devote themselves exclusively to politics.

[1] *Résumé d'une leçon faite au College Libre des Sciences Sociales de Paris.*

Its ultimate aim is free communism; it accepts the general strike as a means.

Outside the *Comité Central Révolutionnaire* are the Blanquists who follow Rochefort, after having been members of the Boulangist party, and who have separated from the former during the Boulangist movement. This schism had at one time almost disappeared, but it is now renewed with full force. The Socialists have engaged in a bitter struggle with Henri Rochefort as a consequence of the Dreyfus-Zola affair.

The *Parti Ouvrier Français* is composed of groups regionally federated, and of a national council sitting at Paris. It includes 17 federations. According to Miss Aline Valette, secretary of this party, it represents 1,200 political groups and trades councils, without counting a certain number of non-federated groups, in all 280. The national council of the party is elected annually by the Congress. The *Parti Ouvrier Français* admits not only branches but trades unions; but it is, above all, formed of branches. The number of their members is not fixed, with the result that there are some which are more fictitious than real.

At the municipal elections of 1892, the party obtained 160,000 votes. It had 736 of its members elected, and took possession of 18 municipalities, among them Roubaix, Montluçon, Narbonne, and Marseille. In 1893 at the general elections it received 250,000 votes. In 1895, in the cantonal elections, it put up candidates in only 107 cantons, and received 166,000 votes. It must not, however, be forgotten that all the votes cast for a Socialist candidate do not represent the adherence of these voters to a definite party; also it has happened to this party to recognise as its own the votes cast for Socialists not belonging to it. However this may be, it is hardly doubtful that this party is the most numerous and the most powerful of all the French Socialist bodies. Its centre of action is the department of the Nord, where, however, it does not possess the miners' union. The principal writers of the party are MM. Jules Guesde, Paul Lafargue, and Gabriel Deville.

The party does not possess a journal at Paris, but it has two dailies: the *Réveil du Nord* at Lille, the *Egalité* at Roubaix, several weeklies, a monthly at Caen, and others which appear at irregular intervals. It has a monthly magazine, the *Devenir Social*, which is the official exponent of the Marxist doctrines. The party has founded Labor Clubs (Maisons du Peuple) in several towns, but it develops its greatest energy in electoral propaganda. It has conquered 17 municipalities, and has elected municipal councillors in more than 50 communes. It has several deputies, MM. Jules Guesde (who has just been beaten at this year's elections), Zévaes, Carnaud, Jourde, Couturier, and Sauvanet, etc. It counts also 12 county and district councillors.

The programme of the party claims the collective ownership of the means of production, which can only be brought about by the revolutionary action of the proletariate, organised in a distinct party. That organisation should be sought by every means, including universal suffrage. Thus the party has published a minimum electoral programme which on many points agrees with the interim programme of the Allemanist party; an agrarian programme has also been published, but it does not mention the socialisation of the land. The general strike is energetically denounced by the *Parti Ouvrier Français*, of which the sole aim is the legal conquest of public bodies. It believes that the conquest of economical power will be the necessary consequence of the conquest of political power.

Through its intimate relations with the German Social-Democrats and similar parties in other countries, the *Parti Ouvrier Français* seems to be, in the eyes of most foreigners, the only important French Socialist organisation, but, as has already been seen, this is by no means the case.

Besides these four great Socialist parties, there are divers groups and many independent Socialists. Very many of these are not regularly associated. In the Pyrénées-

Orientales and at Paris the independent Socialists have formed federations; that of Paris comes after the Allemanist party in number. The majority of these federations or committees, which may be considered as purely electoral, bear the names of the candidates or of the members in whose support they are formed.

There are other groups, as for example the *Ligue Intransigeante Socialiste*, which has a very radical programme with socialist tendencies; the *Union du XVIe Arrondissement*, composed of over 200 members; the *Ligue Démocratique des Ecoles*, which includes Socialists of all shades, and even Anarchists; the *Groupe des Etudiants Socialistes Révolutionnaires*, small in number, and composed of Communists in touch with the Anarchists and the Allemanists.

The Independent Socialists, who have not formed groups of their own and do not even belong to any other group, include men of real value such as MM. Letourneau, Manouvrier, Giard, Galiment, Elie Reclus, Regnard, Chirac, Geffroy, Andler, Revelin, Madame Severine, etc. Through the situation held by many among them in science, literature, Parliament, and the press, they exercise a considerable influence on the public at large. They have less influence on the labor world properly so-called. Of the 54 deputies sitting in the Chamber, 35 are independent Socialists, among them MM. Jaurès (just beaten) Millerand, Rouanet, Sembat, etc. They deliver many lectures, hold public meetings all over France, and publish books and pamphlets. M. Rouanet, an independent Socialist, edits the *Revue Socialiste*, a monthly magazine, principally written by the disciples of Benôit Malon.

Among the Independent Socialist magazines may be counted *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, written by Socialists of all schools; the *Revue Blanche*, *l'Art et la Vie*, which are rather sympathetic to Socialism than really Socialist; the *Philosophie de l'Avenir*, a magazine appearing every two months and devoted to the elucidation of the doctrines of Colins. One of the most important means of propaganda used by the independent party is *La Petite République*, a daily paper edited by Gérault-Richard and Jaurès. At Lyons, the *Peuple*, another daily, is open to all schools of Socialism. There are also in the provinces many Socialist journals appearing once or twice a week. Independent Socialists also make use of art as a means of propaganda. They even have a socialistic theatre, which gave several performances at the Labor Club at the Rue Ramey.

It is very difficult to estimate the number of the independent Socialists, but certainly it is more important than those adhering to the organised parties. Amongst these the tendencies are very diverse: there are Collectivists and Free Communists, Reformers and Revolutionists; some go towards Social-Democracy, others towards Anarchy.

The Anarchists form scattered groups all over France, but they are not centralised nor federated. They number about fifty thousand; they are most numerous in Paris and in the Seine departments. The divers groups are united only by a common ideal—anarchy, or free communion, without constituted authority. Three Anarchist weekly papers are published at Paris—the *Père Peinard*, edited by Pouget, and written in slang; the *Temps Nouveaux*, edited by J. Grave, with Kropotkine, Elisée Reclus, A. Girard, amongst its contributors; it is the didactic organ of Anarchism; the *Droit à la Vie*, written by C. Martin, Ferrière, etc. At Marseilles, there is the *Libertaire*, edited by S. Faure. There are no magazines specially devoted to Anarchist doctrines. Many pamphlets have been published by the *Temps Nouveaux*. The Anarchists have availed themselves of art to manifest their ideas; the *Père Peinard* has published an album of designs by Luce, the *Temps Nouveaux* have published a collection of thirty lithographs; M. Pouget still publishes *l'Almanach Illustré du Père Peinard*. Another means of propaganda is afforded by the publication of books; their authors are Kropotkine, J. Grave, Hamon, Malatesta, Elisée Reclus, Malato, Domela Nieuwenhuis, and several others.

The *Temps Nouveaux* deals with Anarchism in the abstract; its contributors believe that to attain their end it suffices to explain it and to criticise—that which exists; the *Père Peinard* advises strikes, the formation of new trades unions, the strengthening of the old ones, and is even in favor of co-operative societies.

A. HAMON.

THE CASE OF DR. COLLINS.

THE trial and sentence of seven years penal servitude inflicted upon Dr. Collins for the so-called culpable homicide of Mrs. Uzielli suggest some criticisms of legal procedure in criminal trials, and of the principle of the law relating to the practices for which Dr. Collins is being imprisoned, together with certain considerations on the morals of the larger question with which the Collins case is organically connected.

First of all it may be well to deal with some of the details of the procedure of Dr. Collins' trial, which virtually began before that anomalous tribunal, the coroner's inquest. At the inquest, Dr. Collins, after being warned that the evidence, which he mistakenly volunteered to give, might be used against him, was subjected to an ordeal of cross-examination lasting, with the incidental proceedings, for eight consecutive hours. At the close of this exhaustive and exhausting process, the witness, who was almost in a state of collapse, had to sign the official report of his evidence; and these notes, in spite of the protest of his counsel, were used during the trial to implicate Dr. Collins. And yet we free-born Britons are inflamed with righteous indignation at the French system under which the judge is permitted to browbeat and badger the accused! The next chapter in this tragi-comedy opens with the indictment of Dr. Collins for murder. Now, intention to kill is of the very essence of murder. In this case, not only was there no motive to kill, but all the accused's interests and efforts were bound up with the preservation of the patient's life. The indictment, therefore, is a wretched example of those legal fictions by which antiquated laws are brought down to date. Touching the character of the trial itself, little need be said. An unjust law forced Dr. Collins into a false position, from which it was impossible for him to escape. A judge —who was three parts prosecutor and a fourth self-appointed censor of morals—and an enlightened and most accommodating British jury did the rest. The legal history of the case from start to finish is a striking object-lesson in furtherance of "B.'s" demand for drastic reform of our criminal code, both as to its definitions of crime and the arraignment of the accused.

Coming to the vital moral issue involved, I am bound to say, speaking for myself, that I don't consider any attempt to obviate child-bearing necessarily immoral or criminal, provided that the treatment is kept within the proper limits, and is conceived of and applied on scientific lines by a *qualified medical practitioner*. The great misfortune is that, owing to the present state of the law, the physician who has any regard for his own professional well-being and bodily freedom must absolutely refuse to operate on women who wish to avoid maternity, even when he knows that the existence of a physical peculiarity will mean death to the patient when she comes to child-bed. Hence the handling of cases of this kind is for the most part left to unprincipled quacks, with what disastrous results is sometimes suggestively shown by newspaper reports of "illegal operation" cases. But that is only the outermost border of the evil. Theoretically, pre-embryonic preventive methods are preferable not so much because of the fancied destruction of a pre-formed human being at a later stage, as on account of the danger to the patient of an operation after gestation has set in. Not that the risk in the latter event need be much higher than in ordinary midwifery cases if the patient is in the keeping of a competent medical man. The idea of the supposed sinfulness of preventing or interfering with

foetation is of theological or metaphysical origin. It descends to us from the Judaical precept that the best of all ways to propagate the Faith is by the propagation of the stock of the faithful, just as the odious vices specified in the Priestly Code were heavily punished not so much in respect of their intrinsic immorality as in view of their apostatical significance. In other words, because addiction to them was a sure sign of backsliding into non-Jewish idolatries. Our perpetuation of savage penalties for the enormities in question is one evidence amongst many of the baneful influence of a Judaised Christianity upon the making and enforcement of English law. It goes without saying that every rational moralist loathes these evils, but it can be shown, in every instance, that they spring from unwholesome conditions of life on low planes of intellectual and moral development, or from fundamental moral defect, so that the rational treatment ought to be prophylactic or curative, not brutally punitive.

The newspaper moralists, after their servile habit, have been making a great fuss over the Collins case, as a "revelation" of the atrocious "immorality" of "smart society" in London, and of the complicity of the medical profession with "illegal" methods of obviating child-bearing, especially as in the Uzielli case they are said to have been employed without the knowledge or consent of the husband. We have a suspicion that even the newspaper hack is not such a fool as he seems. Perhaps he is laughing up his sleeve all the time, for even a sub-editor must have enough intelligence to raise him above the parochialism that immorality is a hot-house plant found exclusively in aristocratic parts, or that there is more immorality now than in the days when George the Fourth was Prince of Wales. Nor are all husbands, who live on affectionate terms with their wives, so strangely incurious and uninformed as Mr. Uzielli.

All this ado about the "massacre" of unborn innocents is so much clubland and journalistic cant. If only Theosophy were so far true that these highly-moral gentlemen could be made to bear children *unwillingly*, without losing their subjective identity, we should not be much longer troubled with the pernicious nonsense which passes muster for philosophy of life amongst "men of the world". The worst immorality is that which forces women who are unfit for the duty to become mothers, and compels poor women to bear children in steady succession until they are prematurely worn out. We are slow to distinguish the higher morality of Man from the baseborn supernaturalist code of a barbarian race.

J. P. Gilmour.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SYMPATHY.

A living animal, to the mind of the anatomist, consists ultimately of a series of tissues; but no one can be more fully aware than the anatomist that the animal's life depends upon something more than the mere structural combination of the component parts of its body; there is also that mysterious vital energy—the principle of life—which defies the minutest analysis of all the sciences.

A similar truth may be seen when we examine that larger organism, society. A nation, or community of any kind, is an aggregation of individual units (which may be considered as analogous to the tissues in physiology). But it is something more. Social life cannot result without the creation of an entirely new force, in addition to such impulses as would animate each individual when living in solitude, and this new force of society (which is analogous to the life-principle in physiology) is sympathy, using the word in its largest sense. That feeling of compassion for suffering, with its practical outcome in generosity and helpfulness, which is commonly meant by the word *sympathy*, is not really an independent moral quality, but merely a high development of the new force which is

inevitably created by gregarious existence; and this fundamental sympathetic force should be examined as an essential preliminary to the true understanding of the higher sympathy of compassion.

An illustration will help to make clear the distinction here suggested between fundamental sympathy, and the sympathy of conscious desire for the well-being of others. Political opponents are not generally credited with feelings of sympathy towards each other; but when we look beneath the details over which they so hotly dispute, and to which all their conscious attention is given, do we not see that there is a large ground of common, though unconscious, agreement? Are they not both keenly interested in the same subject? Are they not, to the extent of their sincerity (and sincere disputants are usually the warmest)—are they not both aiming at the good of the nation? If we compare the relations between these two, with those between two persons who have no interest in common—such, for instance, as an enthusiastic evangelist and a fashionable man of the world, whose accidental intercourse—they could have no other—would probably be characterised by absolute coldness and indifference, we may see by the contrast that some sort of fundamental unconscious sympathy is essential even to what we have been wont to consider as the negation of sympathy—viz., dispute. Indifference, then, rather than hostility, is the true antithesis of sympathy. Would not a perception of this truth deprive controversy of much of its bitterness? If we recognise that a man is more in sympathy with us in taking an interest, though an opposing one, in what interests us, than he would be if his opposition were replaced by indifference, we shall see things in a more tolerant spirit and in a truer light. Another illustration of this underlying sympathy may be seen in the case of a man living amidst a strange race. An Englishman living in a remote part of China might be upon the most friendly terms with the natives; but on meeting there another Englishman he would probably experience feelings of kinship without knowing or caring whether the other were a man whose acquaintance he would have cared to cultivate at home, because his racial sympathies would be roused to consciousness by contrast with the foreign surroundings. If, instead of China, he had been living upon a desert island, and a Chinese crew had rescued him, he would likewise have experienced a feeling of kinship, because then his universal human sympathies would be roused in reaction from solitude.

Thus, to retrace the foregoing, solitude makes clear to us our sympathy with all humanity, exile shows us an additional sympathy with our own race, while the society of those who take no interest in what engrosses us reveals the sympathy of conflicting opinion, as illness reveals the value of health.

These successive stages of sympathy, though roused into full consciousness only by special conditions, exist always, and form the basis of all social life.

In thus insisting upon the essential kinship between even widely differing and opposing organisms, it must not be forgotten that the crowning development of this principle of sympathy is to be found in the common meaning of the word as indicating a conscious desire for the welfare of others; and that the narrowest signification of the word is thus also the highest. It may be asked, what is the use of tracing back the benevolent feelings which are usually understood by sympathy, and which are acknowledged by almost everyone to be good in their influence—what is the use of tracing these feelings back to their foundations? The reply is that, by showing them to be the natural development of the primary principle of all social existence, we show that modern altruism has a scientific basis, and we are enabled to vindicate the promptings of philanthropy against the charge of sentimentality which has so often been made by the narrower-minded among evolutionists, and other people who allow the evil

results of *misdirected* sympathy to obscure their perception of the fact that the fault lies in the misdirection and not in the sympathy. When humanity has arrived at a certain stage of development, its feeling of kinship takes the form of conscious benevolent effort; but to condemn these conscious efforts because of possible bad results is as unreasonable as to elevate instinct over reason, because reason, in its greater sphere, is liable to make greater mistakes. At any rate, when reason has replaced instinct, we must use our reasoning faculty whether for good or evil—we cannot put back the clock of human progress; and when the sense of kinship has given birth to a desire to benefit our fellows, and has been crystallised into a world-religion, then no amount of scientific argument can turn it into a blind instinct again. And yet so many legislative proposals have been condemned as examples of what is called "grandmotherly solicitude", that it would appear to be not merely some particular proposal, but the desire itself of benefiting others that is objected to. We read that a thorough-going evolutionist thinks that the struggle for existence, instead of being mitigated, or replaced by a saner arrangement of society, should be urged forward to still greater severity—the weak being killed off, and the race improving. It is not easy to understand how scientific men can have so completely overlooked the importance of the force of sympathy, not as a moral duty, but simply as a fact of human society. We can believe that Nature's ends have been served in the past by the cruel methods of the physical struggle for existence; but we cannot believe that the principle of sympathy and goodwill has been evolved therefrom only to be paralysed by our recognition of the very processes of conflict and survival which developed it.

EDWIN THOMPSON.

TO BE READ TO THE BOYS AFTER A SPEECH FROM LORD WOLSELEY.—From General Sherman's address to the cadets: "Boys, they tell you that war is all glory; but let me tell you that it is all hell."

HETEROGRAPHY; OR, THE TYRANNY OF LETTERS.[1]

THE object of this paper is to set forward a few general considerations on the subject of phonetic reform—appealing mainly to such readers as are naturally more or less hostile to any meddling with our received orthography—and to suggest that a certain class of *mild* reforms seems to be imperatively necessary. Briefly, the two advantages derivable from the introduction into our language of something approximately orderly and systematic, would be (1) that at least about *one year* of school-time would be saved to every child; (2) that any such reform would render the acquirement of our language immensely easier to foreigners.

Now, presumably, it will be readily admitted by everyone as self-evident that, were an orthography and alphabet to be compiled *de novo*, they must be so constructed that every sound should be expressed by a distinct symbol, and that every letter, or group of letters, should stand for *one* definite sound only. This seems so clear as to be incontrovertible; but to admit so much is simply to proclaim the *abstract* desirability of a *phonetic* system. When, however, the duty devolves upon us, not of inventing a new alphabet or orthography but, of rendering somewhat less intolerable the vagaries of an old one, we have to take account, of not only the phonetic ideal on the one hand but also, of a number of other considerations—philological, historical, esthetic, and sentimental—on the other hand. Not to raise gratuitous opposition, let us state at once that we have not come before our readers with any scheme of sweeping phonetic reform; but we intend simply to point out that a number of very practical minor reforms might very easily be carried

[1] Want of space has compelled the author to very considerably condense his article, which was originally much longer; necessarily, therefor, his arguments are less fully presented, and possible objections less fully dealt with, than would otherwise be the case.

out at once—could we but agree upon them. The effect of adopting such reforms would be to save a weary waste of invaluable educational time, of parental fees, of tutorial temper, and of scholastic grieving, while *leaving open* the far larger question of a thoroughgoing reform of our orthography until the doctors can agree to cease disagreeing thereupon. Anyhow it would be a valuable contribution to the discussion if we could obtain a little *experimental* knowledge of the benefits that are said to follow in the wake of phonetic reform; and these little alterations which we suggest, whilst of much value in themselves, would afford us just this experimental knowledge.

It appears to us that *three* considerations must be borne in mind by anyone who would approach this subject of orthographical reform. The first is that probably the sin does not ultimately lie so much with orthography as with our *pronunciation*; that is to say, that we have not so much neglected to spell as we pronounce but to pronounce as we spell; at any rate this will hold true in a large number of cases. It must be remembered how very composite a language is the English; composite, not only in its vocabulary (which would not so much matter) but composite also as regards the mutual reaction of Saxon and French tongue-sounds upon each other. The far-reaching influence in this direction of the Norman Conquest was long since pointed out; and presumably our unique and unenviable multiplicity of vowel-sounds—unenviable, that is, when ten or fifteen sounds are expressed by five letters—is attributable to this great systemic disturbance.

Another effect of this speech-fusion was finally the loss of many sounds whose symbols yet remained — dead skin and lifeless bones, calculated henceforth to fulfil only one function, *viz.*, that of incessantly tripping up their masters. Let us illustrate this by one example. The fact that BITE and MIGHT ryme (at least in Southern mouths) is originally a fault, not of our orthography but, of our pronunciation; they did not ryme among our Saxon forefathers, and they do not perhaps ryme among north-countrymen to-day; but they *do*, and always will, ryme in our own Southern standard dialect, for we have pretty completely lost the GH sound, and the empty symbol remains as a perennial nightmare for foreigners and children. This change may be regrettable: the loss of our gutturals may be a real loss; or, on the contrary, the loss may be a source of gratulation: this is perhaps more or less a matter of individual taste. But the *fact* is sure—that we *have lost these gutturals*; and we have lost them irretrievably. It were useless now to bemoan the loss, and to insist on retaining the symbol in the hope that the sound may return; that were worse than a forlorn hope. In the origin of linguistic species, as in that of biological species, evolution has done its work; and we must accept its results and make the best of them. It were obviously vain to regret that mankind is now unprovided with a tail; and it were equally vain to complain that, if the Norman Conquest had but left us alone—or if, even failing that, York had been the capital of England, or Chaucer a Northumbrian instead of an East-Midlander—a guttural dialect would have remained the standard of English. In both cases the complaint might be well-founded; but the man who should, in any arboreal gymnastics, persistently ignore the absence of his tail, would speedily break his neck; and similarly he who should ignore, as all students of English are taught to ignore, the absence of the gutturals GH etc., from our speech, would speedily "come a—linguistic or orthographical—cropper"—as unhappily foreigners and children respectively do. We *must* recognise the fact that, for good or for evil, the standard of English was long ago finally fixed; and such *symbols* as MIGHT, RIGHT, LIGHT, represent *sounds* of which ordinary English speech is as destitute as are mankind of tails. The question therefor arises whether the conduct of our ortho-

graphers, in retaining symbols that now symbolise nothing, be any more compatible with sanity than that of a drill-sergeant who should persist in issuing directions for arboreal and other gymnastics that presupposed the possession of a tail? We shall see in a moment that the sanity of our orthographical authorities is, however, not really so questionable as this comparison would imply, but that they may adduce, in defence of their retention of now meaningless orthographical symbols, *one* argument which we, for our own part, have certainly no inclination to underrate.

The *second* consideration which we think it important to emphasise is this: that to a very large extent our orthodox orthography is—at least in comparatively minor matters, and it is precisely with them that we are at present mainly concerned—a mere matter of accident, convention, or haphazard, often due, perhaps, to a compromise practically agreed upon by a number of rival printers and authors, each of whom had his own individual orthographical vagaries, and none of whom had any philological training: so that, apparently, in many cases the present orthography of a word is justified (*sic!*) not by a reference to the original Saxon or Norman sound, and the strict operation of Grimm's "Law", but by the authority of some eminent author or printer who himself relied upon his own taste or fancy! Anyone who has looked into Chaucer or Spenser, or any other of the older writers, must have been struck by the extraordinary specimens of orthography that are to be met with, and by the utter want of accord—even in the same author's work; but unfortunately only too rarely does the reader draw the desirable corollaries, and, returning to modern usage, confront the dogmatic lexicographers with—*Why?* It is very important indeed to remember that, about the date when printing was introduced, our language was in a *mighty flux;* and Caxton, first of printers, had to grapple with that difficulty which was to sorely puzzle many of his successors—the difficulty of deciding what was, and what was not, English. We honor their zeal and devotion right loyally; but we demur entirely to the notion that any orthography which was settled either then or afterwards in any such fashion, has the least claim to our respect; we contend that to such orthography no mercy and no reverence are due; and we emphatically refuse to accept the *obiter dicta* of a parcel of printers and lexicographers. Here at least it appears to us that the phonetic assault must be irresistible; since neither by reason, etymology, nor ancient tradition, can it be opposed; but only by Tudor prescription.

This second consideration, however, covers only some of our orthographical vagaries. There remains a *third* consideration, and here it is that our real difficulties are encountered; here it is that the only one possible logical stand against phonetic can be made, and that the battle must be finally fought and *perhaps drawn*; here it is that tact and tender treatment and two-sidedness are eminently necessary, and that the partial justification of the orthographical conservatives is manifested. Unfortunately it is here also that we must rank the worst defects, irregularities, and inconsistencies, that constitute the difficulties of English pronunciation and orthography. What we desire at present is to obtain a small instalment of reform, such as will very greatly indeed lighten the difficulties and save the time of children and foreigners, without, however, prejudicing the final decision either for or against pure phonetic.

Were language indeed merely a purely arbitrary collection of those "marks" known as "words," whose office it is to render possible the interchange of thoughts; were it of no more account *in itself* than is the cheque or banknote; our task would be easy indeed, and we should elect for phonetic pure and simple. But languages cannot be compared with banknotes, which are pure symbols of wealth, but rather with sterling gold, which not only is a symbol of other and better wealth but possesses an intrinsic value as wealth

itself. In fact, as we have already hinted, there is such a science as philology. But a science is possible only when the department of enquiry is occupied with real things, with natural products or phenomena, among which some causal relation prevails. We cannot, for instance, have a science—properly so-called—of heraldry, or a science of postage-stamps. Philology *is* a science because the languages which constitute its data are natural-history products just as much as are animals and mountains and rivers. In philology, as in biology and geology, we trace growth and decay, evolution and dissolution; and the difficulty confronting phonetic advocates is just this—that by revolutionising orthography they would truly subserve immensely the interests of thinkers, readers, and writers, to whom words are only *marks;* but they would be sweeping away the species which philology exists to study: no wonder then if philologists be angered! To take an analogy, it would be doing a great service to mankind generally to destroy all poisonous snakes, and insects, and bacilli, all lions, tigers, wolves, bears, crocodiles, sharks, and other dangerous animals, and in fact to get rid of all living objects that can in any way annoy or injure man; but we must not be surprised if zoologists set up a howl of consternation and horror at such a proposition; for zoology exists only to study these and other animals.

Perhaps now our readers will understand why we surmised that the orthographers, though retaining symbols that are now *practically* meaningless, yet cannot be altogether fairly compared with the supposititious gymnast who should retain a system that presupposed mankind's possession of a tail. These GH symbols and other orthographical incongruities are really philological *rudimentary organs*, that possess precisely the same significance and value in philology as man's rudimentary tail and ear-tip do in zoology; for by these very means are solved problems of philological as of biological development, of phylogeny, classification, and so on. The analogy, therefor, to be correct, should suppose that mankind's rudimentary tail were long enough to be inconvenient, whilst yet so short as to be utterly useless; and farther that a Lamarckian race of surgeons proclaimed the possibility of relieving the race for ever by operating on the present generation. *Then* the difficulty would be such as now faces us in philology—to man, as man, nothing but gain, but to zoologists an irretrievable loss. So, too, here the adoption of phonetic would be an unalloyed benefit to man as man, but would make havoc of philological rudiments. No wonder then if philologists protest.[1]

But can no *via media* be found? Let us pursue the zoological analogy a little farther; for it is a real, and therefor helpful, analogy. Supposing that this Lamarckian total abolition of mankind's tail-rudiment could have taken place some centuries ago, after which all records were lost and no primitive skeletons to be obtained, one trembles to think what the loss would have meant to Darwin. But supposing now these tail-rudiments to disappear from the earth to-morrow, would any *real* harm be wrought to zoological science? Not a scrap; because *the rudiment has now been recognised and fully explained:* it has done its work in science; and the zoologists of a future age would be tolerably well satisfied with the conclusions arrived at by their predecessors, verified, as they might be, from skeletons *preserved in museums*.

Now then, as we think, under cover of this real analogy the advocates of semi-phonetic reform may offer a bold front to the conservatives, with good hopes of finally at least drawing the battle. It must be freely admitted that, did the renovation of our orthography involve the utter *destruction* of philological specimens, the loss to philology would be calamitous; and, had such a destruction happened ages ago, the possibility of (English) philology ever existing would have been rendered very

[1] As a matter of fact, however, several leading philologists advocate phonetics.

doubtful. But even if the most radical possible system of pure phonetic were introduced to-morrow (and we are very far from contending for *that*) philology would be safe, for philology is already born and flourishing, whilst it possesses — in old books—a museum-wealth far exceeding the wealth of biological museums, far more living than the dead contents of such, and susceptible of infinite duplication by the printing press. Since, then, philology has already formulated its fundamentals, and since the adoption of even phonetic pure and simple would do philology no real hurt, we do contend, with all "sweet reasonableness" and with the most pacific intentions, asking nothing but honest negotiation preliminarily to some concessions, that the case for a mild reform of *some* orthographical incongruities is legitimately made out. We will admit that in a partially phonetic system of orthography the attractions to philology would not be quite so much on the surface as now; philological problems and enquiries would not so readily suggest themselves to chance readers; and the deliberate study of (English) etymology might require *rather* more work than at present. But we would urge in reply (1) the immense practical gain in the economy of time and money; (2) that these drawbacks are the less severe the more advanced is philology; (3) that when philology takes its proper place in education (and the saving of the year now wasted on orthography would make room for it) the last objection becomes of but slight moment. Let us add, in order so far as possible to conciliate the conservatives, that, so far from under-rating the claims of philology to tender treatment, we personally consider philology one of the most fascinating of the sciences, and have been wont to regard with considerable horror the prospect of the philological relations of words being obscured superficially by any quasi-phonetic changes; whilst so far from being any enthusiast for English phonetic *per se*, we should once have very greatly preferred to leave entirely alone all our orthographical eccentricities except such as are due to false analogy and blunders—and here, of course, philologists would be more eager for reform than other men. Indeed, there is no reason why, personally, we should have any desire for reform; English orthography causes us no iota of trouble or perplexity now; no doubt it did years ago in early school days, and no doubt invaluable time was wasted upon it; but we have no recollections at all of the trouble that was doubtlessly then experienced, and we bear no personal grudge against the orthographical freaks that madden foreigners and dishearten children. Indeed, all our prejudices and likings are strongly against orthographic reform and in favor of leaving things alone.

But we think that, in such matters, to let personal prejudices likes and dislikes decide one's oppositon is simply *immoral;* and we think that, as a matter of *reason*, the case for at least some minor reforms is unanswerable. We are very well aware that educational time and culture time generally become every year more and more precious, so that there must be an increasing difficulty in finding time for teaching what *must* be taught; and we therefor feel that the moral responsibility lying upon the present predecessors of the next century's school children is terribly great. We are bound to recognise that the study of orthography, which at present consumes such a considerable fraction of the total schooltime, is—properly speaking—not education or culture at all, but merely an artificial necessity, or pseudo-utilitarian requirement; and we therefor feel that to insist on this awful waste of time continuing indefinitely, when by a very anti-radical reform an immense saving of irredeemable time can be effected—nay, that to even passively acquiesce in such a frittering away of time—is *pure and simple wickedness*.

Having thus laid down the principles upon which, as it seems to us, a moderate yet very valuable reform might be effected, we were about to illustrate our principles by a brief summary—occupying not more

than six or eight pages—of the changes proposed, when the editor intimated to us, in quite unmistakeable language, that the space at our disposal was already fully accounted for. Our essay therefor is in as unhappy a plight as was that unfortunate tadpole whom the practical joker deprived of its most essential part—its tail to wit—leaving it only a helpless head; and we are over-powered by the mournful reflection that the "tyranny of letters" is but a negligeable trifle as compared with the *tyranny of editors!*

F. H. PERRY-COSTE.

THE WAYS OF THE WAR OFFICE.

WHEN officers take part in a raid upon a friendly State, and are convicted and sentenced to punishment in a Court of Justice, the War Office allows them awards as follows:—

"Retired pay, £300 a year, to Colonel Rhodes.
Gratuity, £1,200 to Captain White.
Gratuity, £1,600, to Captain Raleigh Grey.
Gratuity, £1,750, to Major White.
Gratuity, £1,333, to Major Sir John Willoughby."

When the cavalry regiments went to Salisbury plain for the manœuvres, they were billetted in the towns *en route*. and the licensed victuallers allowed three-halfpence a head for breakfast supplied. The inn-keepers supplemented their contribution towards the army expenditure by providing the troopers with a good meal at their own cost.

THE LORDS SPIRITUAL.

CONVOCATION sat with closed doors during the first week of this month to hear and discuss the long and careful report brought in by the Bishop of London on the present condition of the Marriage Laws. A whisper penetrated into the open air to the effect that the report declared for the absolute indissolubility of marriage.

A day or so later Lord Strathcona (Sir Donald Smith) moved in the House of Lords the second reading of the Colonial Marriage Bill, the object of which is to render a marriage lawfully contracted between a man and his deceased wife's sister in the British Colonies valid in the United Kingdom. The lawn sleeves, headed by Lord Chancellor Halsbury and supported by Lord Salisbury, opposed this measure with all their might. But it was no good, they were beaten by 129 to 46.

THE DEATH OF DR. PANKHURST.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Dr. R. M. Pankhurst, which took place on July 5th, at Manchester. Dr. Pankhurst was an LL.D. of London University, and a barrister; and all his life had been known as an advanced politician. In 1883, when the borough of Manchester returned three members, Mr. Hugh Birley, who had been elected in 1880 as the minority Conservative member, died. The official Liberals were of opinion that the Conservatives should be allowed to retain the minority seat, but the Radicals of the borough refused to accept this decision, and ran Dr. Pankhurst against Sir W. H. Houldsworth. In 1885 he contested Rotherhithe against Colonel Hamilton, again unsuccessfully. The election resulted in a libel action based on statements which had been made as to Dr. Pankhurst's religious opinions. Since then he has been specially identified with the Independent Labor Party.

OBITUARY.

ON Tuesday, May 31st, the remains of the late Betsy Ternent, wife of Mr. Henry Ternent, of the "Black Bull" Inn, Bedlington, were interred in Bedlington Cemetery in the presence of a very large and deeply sympathetic gathering. The deceased lady was highly esteemed by all who knew her, always ready to help those less fortunate than herself, a consistent Freethinker, and with her husband warmly admired and supported our great and lamented leader, Charles Bradlaugh, in his heroic struggle with English bigotry. It was a generally noticed and freely commented upon fact, that on the already too fully inscribed stone at the head of the Ternent burial space, the names of Hypatia Ternent and Charles Bradlaugh Ternent bore testimony to the bent of the parental mind. Deceased, who was 48 years old, and in good health apparently, was assisting to prepare the body of a neighbour for the grave when she herself was suddenly stricken with illness, and died in less than four hours. Mr. Ternent, who is in ill-health, was, at his wife's urgent request, taking a rest in a far-off country village when the sad event took place. This circumstance lends additional poignancy to his severe bereavement.

M. WEATHERBURN.

IT is with deep sorrow that I record the death of my friend John Etchells, of Mossley. He was a life-long Freethinker and an admirer of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Foote. On August 3rd, 1881, he, with thousands of others, went to Westminster ready to stand by our leader. With voice and purse he was always prompt to help our cause, and died as he had lived—a convinced and thorough Atheist. Mr. Scott, of Dukinfield, read Austin Holyoake's beautiful service at the grave-side amidst a large concourse of friends.

EDWARD JACKSON.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

The *New York Herald* and the *Truth Seeker* both published portraits of Dr. Moncure D. Conway last month. Dr. Conway has been getting into trouble for daring to speak his mind to the Brooklyn Philosophical Association about the war, and to criticise "American" liberty. He said that "large numbers of people in America seem to regard not merely Cuba and the Philippines and Hawaii and Ireland, but most countries, as lands of darkness and bondage, and the Americans as a kind of Chosen People, whose mission it is to spread freedom and political civilisation among them". And concluded by pointing out that "if we (Americans) are to go out among these foreign peoples, as seems inevitable, it may be some compensation that we may be cured of some of our provincial superstitions about them, as well as ourselves. Among other things we may recover from the superstition that Liberty is an American—a notion that equally prevailed when we held millions in slavery. And it is to be hoped that our pulpits will be delivered from some of their prepossessions. A good many of their recent utterances seem to assume that God himself is an American, and one Hoboken doctor of divinity thinks that the Almighty exploded the "Maine" in order that we might lay it on Spain and go to war. Omniscience is getting to be our pious foible, and Providence is always on our side".

What with the Benefices Bill, Mr. Kensit, the Anti-Ritualistic Crusade, Bishop Kennion and his bicycle, the Dean of Norwich and his "self-denial week", the methods and manners of the Church of England "by law established" have been occupying a great deal of public attention lately. There was much time and temper lost over the first three items, for which the public have no compensating advantages whatever. The only remedy for this waste of time in Parliament, and these foolish exhibitions of temper out of it, is Disestablishment. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has been plaintively pleading to the clerical tailor to suggest some way of carrying his robes on his cycle, while the Dean of Norwich appealed to his people to exercise a "self-denial week" and bring the results to him in cash. He asked for £3,000, he got £36 1s. This, we are told, he regards as "inadequate and unsatisfactory".

The Wandsworth and Clapham Guardians have decided to pay three sums of £7 each to the parents of certain children who died from erysipelas, the result of vaccination; and five sums of £5 each to the parents of five other children in respect of the expense incurred in providing them with medical attendance whilst suffering from erysipelas caused in the same manner.—At an inquest, held by Mr. Langham, on June 30th, at St. John's Vestry Hall, Horselydown, touching the death of Frederick Leshman Edwards, aged three months, the jury returned a verdict that death was due to erysipelas, set up by vaccination. The Coroner: The doctor does not say so. The Foreman: No, the doctor does not; but we do. The Coroner: I am only pointing out that the doctor does not. The Foreman: It is our humble opinion. The Coroner: And that is the verdict of you all? The Jury (unanimously): One and all.

In *The People's Newspaper* of Rockhampton (Queensland) a comparison is instituted between Gladstone and Bradlaugh. The writer points out that the former was "never really tested in the furnace of sorrow and pain", and "taking all the circumstances into account, Charles Bradlaugh was the greater man of the two. Gladstone had the advantage of a university career; Bradlaugh was self-taught. Gladstone had wealthy and influential parents; Bradlaugh's parents were poor and had no influence whatever. Gladstone held popular opinions; Bradlaugh was an arch-heretic. Gladstone's life was one splendid triumph; Bradlaugh's life was one great struggle. Bradlaugh could have done all Gladstone did, but I question whether Gladstone could have struggled as Bradlaugh struggled".

Last month Professor Elisée Reclus addressed the Royal Geographical Society upon the desirability of erecting a great terrestrial globe on the scale of eight inches to the mile for the purpose of giving a true representation of the surface of the earth. Such a model globe, being kept continually under correction, would become a standard study for geographers and travellers. Sir Clements R. Markham presided, and introduced Professor Elisée Reclus as "one of the most celebrated and eminent geographers now living".

The wounds found on the bodies of the five Americans killed at Guantanamo were of such a nature that it was currently reported that the dead bodies had been mutilated. The surgeon with Admiral Sampson's fleet, however, definitely says that the horrible wounds were solely due to the action of the Mauser rifle bullets.

The statue by Barrias of Maria Deraismes, one of the founders of the Feminist movement in France, was unveiled on July 3rd, in the Square des Epinettes. Several speeches were made, and at the banquet in the evening a poem and other eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of this noble woman.

Speaking to the cadets at Woolwich, the other day, Lord Wolseley remarked that the British Army was peculiar as being the only army in the world which was constantly engaged in warfare. He expressed the humane hope that all the young men would see active service.

A certain number of Madras sappers are being sent, at Colonel Lugard's request, to Lokoja, in West Africa. Is India to pay the cost?

The Canton of Zurich has agreed to admit women to the profession of and to practice in the tribunals.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **This issue contains twelve extra pages of matter.**

MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER'S Engagements: August 14, Failsworth Secular Sunday Schools. Afternoon: Special address to Children. Evening: "School-taught Morality".

GEORGE CRUDDAS writes that the Oxhill and Stanley Secularists would like to hear Mrs. Bonner in the autumn. Mrs. Bonner will probably come North during the last fortnight in October.

IN this number of the REFORMER we have pleasure in presenting our juvenile readers with a story—much longer than usual—from the pen of Lieut-Colonel Bingham. Colonel Bingham is an eminent naturalist; he has recently written a book upon the Moths and Butterflies of India for the Government, and his papers in *Our Corner* will be remembered by former readers of that magazine.

JOHN FIDDES.—If you will send a copy of the will under which your claim is made an opinion shall be given. As the advertisement appeared so long ago as 1820, there is small hope of a successful claim.

ISAAC.—The answer to your first question is Yes; to the second, No. You omitted postage stamps; see regulations below.

W. L. HARE.—Too late for announcement in our last issue.

E. J.—Many thanks. We note the bookseller's name.

WORTHING.—REFORMER to order from Crawford, South Street.

DOUGLAS, I. of M.—Alexander Lewthwaite, bookseller, Duke Street, supplies this Journal and other Liberal literature.

W. WAID.—Many thanks. Your island is like other "remote" districts; progressive thought percolates slowly. It is difficult for many townspeople, who see much of reform movements, and incline to relax their efforts in this direction, to realise the position in the less accessible parts of the country, and to understand that there is even now almost as much work to be done as there was 10 or 20 years ago. Indifference is the worst enemy to reform.

J. B. writes: "I like [REFORMER] very much: a good variety of well written, sensible articles. I give my copy away after reading, and thus try to increase interest in it. Best wishes for success and long life." J. B. sets a good example. For those who can, it is even better to take two or more extra copies to give away.

WE desire to draw attention to the advertisement of "C. V. G." for early volumes of *National Reformer;* and also to that of "Sigma"—who is a valued contributor to this and other publications.

WE venture to ask all who can do so to make practical use of our "Business Cards" column. The advertisers are known to us, and may be relied upon.

MR. H. S. SALT'S "Life of James Thomson" ("B.V.") is going through the Press, and will be published early in the Autumn by A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, 1 and 2 Took's Court, E.C.

THE notice of the sad death of Mrs. Ternent was omitted in error from last month's issue.

MR. W. P. HAINSBY (Spencer House, St. George's Street, Norwich), Hon Sec. to the Norwich Philosophical Society (established for the Study of Spencer's works) sends us notice of a proposed manuscript circulating magazine in which non-resident members could write their contributions and criticise those of other members, the magazine being passed from one to another through the post. The subscription to non-resident members is 2s. 6d. Full information as to methods, etc., can be obtained from Mr. Hainsby.

G. R. NAYLOR.—We are pleased to read your "warm appreciation" of the REFORMER.

MRS. BONNER sends the Belford friend warm thanks for the beautiful roses.

A. WITHY.—Your letter on "The grounds of the next battle" shall appear in our next. We have unusual pressure on our correspondents' space this month.

H. R. CLIFTON.—If Mr. Tarry said that "Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner had given up the Secular Society because it had become corrupt, and she had started another Society in opposition called the Freethought Federation", he is quite inaccurate. Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner's reasons for leaving the N.S.S. were personal, she has not started a Society, nor is the Freethought Federation in opposition to any Secular Society. Some people make their "facts" to fit their arguments instead of fitting their arguments to existing facts.

RECEIVED:—Phrenological Review—Liberty Review—Free Labor—Boston Investigator—Inquirer—Truth Seeker (New York)—Indian Social Reformer—Northampton Reporter—Northampton Mercury—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Newcastle Daily Mail—Social Democrat—People's Newspaper (Rockhampton, Queensland)—New York Herald—Eagle and Serpent—Adult—Clarion—Personal Rights—Liverpool Daily Post—St. Michael's Church and Parish Chronicle—Literary Guide—Glasgow Herald—Liberator (Melbourne)—Awakener of India—University Magazine—Single Tax—Truthseeker—New Century Review—Labor Co-partnership—Concord—Advocate (Melbourne) and cutting—South Place Magazine—Bulletin Mensuel Fédération Francaise de la Libre Pensée.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.—Footsteps in Human Progress, by James Samuelson (Sonnenschein).—Forgotten Truths: Selections from Edmund Burke, collated by T. Dundas Pillans (Liberty Review Publishing Company).

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address—not necessarily for publication, but as some sort of guarantee of *bona fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, REFORMER, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Legal questions will be answered by the Solicitor who kindly gave his services to the *N. R.* (1891-3). Two penny stamps must be enclosed to cover postage to and from him.

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Remittances to A. Bonner, 1 & 2 Took's Court, E C.

THE VISIT TO BROOKWOOD.

We had a very lovely day for our visit to Mr. Bradlaugh's monument at Brookwood, on July 3rd, but in spite of this the company was smaller than last year. We were glad to welcome many familiar faces, and sorry to miss others who were unavoidably prevented from coming. About one-third of those present were visiting the cemetery for the first time, and it was pleasant to greet new comers from different parts of the country, such as Reading, Sussex, and Southampton. The Reading friends came over on their cycles.

For myself, when we reached the grave I felt full of mortification, for although the beautiful granite pedestal and the bronze bust look as fine to-day as they did when they were first erected, the ground itself appeared neglected. Where there should not have been a single blade of grass or a solitary weed, there was rank grass two feet high, thistles, and vetch. The seeds were probably wind-carried, and had flourished in the rich soil laid down for planting the golden yews which fill the four corners of the ground. I have been twice or three times to Brookwood since the last gathering, and have weeded the ground each time, so that the condition we found it in was not less surprising than it was mortifying. However, this experience proves that the three or four visits which I am able to pay each year, at uncertain intervals, are insufficient, and therefore the ground must be put in the charge of the cemetery gardeners to keep in order. Of the money subscribed to erect railings and to plant the grave in 1896, I have £12 in hand. This was not sufficient to pay to keep the grave in order in perpetuity, and therefore I was retaining it for the purposes of any further planting which might be necessary, intending to keep the ground neat myself. I will, however, abandon this idea and give instructions to the cemetery officials to put the ground in order. The charge of the Necropolis Company to keep the ground in order in perpetuity is twenty guineas without planting, and with planting forty guineas.

We were all interested in discussing the purchase of the proposed open space in front of the monument. An area 9 ft.× 12 ft., that is to say, three grave spaces, will cost £16 7s., towards which £14 2s. 6d. has been already subscribed, and a further £2 7s. promised. The monument itself occupies 12 ft.×12 ft., and for the additional 36 ft. I see that I paid £7 4s. Of course the amount of ground we are able to purchase depends entirely upon our funds, and although I admit that 9 ft.× 12ft. is certainly a small area on which to accommodate a large number of people, nevertheless a clear space, however small, is better than being compelled to tread on the graves of others.

Next year, if intending visitors will send in their names sufficiently early, we will endeavor to arrange to have an open saloon carriage attached to the train so that we may travel together. Also, a desire has been expressed that on the next occasion I shall read an extract from one of my father's writings or speeches, which, of course, it would give me much pleasure to do.

This visit to Mr. Bradlaugh's monument arose out of the desire expressed by several friends to assemble once a year at this spot where we last parted from him to join together in marking our remembrance of him as one whose whole life was spent in the service of his fellows. We do not gather at Brookwood to weep at his death, but rather to rejoice at his life.

I do not take any responsibility for the success or failure of these visits, although, for the convenience of friends, I am willing to make all announcements as to time of trains and so forth.

The following are the subscriptions received towards the purchase of standing room in front of the monument:—Henry A. Lupton, £5 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Hurstleigh, £2 2s.; Angus Thomas, £1 1s.; W. Hunt, £1 1s.; Mrs. Anderson, £1; An Oldham Subscriber, 10s. 6d.; Mr. and Miss Trevillion, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Mitchell, 10s.; S. Hartmann, 10s.; A. and H. B. Bonner, 10s.; Miss Watson, 5s.; Mrs. Marchant, 5s.; W. Attfield, 5s.; H. Attfield, 5s.; — Barry, 2s. 6d.

H. Bradlaugh Bonner.

TWENTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT (1875-1895).[1]

IN the columns of a little journal, now happily dead, I recently began a series of reminiscent papers in which I intended to recall the more interesting features of my long connection with the National Secular Society. Atropos, with her horrid shears, stepped in and cut the thread of that ill-fated journal's life at the moment when I had crossed the threshold of my subject. With much content I destroyed some "copy" already prepared for "our next issue" (which never appeared), and thought no more of the matter. It has, however, been deemed desirable that some incidents of my active connection with the Freethought movement should be briefly described in the REFORMER, and I therefore renew the attempt, under much more stringent conditions as to space, to record certain facts and impressions in the life of one who has at least worked hard in his humble way for the cause he holds dear.

It was in 1873 that I first came into contact with Secularists. Having left the theological fold in consequence of an unreasoned but abiding conviction of the emptiness of "religion", I attended several lectures given by the Christian Evidence Society at the Hall of Science, partly, no doubt, in the hope that my faith might be rehabilitated. The trained Christian advocates, however, gave me a definite impulse towards disbelief, and a few months of constant reading, together with the influence of many lectures by Mr. Bradlaugh, resulted in a determination to seek active communion with the Secular party.

My first efforts were devoted to a small local society called the Hackney Secular Association, which met every Sunday for lectures and discussion in a squalid hall in Goldsmith's Row. In the conduct of this I became associated with other young men, many of whom have long since disappeared or become absorbed in other pursuits. As secretary, chairman, and occasional "lecturer" I worked vigorously and incessantly. My connection with this group led, in 1874, to an introduction to Mr. Bradlaugh, and shortly afterwards I became a member of the executive of the National Secular Society (hereinafter called the N.S.S.).

The society at that time was a very small affair; one might almost say, with Artemus Ward, that "it not only had no existence, but far otherwise to the contrary". It was really little more than a name, for the few local organisations then existing were autonomous bodies acknowledging an empty suzerainty. But Mr. Bradlaugh's enormous energy soon changed all that. I was appointed "corresponding secretary", and in that capacity attended my first conference, the one held in Manchester on Whit-Sunday, 1875. During the whole of that day I was Mr. Bradlaugh's guest at the Victoria Hotel, the party consisting of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Watts, Mr. Le Lubez, Mr. C. C. Cattell, and myself. At luncheon a bottle of champagne was produced, and "Success to the *Republican Chronicle*"—a little paper which I had just started—was solemnly proposed by Mr. Bradlaugh. I am afraid the three business meetings left a far less abiding impression upon my mind than the purely personal incidents of that never-to-be-forgotten day! Let him who has never been young and never felt the overmastering personal influence of Charles Bradlaugh cast the first stone at me.

As time went on the N.S.S. waxed stronger. Many new branches were established in the provinces; and the re-opening of the Hall of Science Club and Institute led to greatly increased activity in the metropolis. The Central London Branch, for example, had a very large number of

[1] It may be well to explain that, whilst I am willing to be held responsible for my opinions and for those of any other man, I repudiate any responsibility for my statements upon matters of fact. No historical value is claimed for these notes; they are principally records of memories and impressions too subtle and evanescent to be "checked" by statistics and dates.

members on its books, and carried on out-door propaganda simultaneously at Gibraltar Walk, Clerkenwell Green, and Victoria Park every Sunday during the summer. At Claremont Hall and St. Pancras Arches the North London Branch did effective work. In South London, at Blackfriars Road and York Street, Walworth, lectures were given every Sunday by local organisations; and at Deptford Mr. W. H. Reynolds established an efficient and prosperous society. In East London, Mr. J. F. Haines was the centre of successful propaganda. Mr. T. E. Green kept the flag flying at Kingston-on-Thames; he printed a penny Secular Hymn-book on his amateur-press, from type set up by his own hands. Thus the work of the N.S.S. went merrily on, and the position of hon. secretary, to which I had been promoted, involved more labor than I could devote to it, despite the valuable assistance rendered by Mr. Bradlaugh's two daughters in dealing with correspondence. It was therefore decided by the executive to engage Mr. Forder, for a portion of his time, as assistant-secretary at a small salary. Privately I suggested to Mr. Bradlaugh that I should resign, on the ground of fairness to Mr. Forder. "Well, young Standring," replied Mr. Bradlaugh, "I should not have put it to you in that way; but it *would* be the fairest thing to do." And so I relinquished with good grace a position which I prized; but I remained a member of the Executive, being appointed one of the two auditors.

In the work of such a society as the N.S.S. there must necessarily have been large tracts of routine-desert, the crossing of which would leave no distinct memories. The first oasis—and it was a very fertile one—that I can recall resulted from the prosecution of the Knowlton pamphlet in 1877. It is unnecessary here to repeat the oft-told story of that famous struggle, which ended in so signal a victory for the cause of freedom. I am now only concerned with its influence upon the fortunes of the N.S.S. The impetus which it gave to the society was enormous. In all parts of the country members flocked into our ranks; for, though the advocacy of Malthusianism was no part of our duty as Secularists, yet the right of free publication was one for which many Freethinkers had suffered. I well remember the executive meeting at which Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, having made themselves responsible as publishers of the Knowlton pamphlet, tendered their resignations so that it might not be said that they had dragged the N.S.S. into the conflict. Mr. Bradlaugh explained to us, with his usual clearness and straightforwardness, the issues involved and the possible results of his action. The resignations of himself and of Mrs. Besant (as his partner in the publishing business) were then formally tendered and formally declined. The action of the executive in thus associating itself publicly with the defence of free publication was endorsed with practical unanimity by the party, and throughout that long and exciting struggle Mr. Bradlaugh had the satisfaction of knowing that the Secularists of Great Britain were at his back.

In 1878, at the Sheffield Conference, I was elected a vice-president of the N.S.S. Without notice the delegate from the Heckmondwike Branch rose in his place and said that he had been instructed by his society to nominate me. I sat there, astounded and bewildered. I noted, however, that for a moment or two Mr. Bradlaugh appeared to be doubting whether he would favor or oppose the motion; and well might he doubt, for I was not yet twenty-three years of age, and had only been working in the movement for three or four years. He soon decided to smile upon the motion, and it was adopted *nem. con.*; but before the next conference a rule was passed to the effect that nominations for the office of vice-president should be previously submitted to the executive and printed upon the agenda. Thus, in a haphazard and unexpected fashion, I was shovelled (so to speak) into a position far above my deserts; but for seventeen years I retained it, doing my best by ungrudging

service to justify my re-election year by year. When in 1895 I deemed it my duty to resign that position, I felt as if a part of my life had gone from me.

During the twenty years of my connection with the N.S.S. I rarely failed to attend an executive meeting, and in addition to this I had much committee work to perform. The Executive outgrew its quarters in the front-room at the Hall of Science, and on many occasions the minor hall barely sufficed to accommodate the officers and delegates who assembled at the monthly meetings. We invariably commenced with rigid punctuality, whether the attendance was large or small. After the formal matters and the correspondence were disposed of, Mr. Bradlaugh would introduce what I may call "Government business", explaining any action that he had taken or proposed to take. At the conclusion of this he would point his finger solemnly at every member in turn and ask: "Have *you* anything to bring forward? . . . And *you?* . . . And *you?*" Sometimes one or other of us *had* something to "bring forward", and it behoved us to do so without prolixity. If any fruitful suggestion or practicable proposal for useful work were forthcoming, Mr. Bradlaugh received it with due, if not excessive, patience; but woe betide the man who sought to speak for speaking's sake! The thunder-clouds gathered, the lightning flashed; and when the storm was over the ground was clear for the next man. I remember that once a delegate of no importance twitted some of his colleagues with their supposed subservience to the President. *He* would show them at the next meeting how to deal with Mr. Bradlaugh. The demonstration was awaited with much interest. The delegate rose when called upon and introduced something (I quite forget what it was) with much pomposity and tedious verbiage. Mr. Bradlaugh soon intervened, asking him to keep to the point. Then the delegate smote his breast, declared that *he* would not be "put down", and uttered some words of impertinent defiance. I do not know exactly what happened next; it seemed as if something exploded; and when the smoke cleared away we saw that delegate, pale-faced and breathing stertorously, sitting limply in his chair. Unfortunately he had *not* shown us "how to deal with Mr. Bradlaugh", and he never repeated his attempt to do so.

George Standring.

(To be continued.)

PERSISTENT PHARAOH.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley", says the poet; and in no department is this more apparent than in the laboriously laid schemes of those benighted individuals who seek to find monumental evidence in support of the Jewish legends. It has been strenuously asserted that the fourth king of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty was "the Pharaoh of the Exodus". It is true that his name was not "Pharaoh", but "Mer-en-Ptah Hetpu-her-mat Ba-en-Ra Mi-Amen"; but little differences like that never deter the earnest seeker after "corroborations" of Scripture. Monsieur de Rougé was the first person to associate Mer-en-Ptah with the king Pharaoh of Jewish fable; and, in order to fit in better with his hypothesis, he altered the Egyptian monarch's name into Meneptah, to correspond with "Ammenephthes", the hero of a confused legend related by Josephus. De Rougé's hypothesis has been repeated by later writers to amuse orthodox readers and save themselves trouble; and the theory has therefore attained a certain amount of popularity. It was supposed that as Mer-en-Ptah was dead, he would be unable to refute the theory that he was the long-sought Pharaoh of the Exodus; but they underrated the monarch's powers. Matters move slowly in Amenti, and the news from this barbarian world takes time to filter in; but nevertheless it gets there. Mer-en-Ptah entered the realm of Osiris thirty-two centuries ago; and he doubtless thought that he had laid aside for ever all

the troubles of this transient world, and had nothing more serious to look forward to than the consumption of the vast quantities of beef, beer, and other good things which the Ritual assures us are the guerdon of the Justified. But his repose was rudely broken by the news that his august name was being associated with "old wives' fables and endless genealogies"; and that he was accused of legislating against Jewish babies, and doing other foolish things. The discoveries of the last few years show us that the deceased monarch is endeavoring to clear his memory from these aspersions. The various steps he is taking for this purpose may seem very leisurely to us who live amidst the high pressure of this "so-called nineteenth century"; but a king who can look back three thousand years can hardly be expected to be in a hurry.

The tomb of Mer-en-Ptah is well known. It is in the *Biban el Moluk* valley near Thebes; and it has been open to the inspection of the world for the last two thousand years. Greek and Roman tourists have written their names upon its walls, and it was known to Strabo and Diodorus Siculus. Timid people who thought that this fact conflicted with the idea that "Pharaoh" was drowned in the Red Sea, were told that the kings of Egypt constructed their tombs in their lifetime; and that as the tomb was empty, it was clear that "Pharaoh" was never laid in it. So the case stood until 1896, when Mr. Flinders Petrie turned over a huge slab of black syenite, and discovered on the other side a long inscription of Mer-en-Ptah, in which that monarch claimed to have invaded Syria and to have cut off all seed in Israel. If Israel were already in Palestine in the time of Mer-en-Ptah, it is certain that he cannot be the "king Pharaoh" of the Exodus; and so-called Biblical archeology has not yet recovered from the blow. But more was yet to come: Mer-en-Ptah did not intend to leave his detractors a single loop-hole. A month or two ago, the tomb of Amunoph II, of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, was discovered at Thebes; and not only did this contain the body of *Amen-hetpu* himself, but also the mummies of seven other kings, among whom was our old friend Mer-en-Ptah. His spirit in Amenti would not let it be asserted that he was ignominiously drowned in the Red Sea, to form the subject of a Jewish woman's topical song and tambourine dance. After guiding European explorers to the record of his triumph over the Israelites in Canaan, his *ka* led them to the position of his mummy, the treasured shell which had been so carefully preserved for three thousand years after the soul had quitted it.

"Corroborators" of scripture should take warning and amend their ways, lest the companions of Osiris hold them up to further scorn. ANKH-EN-AUSAR.

THE BEDBOROUGH CASE.

THE Bedborough prosecution completed its first stage at Bow Street Police Court on June 21st, when Sir John Bridge—as was expected—committed the case for trial. In the ordinary course the trial would take place at the Central Criminal Court; but in view of the importance of the issue at stake, the defendant's counsel will doubtless endeavor to get it removed to a higher court. The principle of Right of Publication is involved, all who respect the freedom of the Press are concerned, and must be on the alert. To defend an attack of this nature is costly; first-rate legal aid was requisite at the outset, and removal to a higher court means further heavy expenses. The Free Press Defence Committee need all the help they can get, and their Treasurer (Mrs. Gladys Dawson, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, W.C.) will gladly welcome all contributions.

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THE volume for selling which Mr. Bedborough was arrested is, as we all know, written by Mr. Havelock Ellis. The title-page reads thus: "Studies in the Psycho-

logy of Sex. Vol. I. Sexual Inversion. By Havelock Ellis. London: The University Press, Watford, 1897"; and on its reverse, "London: Printed by A. Bonner, 1 and 2 Took's Court, Chancery Lane, E.C." The subject is a special one; it has been little studied in this country, and it calls for careful consideration and treatment. Mr. Ellis has most undoubtedly complied with the requirements of the case, and has dealt with a difficult subject in a proper and philosophic manner—as we should expect from such a writer. From the nature of the subject much of the matter is unpleasant reading (even revolting and nauseating in places), but the necessary details are given in the brief and dry style of the man of science—of the surgeon describing his "case". The book was printed in the ordinary way, and published quietly and properly at the price of 10s.

.....

IT was a little difficult, therefore, even for a seasoned and disillusioned individual, to listen calmly when Mr. Danckwertz—the prosecuting counsel—asserted that Mr. Ellis *recommended* the adoption or imitation of some of the abnormal phenomena which he was called upon to describe or allude to in the book. Mr. Avory, for the defence, at once sharply pointed out that this allegation was the reverse of the truth, and his emphatic objection stopped further transgression in this direction.

.....

IT is not quite clear why Mr. Bedborough was selected in connection with the book. Normally one would expect the author and publisher, and possibly the printer, to be dealt with as primarily responsible for the appearance of a work, rather than one of its sellers.

.....

AT the last hearing at Bow Street, the book was not dwelt upon by the prosecution; but they brought in several numbers of the *Adult*, a monthly journal, edited by Mr. Bedborough, and published by the Legitimation League, of which he is Honorary Secretary. These numbers were described as containing indictable matter; but neither the *Adult* nor the League has the remotest connection with Mr. Ellis and his work.

.....

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS is, we understand, naturally incensed by this prosecution and the anomalous position in which it has placed him for the time. As he is not tied to England, he may elect to write the other volumes of the series in a freer atmosphere, where the results of his careful studies may be chronicled without fear of police censorship. He has, we may add, received strong expressions of sympathy from medical men, which may presently be published.

The sale of the book has been suspended until the trial is over. C.

"SAINT PROPRIETY".

To comment on the prosecution of Mr. Havelock Ellis' book, while the case is pending, without becoming liable for contempt of Court, is not an easy task. The *Saturday Review* has, however, accomplished this feat in an admirable manner. In its issue for June 25th it had the following leading article entitled as above; it is so good that we venture to reprint it in full. The two letters which we also reprint appeared in the succeeding number. We note that the name of Mr. Frank Harris, the editor, is now added to the Free Press Committee.

"The recent prosecution of a publisher at Bow Street brings into prominence the attitude of legal England to publication of knowledge on one branch of human physiology and psychology. Every one knows vaguely that what is called mind and what is called body act and react on one another, and that disordered appetites are at once an index to and a result of the mutual play of disordered organic functions and disordered mental functions. With the history of these lamentable and progressive changes we have become familiar in the cases of inversions of the drink appetite and of the food appetite, because the law has not put its barbaric taboo on knowledge of the stomach or of the palate—even though the knowledge be published at a cheap price. With regard to a third set of inverted appetites, ignorance is almost universal, although from every medical, moral, and social point of view they are precisely parallel in their progressive history—arrested with ease only at the beginning—and in the mental and physical disintegration with which they are associated. A considerable body of knowledge relating to them, however, actually exists. Ploss, in Holland, one of the greatest anthropologists who have ever lived, gathered together from

hospital and legal reports, from the customs of the oldest and of the most modern civilisations, from the savages of every color and climate, a vast mass of information, much of which he embodied in his classical treatise 'Das Weib'. Charcot, one of the subtlest of French observers, has collected from his modern practice and published much of the greatest importance on this subject. Krafft-Ebing, an Austrian physician of world-wide fame, has written a treatise on 'Psychopathia Sexualis', which describes and classifies the disorders of the sexual appetite with the single-minded devotion of a systematic botanist, and his superb volume has been translated into English and published by a well-known firm. Mr. Havelock Ellis, an Englishman thoroughly well known as the editor of a series, the special object of which has been to popularise scientific knowledge drawn from all European sources, and himself the author of several luminous volumes simplifying the recondite investigations of specialists on subjects remote from sex, has also written a volume on the subject matter of Ploss and Krafft-Ebing and Charcot. His London publisher was in consequence prosecuted by the London police as the publisher of an 'obscene libel'; part of the public was insulted in Court for not, like the magistrate, anticipating the decision of a jury; the 'prisoner' was committed for trial, and released only on most substantial bail, and after the magistrate risked turning the defending barrister into a witness for the prosecution.

"We have not the advantage of an exact knowledge of the particular book in question; moreover, as this individual case is still *sub judice*, we have no wish to pronounce the work fit for decent persons to read, even although Sir John Bridge has paved the way for us by his dictum that it was unfit for decent women to hear read. We can assure that magistrate and his like that if this particular volume is at all similar to the works of the standard authorities upon sexual inversion it must abound in descriptions of facts at least as disgusting as the facts of delirium tremens. But we suspect that the objection to them is not that they are disgusting, but that they relate to the functions of sex. To our mind, and to the minds of most people who are not specialists in anatomy, details concerning the pulpy structure of the mass of fat and blood and protoplasm we call the brain, details of the humors and pigments of the eye, details of the coats and glands of the stomach—in fact, details of the gross matter that is our bodies—are all repellent. The brain is as disgusting as the muscles, the blood as horrible as the liver, and the nutritional viscera are no more pleasant than the viscera of reproduction. When we add to the study of structure the study of function, and to that the study of disordered function, the natural horror increases. None the less, who doubts the importance of a widely diffused general knowledge of human anatomy and physiology? We do not demand that knowledge should be confined to doctors, that the treatises containing it should be published in the *argot* of science and at a price suited only to the pockets of the rich. If a man would spread knowledge of the stomach, he may do so in any form of language, abstruse or popular, which pleases him, and he may charge a guinea or a penny for his book. One exception is made by law and by ignorant opinion.

"Slow, slow, through the ages has been the progress of the battle for free knowledge against compulsory ignorance. In the old tradition, eating of the apple gave man a knowledge of good and evil; but the devil is an unfair bargainer, and it is only from century to century, fragment by fragment, that there has been wrung from him what was supposed to be the price of the fall of man. The great governing institutions, the princes of the Church and of the State, the law, the hierarchy of medicine, have all striven that man, although fallen, shall remain as ignorant as before the fall brought with it its tremendous compensation of choice. Greater minds in every age have fought, and, piece by piece, have added to the range of what may be made known without penalties. In the present century gigantic strides have been made, thanks to Darwin and Huxley, to Bradlaugh, and with him a set of petty martyrs, the very ridiculousness of whose protests illumined the principle behind them. We can now, without fear of prison and penalties, discuss the existence or the attributes of the Almighty, the sacraments of a Church or the conduct of its priests; we may discard revelation, attack the Scriptures, or exalt false gods. We may criticise the Queen or advocate a republic; we may push the limits of political controversy over the edge of abuse; we may publish anything, in any form, in science, in art, or in letters, quite irrespectively of the relation of our views or new facts to received views and accepted knowledge. All the taboos have been removed except the taboo on sex. Sex and its functions, orderly or disordered, are removed to an under-world, where in the blighting darkness, every foul fungoid growth flourishes, and where, in dense compulsory ignorance, good and evil are scarcely distinguishable. The mental side of it, in the silly distortions of epicene novelists, alone is allowed free publication. If a book dealing with sex is not a story, or a poem, or a treatise, the language of which is unintelligible to those without a special training, and the price of which is prohibitive, it is as dangerous to publish it as to break into a house. Meantime the evil results, to individuals and to the State, of ignorant confusion between vice and disease, between natural instincts and corrupt passions, grows apace."

"SAINT PROPRIETY.

"To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

"SIR,—There are but few educated men and women in this country who will not entirely approve

of the spirit of the admirable article upon the Bedborough prosecution which appeared in your issue of June 25. Every intelligent parent and teacher recognises the urgent necessity for the enquiry which Mr. Havelock Ellis has undertaken in his 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex', and I have yet to meet the thoughtful man or woman who approves of the attack upon the first volume of that series. The prosecution is one of the most extraordinary on record. If the seller of Mr. Ellis's scientific work of research is to be condemned, then all booksellers throughout England are in danger of arrest whenever they sell a book which gravely and cleanly enquires into the psychic phenomena of sex, and a whole library of medical treatises are indictable. I note in the article 'Saint Propriety' that Mr. Bedborough is described as the 'publisher' of the book. He is merely one of the booksellers who have sold the volume, the publishers being the University Press, Watford. It is also incorrect to refer to the book as popular, as it was the author's express desire that it should be sold judiciously, and only to adults. The scientific tone, the technical terminology, and the price of the treatise preclude its popularity in the ordinary sense. It is a book for the educated and the earnest-minded.

"A Free Press Defence Committee, containing many eminent names, has been formed to defend the prosecuted vendor of the book, and to maintain that liberty of discussion which is the very soul of morality. The members of the committee are making appeal to the public to assist with money and influence in the protection of the imperilled right of free, wholesome enquiry into sexual subjects of the deepest importance. Letters expressing surprise and sympathy are being sent to Mr. Havelock Ellis from well-known physicians, literary men and journalists, and help is coming from men and women of every shade of opinion. But more money and more support from the Press is needed. The matter of the prosecution should be thoroughly ventilated, for the principle at issue is of tremendous moment. It is encouraging to find that the *Saturday Review* gives publicity to the case, and I trust that the manifesto issued by the Defence Committee will induce the public to rally round Mr. Ellis and the prosecuted seller of his valuable work.—I am, faithfully yours,

"GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

"*To the Editor of the Saturday Review.*

"SIR,—I was glad to see your article dealing so ably with the subject of the prosecution of a London bookseller. As a medical man I have read the book in question with real thankfulness for the information contained therein, and for the author's careful treatment of the subject. It is thirty years since I read Caspar's well-known medico-legal work dealing with portions of the subject-matter; I am also acquainted with Krafft-Ebing's book, but I am impressed with the great advance made by Mr. Havelock Ellis in his treatment and standpoint. The difficult problems of sex are skilfully arranged by this author into a group which brings them nearer to the methods of the botanist and zoologist already well recognised, whilst this important subject, affecting the welfare of the race at so many points, has only received fragmentary scientific attention. The community owes a deeper debt of gratitude to the author of this work than may be apparent in the present generation.

"Your article contains a few statements which are not quite accurate. In the first place it is a bookseller and not the publisher who is proceeded against. In the second place the book is not intended to popularise the subject, but—as evidenced by method of publication, technicality and price—it is a book for limited sale, although not restricted to doctors, but open to all real and earnest students of psychology. These facts, however, only add strength to your argument.—I am, yours faithfully,

"MEDICUS.

"[We are glad of the general agreement of 'Medicus', but our article was, in one point, gravely misunderstood by him if he believes us to have made the cost of the book a point in the defence. If knowledge be good, it is good at a penny or at a guinea; if a student be serious, we do not demand that he should be rich.—ED. *Sat. Rev.*]"

LITERATURE.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By L. T. HOBHOUSE, M.A. With preface by R. B. HALDANE, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.)

This is one of the Reformer's Bookshelf series, and since it was very well worth its original price of 3s. 6d., the present cheap edition must be reckoned a splendid shillingsworth indeed. Originally written in 1892-3, its diagnosis of social maladies and indications of the direction of movement have been strikingly borne out by subsequent experience.

But this was only to be expected of a book which may be reckoned among the most able and valuable contributions of the generation to the literature of its subject. Scholarly in its manner, and treating with the insight of a thinker and the acumen of a thorough and trained student in a broad and philosophical spirit the most vital question of the time, the book represents just the best kind of directive and critical work which the Universities might be expected to furnish to the public, and we can only advise our readers with the strongest emphasis to read this book and read it again—for it will well bear to be marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

The book is a real *vade mecum* of the recent economic development of society, and whoso reads it with any attention cannot fail to have a clear idea of the meaning and connection of the various movements in progress, and their relation to the present social structure and its probable modifications in the near future. It furnishes, in short, a clue to the maze of economic struggle and controversy.

The best service which it will do to readers who are not Socialists, consciously so labelled, is to indicate their precise relation to the so-called Socialistic questions of to-day, and to define for them the extent to which all reasonable reformers can work with those bearing names which may seem at first sight suspicious. The book shows the drift of past and present movement, and a better, because more accurate and attractive, title for it would be, "*The Present Trend of Social Evolution*".

If one may attempt to condense its teaching

into a uneconomic formula, its method might be described as *collection*, *correlation* and *concentration*, while its teaching might be summarised in a like fashion as *combination* in the production, *co-operation* in the distribution of wealth, and *communisation* of the control of industry.

The author tells us many valuable truths in pithy sentences, such, for instance, as that "society is really a co-operative trade-union", and that "intelligence is better than blind force" as the regulator of social activities, recalling, in the passage relating to this latter subject, Huxley's well-known antithesis of natural or blind selection and its unconscious evolution of the fittest as opposed to human selection and its conscious attempt to control the former and to evolve the *best*.

Especially should individualists take to heart the appeal (on p. 42) to the new principle needed in economics of mutual help, and a sense of common good instead of a mere scramble for profit; and the upshot of the book is to leave a conviction in the reader's mind that our present economic movement is at least towards a cosmos in place of the existing chaos, and that we may therefore trust to the stream of tendency for the present, since it is at all events in the direction of better things.

The grim spectre of the population question is not laid by our author; but it is at least recognised and is stated to be not instantly pressing, while by his advocacy of a widened unionism the author endeavors to bring home in the most forcible way to each of us the practical importance of this question, and so helps to bring about the most natural solution of the problem by checking inordinate increase.

Such books as the present are of inestimable value just now, by showing us where we are and whither we are going, and this one should be now within reach of all. May its light spread far and wide, for it is of a sort that is sorely needed.

FOOTSTEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS. By JAMES SAMUELSON, Barrister-at-Law. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

These footsteps, Mr. Samuelson thinks, lead "slowly but surely towards a far distant goal designed and prepared for the human race by a higher intelligence". If the "higher intelligence" were capable of designing a goal to be reached through human suffering and human misery it would surely have been equally easy to it to have designed a goal which should coincide with the starting point, and thus have saved all this agony. Although Mr. Samuelson claims to know a great deal about "ends of Providence"—a phrase continually repeated—and particularly that the golden rule "is essentially the chief expression of the will of God on earth", when he comes to deal with the havoc wrought by war, which, happily, he utterly and entirely condemns, then he says that "without further insight into His laws and purposes it would be unrighteous to blame the author of all good for its continuance". But if it is righteous to claim an author for all the good in the world, and to adore him, it is equally righteous to posit an author for all the bad and to blame him, not only for its continuance, but for its inception. The question of the existence of evil is always an awkward one for the Theist, for it proves his Theos—under whatever name he may choose to designate it—to be either not all powerful, or, if all powerful, then not all good. Mr. Samuelson adheres to the words of the Psalmist in describing those he is able to misrepresent, but unable to answer.

A VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN. By JOHN JOHNSTON, M.D. (*Labor Press.* 3s. 6d.)

These notes of visits paid to Walt Whitman and John Burroughs in 1890, were originally written for a group of friends, but the interest in them was so great that it was decided to issue them to the public in book form with the addition of a dozen photographs. This picture of Whitman in his cheery old age at Camden will be welcome to all lovers of the poet. A point that will have especial interest to Freethinkers is Whitman's tribute to the wonderful eloquence of Ingersoll. He says:

"In Ingersoll there are none of the stock tricks of oratory, but it flows from him as freely as water, pure and clear, from a hidden spring which eludes all the investigations of chemistry. It has spontaneity, naturalness, and yet behind it *everything*."

And again on another occasion:

"Ingersoll is a good illustration of what I mean. From my point of view the main question about his matter is, 'What does it amount to?' But I cannot but admire his manner of giving it utterance—it is so thoroughly natural and spontaneous, just like a stream of pure water, issuing we know not whence, and flowing along we care not how, only conscious of the fact that it is beautiful all the time."

FORGOTTEN TRUTH: Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Collated by T. DUNDAS PELLANS. (*Liberty Review* Publishing Company. 1s.)

These selections are prefaced by a biographical sketch of Burke in which we learn, amongst other matters, that "kings vied with each other in their expressions of gratitude to the author of this masterly vindication of the established order ['Reflections on the French Revolution'] ; and George III. . . . observed with emphasis that every gentleman should read Mr. Burke's book". Five selections from "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity" are followed by seven or eight from the "Reflections", six from the "Appeal from the new to the old Whigs", and by single extracts from other of Burke's speeches and writings. The publishers and the dedication to Lord Wemyss

will prepare the reader for the special nature of these selections.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHANCE. By WM. PLATT. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

We have here two stories of men and women in which the men—with one exception—are all knaves or fools, and the women beautiful and more or less wise. The stories abound in epigrams and have all Mr. Platt's characteristic vigor and poetry, and if no one seems a whit the better or the worse for "The ascent to the heights", why, if we turn to "Blind men and seeing" we shall find there that Virtue, after many struggles, gets her due reward.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PESSIMISM AND REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR.

It is no doubt the principal duty of reformers to find fault with the existing order—since the wrongness of things is their sole *raison d'être*—but one may be pardoned for doubting whether such universal and wholesale condemnation of everything that occurs in the working of our world's machinery, as has lately filled the pages of the REFORMER, is justifiable, or even, if so, whether it is necessary.

The effect left on the reader's mind after the perusal of a whole number is not pleasant or healthy, and one is led to suspect that there is an insidious snare in the life of a social critic which looks very like destroying all belief in conscientious action anywhere, and leading to a cynical and probably often ungrounded interpretation of base motives.

But is it the fact that our society is full of nothing but the callous and selfish rascality which the zealous reformer sees apparently to the exclusion of everything else else? Gilbert, in the "Mikado", told us of those who praised

> "Every century but this, and every country but their own."

But our reformers go one better, for they praise no one at all, and the effect of the constant repetition of these jeremiads on the universal villainy of men is, to say the least of it, depressing.

Surely, if for no other reason than that of contrast and relief, some note should be taken of the reforms that are carried and those that are attempted, as well as of the evils that exist, and it really does seem probable that some of the acts of our governing classes may be due to conscientious efforts to do the best possible, or at least the best visible, while even religious people are capable of some generous and exalted impulses.

Again, it would be well if some discrimination were made between evils that are remediable by means reasonably within reach, and others which are necessary consequences of the social order as it is, and only to be removed, if at all, by heroic and somewhat remote remedies.

As an example of the kind of criticism referred to, the article in the May number on the Spanish-American War may serve. Does Mr. Robertson really think that the Yellow Journalism has such colossal power as to precipitate the nation into war against its better instincts? or, more pertinently, does he really believe that the American nation has no "better instincts"? Because, if so, his readers should know where they and he stand. A nation is a very complex entity, but it certainly seems that motives of the heroic order—quixotic, perhaps, but of true metal—have very materially determined the question of this war; and it seems that in this case the snare of the reformer, above alluded to, has hampered Mr. Robertson's free intellectual movements. Does he also really mean to say (as would seem to be implied in his article, and is explicitly desired in various notes and criticisms in earlier issues) that we, as a nation, ought not to go on building warships and raising armies while the world is in its present stage of evolution? Because, if so, again readers should know where they stand. We all deplore the incalculable waste and moral harm done by modern as well as ancient militarism, but there are surely few of us—and Mr. Robertson is one of the last one would expect to find among the few—who would counsel disarmament relative or actual, when we know that this would be inviting the spoiler. We may deplore the existence of wolves, but it is surely common sense to keep dogs when the wolves are visible all round the pastures. Yet if this be so, what is the point of constant declamation against increase of national forces by the Government? That seems merely to darken counsel, and to spoil the edge of the critical weapon for its real and numerous uses. RHATHYMOS.

[If our esteemed correspondent will send us an article dealing with the reforms spontaneously carried by the Government during, say, the last five years, we shall have pleasure in inserting it. We do not wish to do any person or body of persons an injustice by leaving their good deeds unnoted; such are, however, almost certain to be blazoned forth in the daily press. The keynote of our editorial policy is "reform", and as it is only the evil we wish to reform, we are bound to point out where the evil lies. If England kept only dogs of defence we should not be obliged to deplore the continual increase in our armaments, but during the last fifteen years we have added 3,000,000 miles of territory to our "pastures". We base our "constant declamation" on this wolves' work. Having employed armed force to ravish these lands from others weaker than ourselves, we then ask for armed force to protect it from others who might otherwise prove stronger.—ED.]

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

To the Editor.

In view of the Bill now before Parliament and the discussion on the subject of vaccination recently going on in your columns, it may not be out of place to carry the discussion a little further, as every parent must be more or less interested in the matter.

The view of the case which I take is rather uncommon, because while believing in the efficacy of vaccination as a palliative of smallpox, I am opposed to compulsory vaccination, for two reasons: first, because I do not believe in the principle that whatever is beneficial should be made compulsory; and second, because, even if we admit this principle, there is no necessity for compulsion with regard to vaccination at the present time.

With reference to the efficacy of vaccination, it is apparently no use giving the anti-vaccinationists statistics, as they are not convinced by them; but I would ask them, especially the older men, one or two questions which they can easily answer from their personal recollection. (1) In the days when smallpox was prevalent, and there was an outbreak every few years, was it not a recognised fact that a person who had had the smallpox once, and recovered, was not likely to contract the disease a second time; or, if he did, it was generally in a mild form, and very rarely fatal? (2) Is not the principle of vaccination simply artificially giving to a person modified smallpox, or an allied disease—cowpox? Anti-vaccinationists admit this is so; but they say that with the smallpox or cowpox poison inoculated other diseases are communicated as well, and consequently it does more harm than good. Granting that other diseases may sometimes be communicated by vaccination, that does not affect the principle; it is merely an element in calculating risk, which I come to later on.

If anti-vaccinationists admit that by vaccination smallpox or cowpox is given to a person—never mind whether other diseases are communicated as well—it follows that a person who has been vaccinated is in the same position as a person who has had smallpox once, contracted in the ordinary way. If they admit that what I have said was a recognised fact some years ago, that a person having had smallpox once, and recovered, was in less danger of catching the disease a second time, they admit the efficacy of vaccination.

The next question is, if the efficacy of vaccination be admitted, should it be made compulsory? The first reason I gave for not believing in compulsory vaccination is that I do not agree with the principle that whatever is beneficial should be made compulsory. This is a general question, and vaccination is only one of the subjects it applies to, so it will be better not to stop and discuss this now. People who believe in vaccination and also believe in compulsion are justified in expressing their opinion, though whether they are justified in applying compulsion is another matter.

The second reason is that even if the efficacy of vaccination be admitted, there is no necessity for compulsory vaccination at the present time. Smallpox is practically stamped out; whether by vaccination or improved sanitation does not matter—it is stamped out. An occasional outbreak occurs like that at Gloucester, but if an outbreak occurs at Gloucester that is no reason why people at Norwich should be vaccinated. The most strenuous advocates of vaccination must confess that for the great majority of Englishmen the risk of catching smallpox is practically *nil*. And as this is the case, there is no need for vaccination at all. It is merely a question of risk. On the one hand, there is the risk of catching smallpox; and on the other hand there is the certainty of having cowpox for a week or a fortnight, and the risk of having other diseases communicated with it. The first risk is very very slight, the second risk is slight or very great in the estimation of the person most concerned, according to the circumstances of education, etc.

Over this question it is the fashion for anti-vaccinationists to abuse the medical profession, and say they endeavor to perpetuate the "filthy rite" (as they call it) for the sake of the fees and emoluments it brings in; but I think this is a gross libel on the profession, and that they advocate it because they are so entirely convinced of its efficacy.

Norwich. W. P. H.

HOME READING.

To the Editor.

I was pleased to read your appreciative note on the report of the National Home Reading Union. The Union has done, and is doing a good bit of work in sketching courses of reading of definiteness of aim; and in affording illustrative help by means of literary notes, articles in its magazines, and by the circulation of pictorial illustrations, and geological and other specimens suited to the various courses of study.

Though I have not been directly connected with N.H.R.U.—in the sense of belonging to a reading circle—I come in contact with many young men and women who have benefited by the courses of study, through the medium of the Co-operative Holidays' Association in connection with N.H.R.U., and of which I have been a helper for some years. It has been a permanent feeling with me for some time that such reading circles should be started in connection with our secular societies. Any of the courses suggested by the union might be taken up, but probably Secularists would desire the organisation of schemes of reading which the N.H.R.U., would not care to adopt.

It is the part of a Freethinker to read widely, and on one subject deeply. The educational value of a competent knowledge

of even one subject cannot be over-estimated. Societies could avail themselves of such subjects as the works of a particular poet; a special period of literature; of history, ancient or modern; of constitutional, economic, or social development; of a special science. Personally I would like very much to see a definite attempt made to encourage such work in the secular movement, whether under the auspices of N.H.R.U., or not.

Many young Secularists find no organised work to do; and are encouraged to not attend regularly meetings at which they are only lectured to or at. Our platform arouses intellectual curiosity without doing anything to direct it, or to utilise its energy. The social value of circle reading is not without its effect in keeping members together.

There is no objection on the part of the Union to the circle meeting on Sunday for the discussion and elucidation of the subject of study; and such a circle might fittingly form the senior class of a Secularist Sunday School.

We have had some experience of such a Sunday class in Liverpool. We took definite books for reading: Clifford's "Seeing and Thinking"; Bain's "Mind and Body"; then we had a class in Logic; and lastly a course in Philosophy, and we have just been thinking over what shall be done during the coming winter session (we take time by the forelock).

As examples of courses of interest to Secularists, I have in mind, Secularism, as exemplified by the lives of Chas. Bradlaugh, and G. J. Holyoake; Positivism, taking for reading Comte's "General View"; Conway's "Paine"; the origin and progress of Christianity as contained in the "Decline and Fall"; the writings of J. M. Wheeler; the works of B. V.; and others bearing directly on our work against superstition; and the Secularist world does not know enough of Clifford, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, among recent scientific men.

Full information regarding the methods and subjects of the N.H.R.U. may be obtained from the Sec., Miss Mondy, Victoria Embankment, and I will gladly give any advice and help I can to secular societies desiring to institute independent circles. Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to the Co-operative Holidays' Association, particulars of which may be obtained from Rev. T. A. Leonard, Colne, Lancs., or from myself?

LAURENCE SMALL.

Seaforth, Liverpool.

1798 IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

A few days back we had what some persons will call a blot on our civilisation. In Ireland, while the Catholics were commemorating the rebellion of 1798, they were assailed by their Christian compatriots, the Protestants. The reason I write is to obtain a little information on the rebellion of 1798. In *Macmillan's Magazine* (February, 1891), Mr. Goldwin Smith, in an article, "Mr. Lecky on Pitt", writes: "The first movers in the rebellion, as Mr. Lecky is aware, were not the Catholics but the Protestants, or rather the Freethinkers of Belfast". Perhaps some readers of the REFORMER may be able to tell me if Mr. Goldwin Smith is accurate in his views.

H. C. LONG.

Westgate-on-Sea.

THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

TO THE EDITOR.

I can see no just cause for taxing land values; the evils connected with our land system are not altogether or perhaps at all the result of private property in land. Turn your life tenants into absolute owners, and reform your laws of inheritance, and you will not have any land withheld from use. Public benefit should, however, be the supreme law, and if private property in land can be shown to be detrimental it is right to abolish it; but as the law has created property in land, all landlords should have some consideration, and those who have purchased for hard cash full compensation.

To argue, however, that landlords can shift any tax is absurd, my grievance against landlords is that they pay all the taxes and monopolise all the wealth to do it. Poor rates, school board, water and everything else are really paid by the landlords. Some, like the Duke of Portland, prefer to pay indirectly, whereas the Duke of Westminster is eliminating the leaseholder, and building flats and paying the rates and taxes direct. If he knew how he was assisting and promoting Socialism thereby, perhaps he would revert to the old system.

A progressive and differentiated income-tax is what advanced reformers should try to establish; a tax on land values, unless exemptions were allowed as under the income-tax, would certainly be pure unmitigated rascality.

A. J. M.

TO THE EDITOR.

The *hocus-pocus* I am assailing is that of *principles*. Beside these, ground-rent taxation is to ground-value taxation as tweedledum to tweedledee.

A tax on land values falls wholly on the landlord, Mr. Withy says. One of the parties in our enquiry thus is—"landlord", say A. Further Mr. Withy says, "Land value is the property of the whole body of the people". Another party in the enquiry thus is—"the people", say B. Well then, land value being the property of B, how comes it that a tax on it falls wholly on A? We "*do indeed*", Mr. Withy empatically declares, "recognise the thing taxed *as property*, only we recognise it as the property of B, *not* as the property of A". But as you can't tax a man on what isn't his'n, and as the tax falls wholly on A, plainly the taxationists "*do indeed*" recognise land value as the property of A, the landlord, and not as the property of B, the people. This is the entanglement that Mr. Withy, mistranslating my "dictum" that "taxation recognises as property the thing taxed", lands himself in. In his entanglement I leave him.

It is curious that the single-tax men never stand to their guns. I said that the tax could be shifted by the landlord back on to the tenant, and I put a case in point. Do my opponents meet the case? Not a bit of it. Mr. Withy, from the vasty deep, calls up "all economists of standing", and behind them takes refuge. And Mr. Berens invokes John Stuart Mill to take down "my arrogance". But the economists are now out of my horizon. I cannot see them. I see only Mr. Withy and Mr. Berens. And as I have not the time to follow Mr. Withy south of the equator, I ask him to stay at home. Direct to both my opponents I put it that if a tax on rent cannot be shifted, how is it that it *is* shifted in the case I advanced? "It stands to reason that the tax cannot be shifted", Mr. Withy avers. "Then meet my case", I say. "They didn't know ev'rything down in Judee," and there is a vast deal more yet to be said about rent than "all the economists of standing" ever dreamed of.

For Mr. Berens, authority settles all. In confronting me with John Stuart Mill, Mr. Berens refers to him as an authority "at least equal" to myself. Now that's unkind. I do not retaliate; but, returning good for evil, make a statement. And for my statement which is this—that Mr. Ley (meaning myself, "and don't you forget it") is a "great leader of men", proffers authority than which none can be higher—Mr. Berens himself. "For 'tis he him-self hath said it, And it's great-ly to his cred-it". Would that I could greet him with—"Brother, you're another". But alas, he is a follower amongst men, not a leader.

A word about authority from authority. First, Stanley Jevons. "In matters of philosophy and science," he says, "authority has ever been the great opponent of truth." Secondly, the apostle himself of the Single-Taxers, Henry George, who writes, "Not only does the history of the world show that undue deference to authority has been the potent agency through which errors have been enthroned and superstitions perpetuated, but there are regions of thought in which the largest powers and the greatest acquirements cannot guard against aberrations or assure deeper insight". While, therefore, "yielding to reputation the presumption in its favor, and to authority the respect that is its due, let us not too much underrate our own powers in what is concerned with common facts and general relations. While we may not be scientists or philosophers—*we too are men*".

My opponents both make much of the land that their 4s. in the £1 tax would throw into the market, and the blessings that would ensue. "The fire would begin to burn the stick, the stick would beat the dog, the dog would bite the pig, the pig would get over the stile", and "even the poor semptress in her garret would benefit." As Mr. Berens says *at* me, "the veriest tyro in economic reasoning should be able to see that". Well, though tyro, I am by no means so sure as are my antagonists as to the direction things would take on the imposition of this "first instalment". Much land would come to the hammer, no doubt, and sell low, but *this is exactly the vultures' opportunity*. And syndicates A to Z, and after, would swoop down and corner up all this land, the gamble being one of all prizes and no blanks. Just as, now, the owners of large estates, obtaining sufficient for luxurious living out of a portion, get their "sport" out of the remainder, so these syndicates, building on a portion of their land, would, out of the income therefrom accruing, pay the tax on the whole. Four-fifths of the ground value of the portion they build on is theirs absolutely; left them by Mr. Withy, Mr. Berens, and a gracious English Land Restoration League—an entirety afraid of their own arguments. And with this four-fifths *plus* the rents they exact, having paid the tax on all the land they own, they would have left for "booty" the whole five-fifths of the value of all the rest of the land they have cornered. The investment would be a splendid one; the four-fifths on all they own being *guaranteed by law*.

But, Mr. Withy will say, this 4s. tax represents the capture of only the first of the "series of forts" to be captured; and "nothing less than 20s. will content us". There are divisions, however, amongst the taxationists. There are "half-way reformers", "whole hoggers", and so on. Supposing then, for convenience, that we regard the "series" as of five forts; each fort representing a 4s. in the £1 "instalment". Then there will be also five divisions of hoggers, namely, whole (five-fifths) hoggers (say *a*); four-fifths hoggers (*b*); three-fifths (*c*); two-fifths (*d*); and one-fifth hoggers (*e*). The "opposition to be overcome", confessedly "strong", is, say *x*. To attack the first fort, all the hoggers unite. The *a* division "rightly", says Mr. Withy, co-operates with the *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e* divisions. For the attack on the second fort, however, the reformers lose their *e* division. The division was at best merely of four-shilling-pounders, still their help was help. But that is not the worst. Not only is the investing force reduced by the *e* division, but this division fraternises with the enemy, whose strength becomes $x+e$, that of the invaders being the sum of their four divisions, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*. The second fort being captured, the eight-shilling-pounders (*d* division) will go no further; they will not attack the third fort. Similarly the *c* division will not attack the fourth fort, nor the *b* division the fifth fort. And, as well, each of these deserting divisions, *d*, *c*, and *b*, goes over, in turn, to the opposing army. So that, for the attack on the fifth fort, there is on one side the *a* division only, the whole hoggers, whilst the enemy numbers $x+e+d+c+b$. The *x* opposition by itself was strong; what is the foe now? Gamely Mr. Withy still may shout, "Charge, hoggers, charge!" But in what century does he expect to capture the "last stronghold", now a "stronghold" indeed? Is the prospect one of the landlord as "oppressor of the people" being ever "gone for ever"?

Mr. Withy fancies that the landlord, by virtue of this tax, would eventually become "a mere rent-collector to the State". Nothing of the kind. Henry George (in my own limited portrait-gallery of those whom I respect and love, Henry George holds prominent position) emphasises that no new machinery is to be created. That is, the landlord remains, not "nominally", but *actually*. And, as the State wants its tax, he would exercise to the full his appalling "execution" powers, even in simple self-preservation; as well as augment his percentage-on-the-rent income by all sorts of direct and indirect extortions from his vassal tenants.

I followed the conjectures of my opponents as to what would ensue on the imposition of a tax because they are both so strong in conjecture. But what have we to do with such speculations? We have to do with whether the tax is *logical*; for if it is not, then that fact alone is at once its condemnation. It is wrong in life if it is wrong in logic.

As evidencing the adequacy of the tax, Mr. Withy

says, "all landlords are afraid of it". And Mr. Berens, that the landlords "abominate and oppose it". All which amounts to—the patient don't like the physic; how efficacious it must be!

My paper afforded Mr. Berens such "very amusing reading", that he only half read it. He says I do not set forth why I regard the taxation proposal as immoral. Mr. Withy however finds my argument, and puts it "in brief"; misapprehending it, though. My argument is, be the tax efficacious or inefficacious, it is tyrannical and therefore immoral. It appoints for my life, as slaveowner might for slave, conditions other than those of freedom, and the advocates of it have no moral right to pass such sentence.

The anxiety of my opponents to know what I personally have to prescribe in the way of improving the landlord off the face of the earth, attests lurking doubts of their own prescription. Mr. Berens quips me twice, and Mr. Withy twice puts questions. "Can Mr. Ley propound a better plan?" is one of his questions, and he takes a whole paragraph to ask it in. Well, Mr. Ley *can* propound a better. But one thing at a time, and that thing now is—Sapolio. "Sapolio won't wash clothes"; and Single-Tax Sapolio will not in the least help the masses in their misery.

Right through my opponents' defence of the tax runs an entire misapprehension of the reformer's function. The apprehension indeed is inseparably bound up with the tax proposal. Our duty as reformers (of the "our" I class myself, ardently) is, every inch of it, educational. We know a truth; the truth that Landlordism is legalised robbery. This truth, unadulterated, is what we have to teach men; it is a trust of which we are apostles. The landlords are robbers, and if we put our truth into shape that comes to terms with them, we are black sheep, and trifle with our trust. Setting up as teachers, not as time-servers, how dare we teach for practice less than the truth? We have to teach what, in the nature of things, must obtain for human happiness. Our function is not executive. Were it so, then, with a majority against us in the administrative chamber, we needs must, for the nonce, accept a fraction of our rights; continuing our proselytism, however, till *we* are majority. But though perforce we thus put up with less than our rights, shame on us if we teach less. If we do this, are we missionaries or cowards? Are we honest men, or betrayers of our faith? "Half-way reformers," and "fair share" men, may, laughing in their sleeves, make cat's-paw of men meaning real reform. They are not compromising *their* principles in so doing. The climbing down is left to mistaken souls who, to "cut off the tiger's tail close behind his ears", must proceed "gradually, constitutionally, and systematically"; who "do not disdain to co-operate" with those having in view simply to make the tiger "uncomfortable" by pinching his tail; as though the question were the tiger's discomfort, not the victim's relief; who, shirking the difficulties to be swept away, nickname the evasion "common sense".

HENRY W. LEY.

ESSEX HALL, W.C.—Mr. John C. Kenworthy gave a series of five mid-day lectures on July 4th—8th. Subjects: "The Gospels as History"; "The Life of Jesus"; "The Gospel and (*a*) Industry; (*b*) The State (The Kingdom of Heaven on earth opposed to State Government)"; and (*c*) "The Church".

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[*Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.*]

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL PROGRESSIVE UNION (strictly Non-Party and Non-Sectarian), 87 Praed Street, W.—On July 25th, Mlle. Adrienne Veigelé will lecture, at 8 p.m., at 330 Burdett Road, Limehouse, E. Subject: "What is Religion?" Admission free to men and women.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Meeting was held at St. Martin's Town Hall, on June 14. Mr. Hodgson Pratt presided, and was supported by Messrs. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., William Clarke, Bracciforti, "Max O'Rell", Felix Moscheles, Dr. G. B. Clark, M.P., and others. Mr. Pratt's excellent presidential address, and also the Association's Report, may be obtained at the Offices of the Association: 40-41 Outer Temple, Strand, W.C.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—During June open-air meetings have been held on Peckham Rye every Sunday. Mr. J. Clarke, M.A., lectured during the month on "The Value of Ethics" and "The Ethics of Socialism", and Mr. H. O. Newland on "Intimations of Immortality" and "The Revolt of Ethics". During July Mr. W. S. Sanders (of the Battersea Ethical Society) will lecture on "Industrial Ethics", and a well-known lady member of the Independent Labor Party will occupy the platform upon one occasion. Evening meetings will shortly be held in Brockwell Park. The third excursion took place on Saturday last, July 2. Proceeding to Hampton Court by rail, the party embarked on pleasure boats, and visited Sunbury and Walton, a most enjoyable day being spent.—H. O. NEWLAND, Hon. Sec.

FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.—At the monthly Committee meeting, held at South Place on June 30, arrangements were made to send two speakers upon a week's tour for propagandist open-air lecturing. In July Mr. Papernow will visit the North of England; and early in August Mr. E. Calvert will do a week's lecturing in Nottingham and district. A subscription of £1 was voted to the Free Press Defence Committee, and G. Standring was appointed delegate to that body. Leaflet No. 3, "Col. Ingersoll's Path to Freethought", was approved, and is now printed. Secular societies can obtain copies for distribution gratis on application to the Secretary, GEO. STANDRING, 7 and 9, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

REGENT'S PARK FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.—Lectures for July by Messrs. Papernow, White, Blanchard, Pack, Maitland, and Mrs. Ida White. The General Annual meeting—Mr. Rowney in the chair—was held on June 28, and was attended by most of the members who take an active part in the work of the Society. The Secretary read a very satisfactory report of the results of the past year, some hundreds of lectures having been given voluntarily both in Regent's Park and Hyde Park. Mr. Rowney spoke with emotion of his inability through failing health to lecture for the present feeling that the exertion of out-door speaking was too great a strain upon him. A vote of condolence was passed coupled with a vote of thanks to him for his unremitting services in the past, extending over so many years. The ordinary business of the election of officers of the Society, brought the meeting to a close. Mr. Court was elected a

delegate to the Freethought Federation in place of Mr. Maitland, who reluctantly tendered his resignation through pressure of engagements.—Secretary, H. Maitland, 11, Ashby Road, N. Treasurer, E. C. Rae, 35, Fortess Road, N.W.

WESTMINSTER SECULAR SOCIETY, Grosvenor Embankment.—Lectures every Sunday morning, 11-30. Much hostility has been manifested; the platform is poorly supported, and advantage is taken of that fact by unscrupulous opponents to create disorder.

KINGSLAND, Ridley Road Corner.—The Sunday morning lectures at this open-air station have continued to draw increased audiences. Some notorious disturbers of open-air meetings are professing to give lectures under the auspices of the *Working Men's Christian Union*; their intention is apparently to spoil our meetings, and there was an unsuccessful attempt on July 3rd to get our platform in their own hands. We anticipate stormy times, and should be glad of the presence of as many friends as possible. The lecturers for ensuing Sundays (at 11.30) are:—July 17th, E. Calvert; 24th, W. Heaford; 31st, C. Cohen; Aug. 7th, E. Calvert; 14th, Stanley Jones.—WILLIAM SIMON, hon. sec.

BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE, 36 Newington Green Road, London, N.—The Thursday evening lectures are suspended until the Autumn.—WILLIAM SIMON, hon. sec.

FINSBURY PARK (Sunday lectures near Bandstand).—On July 10th Messrs. Tarry (Christian Evidence Society) and Pack (Secularist) debated "Christianity *v.* Secularism". There was a very large and attentive audience. A collection was made and forwarded to the Great Northern Hospital.—Forthcoming lectures, at 3.15 p.m.: July 17th, H. Snell, "The Priest and the Child"; 24th, no lecture; August 7th, E. Calvert, "Religious Symbolism"; 14th, H. Snell, a lecture.

NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS' ANNUAL PICNIC.—This was held at Morpeth on July 2nd; Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Samuel Storey were the principal speakers. The Morpeth *Weekly News* refers to "the days when Charles Bradlaugh lived and paid them his annual visit. By the death of Mr. Bradlaugh to a very large number of miners the picnic has lost it greatest attraction. No public man so thoroughly represented the social and political opinion of the Northumberland miners as did Mr. Bradlaugh, and as yet the vacancy caused by his death has not been filled satisfactorily. Year after year some popular favorite has been called to the gap only to be dismissed after a short trial."

THE TWO SALISBURYS.—The Marquis told his fellow peers that there was no discipline in the Church of England, whether in morals or efficiency, whether in doctrine or ritual. The Bishop thereupon rose up in all his wrath and protested against the "extreme latitude" of expression which the noble Marquis had allowed himself. Had the Bishop been a coster he would doubtless have used a more lurid, if not a more expressive phrase.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

FROG-FOLK IN BURMA.

IT was a very hot day, and I had marched from the station of Taungoo in Lower Burma to the foot of the high range of mountains separating British territory from Karenni and Siam.

The sun had beaten with fierce force on my head and back for hours on the march, so that the dense shade in the evergreen forests at the foot of the hills was a most welcome relief.

A mountain torrent, for all the world like a Scotch burn, came tumbling down the rift between two hills and brawled and rushed and murmured as it took its way to the hot plains below, close to a rest-house erected for travellers at this place by Government.

Up the stream the water swept over ledges of rock, forming here and there miniature cascades falling into deep pools. Between pool and fall it ran level for whiles, with bends and backwaters, still and shallow. The banks were everywhere shaded by overhanging ferns and trees covered with creepers—cool and pleasant shady retreats in which to rest. I wandered up to one of these and sat down.

In this country, teeming with life, if you sit absolutely still, beast and bird and insect will come fearlessly close to and around you. Straight before me the unbroken man-uninhabited forest stretched for miles; above my head a group of noble tree-ferns spread their fronds twenty feet from the ground. Leaning against a rock, I sat and watched. On a neighbouring tree squirrels of many colors, red, black, yellow, and gray, were scurrying along the branches. Bright birds, chiefly honey-suckers, in crimson and purple livery, were flitting in and out among the flowers of a large creeper within a few feet of my head, and a solitary tiny tropic king-fisher, ruddy colored and glowing like a ruby in the sun, sat motionless on a rock, a stone's throw away, eyeing the pool below and ready to pounce on any rash fishling that might expose itself. Very close to my feet a bend in the stream lipped in shallow waves round the margin of a sandy pool, where on the bare damp sand were seated clouds of the most gorgeous butterflies, sucking in the moisture with their long curled proboscides.

In the pool itself there was a black, slowly-moving mass, which every now and then, especially when the shadow of a bird or butterfly crossed the water, would break into a wriggling, heaving crowd, This mass consisted of tadpoles, or young frogs. I sat very silent and still, and, looking at the water, noticed that from under a large rock, further out in the pool, several large frogs were slowly swimming towards the shore at my feet. Presently they landed, struggling on to the sand, where one and all turned their broad, solemnly silly faces towards me, and

glared with unwinking eyes. They were enormous fellows, the biggest a pale old veteran, over six inches long. All were of a light green or olive color above, blotched with irregular dusky spots.

I stared at them and they at me, and then a strange thing happened. I either fell asleep or with open eyes had a dream.

I heard one of the smaller frogs say:

"What is that?" and he lifted his podgy foot and pointed at me.

"A man", replied the old veteran.

"A man!" croaked all the others together; "he has come to eat us!" and with a great hurry and scurry they tumbled and flopped one after the other into the water. But the ancient sat still, and there was a puckering at the corners of his big mouth as if he was going to smile.

"Come back, you foolish people", he called; "this is not the kind of man that eats us. Don't you know it is the men called Karens that hunt and eat us?"

The others stopped in their flight and swam back, but it was a long time before they landed again, so frightened were they.

"Look carefully at this thing", said the old veteran. "The Karens have not all that loose, flapping, wrinkled skin about them." He evidently referred to my clothes. "Moreover," he went on, "Karens have brown faces, not white like this thing."

When the frogs were all again on shore, staring at me as before, it came into my head to speak to them. Addressing the old veteran, I said: "Tell me, O father of all frogs, in what manner do the Karens you spoke of just now hunt you?"

The old frog jumped as I spoke, wagged his great head, and was evidently much alarmed, as were also all the rest of the frogs.

"What is that you asked?" he said at length in a feeble croak.

I repeated my question.

"Well," he said, "on dark nights, especially in the rains, we sit and sing to each other like this"—and he uttered a deep croaking note like the deepest bass note on a violoncello. "It is very musical," he continued, "and we like it, but the Karens hear us and come along the stream, wading with great burning things" (he meant torches) "in their hands and big knives and sticks, and when the light flashes in our eyes it dazzles us, and then they hit at us with their knives and sticks and kill such of us as don't get out of the way. And then, I believe, they cook and eat those they catch."

He stopped and yawned.

"How very strange," I said, "your tongue is fastened in front and the end points backwards down your throat."

"Quite so," he said, looking a little offended; "that is how all properly arranged tongues should be fastened."

"Mine is not," I said, and I opened my mouth to show them.

At this there was a great commotion; all the frogs cried out together—

"Oh! look at his teeth, and what a funny tongue! How can he eat with such an absurd tongue?"

A small beetle was crawling past the old veteran; he turned to it, and, croaking out "This is how we eat", flip! flap! went his tongue, thrown out the reverse way, and the beetle disappeared. It was done with such quickness that I was barely able to follow the motion.

"There! that is the proper way to eat", he said, with a self-satisfied croak.

I was silent for a while, and then I asked another question:

"Tell me your history, O wisest of frogs! all about yourself, your birth and life and adventures."

The old veteran scratched the side of his face with his fore foot, and, settling himself so as to face me again, said:

"Well, the first thing I can remember is that I was a little wriggling thing, just like one of those in there", and he pointed with his foot to the crowd of tadpoles in the water.

"I had a big head and a body ending in a flat tail—a tail flattened sideways, you understand. I used to breathe in the water then, with things like the fish have, only that they stuck outside on each side of my head, forming soft finger-like projections. As the days went on these disappeared, my head grew bigger, my body and tail smaller, and two small legs began to bud out, one on each side, just behind the back curves of my head. At the same time I began to feel very uncomfortable inside, and no wonder, because another valve developed in my heart, and little air sacs began to grow inside. The finger-like projections and my tail too dwindled away, while my forelegs sprouted out from the front part of my head. At last, when all my four legs were quite grown, my tail disappeared entirely. It didn't fall off, mind you; it got absorbed. Then I hopped on to land and found I could breathe in the air."

The old veteran paused, and after regaining his breath, for he had spoken very fast, was about to continue, when I interrupted him.

"Stop", I said; "I want to ask you some questions."

He shut his mouth with a snap, and looked quite angry at being interrupted.

"You say", I continued, "that you and all frogs begin life like little fish-shaped things. Do you think that you frogs are descended from fishes?"

"No", said the old veteran indignantly, "we were always frogs. Fish, indeed, what an idea!" And all the other frogs croaked and choked with contemptuous laughter.

"Well", I said, somewhat humbly, "how many kinds of frogs are there? Do you call that a frog?" and I pointed to a large leaf on a tree close by, on the under side of which a small tree frog was sitting. Now tree frogs are strange little

things. As a rule they have very large feet, with long toes, and on the under side of the toes little cup-like discs, which enable them to cling so tightly that they can walk up a perpendicular wall or the bole of a tree, or even stick upside down on the underside of a leaf, like the one I pointed out to the old veteran.

"Hum!" he said, doubtfully, "tree frogs are not proper frogs. What do they want with their big, ugly feet, and going about on trees and leaves instead of keeping to the land and the water, like decent folk?"

"And yet", I said, "they must be closely related to you; look at their shape, and remember that, like you, they lay their eggs in the water and pass their early life there, as you do."

The veteran and the other frogs were silent for a while, as if ruminating; then I went on: "I can tell you more. You know what good jumpers these tree frogs are? Well, in a far-away country, called Borneo, a kind of tree frog is found which jumps forty to fifty feet—regularly flies through the air, from one tree to another."

This statement of mine, absolutely true as it is, was received with great shouts and croaks of laughter from all the frogs.

"That is a good one; tell us another", said the old veteran, with a broad grin, wrinkling his ugly mouth. "How do they do it?" he asked.

"Easily enough", I said. "You know the ordinary tree frogs have big feet; but this kind of frog has bigger feet still, and between the toes stretches a web of skin. Well, when he wants to go from one tree to another—say forty feet away—he climbs up pretty high, gives a tremendous spring, pushes out his feet, and spreads all his toes, and so goes sailing through the air in a down-slanting direction, until he reaches the tree he aimed for."

Here again the frogs croaked loudly in incredulous amusement, till finally the old veteran, smoothing his face, said quite politely:

"Now that you have said your say, perhaps you will permit me to continue my story."

"All in good time," I said, "I have not quite done yet."

"Do you know", I continued, "how there come to be so many kinds of frogs, some living on land and water, some entirely on land, and some even entirely on trees? Again, some are green, some yellow, some mixed yellow and green in color, and some brown; one kind even, in a far-off country called South America, is brilliant scarlet. How do these colors manage to come on you?"

The frogs were silent, so I went on:

"We men think that long, long ago there was a race of animals like frogs, but not like any particular kind of frog now living. You know among your own selves no two frogs are exactly alike. Well, among this race of frog-like animals that I am speaking of there were variations. Some, perhaps, had longer toes than the others, and had little puckers of loose skin underneath their toes; others varied in color; others, again, had little folds of skin, secreting a nasty smelling or tasting fluid. At first all the individuals found food abundant; and again, perhaps snakes that attacked and eat them were not very abundant, or did not persecute them much, as they had other things to eat. But after a shorter or longer time there came a change. These frog-like animals probably increased in numbers till they began to jostle each other in their search for food, and most, or at any rate many, were not able to get food enough to keep them alive. Then those only among them who could hop fast or climb up trees in chase of the beetles and other insects would survive, and their children in turn would have a larger number among them who were stronger and faster hoppers and better tree climbers. Among these, again, those that were at the top of the class, so to speak, in these accomplishments would survive while the others would die out. As to the tree climbing ones, those with long toes and with puckers of skins below the toes, would be the ones most likely to succeed and live, for the long toes and puckers of skin are useful in clinging to smooth and shaking objects like leaves are. Again, turning to the varieties of these frog-like creatures, which were different in color from the general run, if any of these happened to be like in color to a leaf or a stone they would survive, for their enemies the snakes would pass them by, while they (the snakes) would also pass by those that had a bad taste or smell, and of these last those that differed most markedly from their original brothers and kind, say by being brighter colored, would not be meddled with and have a better chance of living. Thus years and years and years probably passed by and the little differences in form and habit and color in the individuals of the original stock became big differences in their great-great-grandchildren or descendants, and perfectly distinct tribes were thus established."

I had got thus far in my lecture when I found the whole of my audience was asleep. I looked around, and my attention was caught by a large snake—a "lin-mwè", or water snake, as the Burmans call it—coming down the stream. One frog at the same time roused himself and glanced up stream.

"Lin-mwè! Lin-mwè!" he croaked, and with a flop was into the water, swimming for his life, the others following pell-mell, tumbling over each other in hot haste.

The snake came to the pool, but the frogs had escaped; so with a disappointed hiss he went up stream again.

I also got up and went down to my camp, and it was not until many days afterwards that I had speech of the hoary veteran again and heard the story of his later years.

C. T. BINGHAM.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

The Prisons Bill.

BECAUSE a small instalment of prison reform has been wrung from the Home Secretary, indifferent people think that we ought to be quite satisfied and ask for nothing more for years to come. We hasten to assure them that we are far from satisfied; we regard the present Prisons Bill merely as the thin end of the wedge, and we never shall be satisfied until our prisons are conducted upon a thoroughly humane and rational system.

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Political Humanity.

WHEN the Home Secretary so far forgot himself as to tell Mr. Ernest Flower that his place was on the other side of the House, because he insisted upon safeguards to the corporal punishment of prisoners, he was in effect declaring that humanity is Liberal. If Conservatives are content with this ruling it is not for Liberals to object. We should, however, have preferred to believe that humanity knew no party.

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The Home Secretary.

THE Home Secretary has built up for himself a curious reputation. He is recognised as a man of good intentions and of weak will; a kindly man to whom the idea of the infliction of pain or cruelty of any sort is most repugnant, but who consents to its infliction rather than oppose the will of the permanent officials, who always object to any alteration in established routine. We recollect that on the retirement of Mr. Speaker Brand the name of Sir M. White Ridley was mentioned as his possible successor. Fortunately Mr. Arthur Peel was the new Speaker. Had it been Sir M. W. Ridley, the 13th of January, 1886, would assuredly not have witnessed the termination of that long struggle to exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from his seat in the Commons House of Parliament. Amiable and kind, Sir M. White Ridley would be an ideal private gentleman; but much more than amiability is required to make a statesman and a Home Secretary.

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£15,000,000 to the Sharks!

THE moment it was rumored that Russia had decided to build some new ships, Mr. Goschen rushed down to the House and demanded another eight millions—in addition to the seven millions he had previously obtained—so that we might build more ships also, ships able to pass safely through the Suez Canal and to oppose Russian warships in Chinese waters. If France talks about increasing her navy, the naval Jingoes will want more ships for the West Indian seas, and so on without end—or for as long as the British taxpayer is content to provide money for such wasteful expenditure, which seems to come to much the same thing.

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Parker Pillsbury.

ANOTHER of the old fighters has fought his last fight. Parker Pillsbury, one of the last of the old abolitionists, died last month at the great age of eighty-nine. "A friend of liberty for all mankind", he displayed untiring devotion and quiet heroism in endeavoring to win that liberty, not only for colored slaves, but for white men and women also. He was always a welcome speaker in the Paine Hall at Boston, and "when past four-score years

his mind was still looking forward and his watchword was progress". The *Boston Investigator* and the *Truth Seeker* (N.Y.) both contain notices of his life and work.

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Impressment.

THE Earl of Northbrook in the House of Lords, and Mr. Pickersgill in the House of Commons, have asked for information concerning the statement made by Mr. Thorburn, Financial Commissioner in the Punjab, that 100,000 animals and 25,000 men had been impressed in the Punjab during the recent frontier operations. The Earl of Onslow did not challenge the accuracy of the statement, and the Marquis of Lansdowne tried to make light of it, saying that "in time of war, whether in India or elsewhere, it was impossible that they should not in the last resort rely upon impressed service of some kind or other". Does that mean if England were at war the Marquis of Lansdowne would proceed to impress Englishmen, in order to fill the gaps in the various regiments for which it is asserted that it is now impossible to obtain a sufficient number of voluntary recruits? If yes, it is as well that fact should be clearly understood. Or was Lord Lansdowne merely carried away by his wishes? In the House of Commons the Secretary of State for India was as usual unable to give information on Indian affairs. We must await the result of his communications with the Viceroy. In the meantime Parliament will have an opportunity to dissolve.

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Slavery.

MR. CURZON has been at his old business again of justifying the continuance of slavery in Zanzibar. Some highly moral nation, with an eye to commerce, will one day organise an invasion against Great Britain with a view to putting down slavery in Zanzibar, impressment in India, and indentured labor at the Cape, all of which forms of bondage flourish brazenly under the British flag. If a West African kinglet countenances slavery our indignation knows no bounds, and we are obliged to annex his lands at once in order to put down the slave trade. In Zanzibar our indignation is restrained within careful limits; we *hope* to abolish slavery, but we must wait and see the result of the experiment in Pemba. Meanwhile our representative in Zanzibar asks if there is any means by which the mission stations could be prevented from being converted into "chartered sanctuaries for lazy or vagabond slaves"!

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"India."

ENGLISHMEN who desire a closer acquaintance with the government of India and the thought and feelings of the Indian people than they can obtain from the carefully selected news which comes to us through Reuter's Agency, or the "special correspondents" employed by our leading dailies, cannot do better than to read *India* week by week. In the issue for August 5th we have—besides several important articles—a most remarkable story of the youthful irregularities of Mr. Adie in his capacity as Assistant-Magistrate at Murshidabad. There is also an illustration of the scope of the press censorship as seen in its application to the *Kala*, a newspaper which, in referring to the frequent assaults on natives by Europeans, remarked that "it was bad that the natives should not possess strength or endurance enough to bear a few strokes or kicks given by Europeans". The authorities discovering something highly seditious in this satire called upon the editor to express his regret. There is also some account of the measures which led up to the riots of Garshankar. At the outbreak of the plague in April the Assistant-Commissioner seems to have ordered all the people in the city (to the number of 6,000) to leave the city within twenty-four hours. When the population, men and women, sick and healthy, turned out in accordance with this command, the number of huts prepared for their reception was altogether inadequate, and the people had to remain without shelter from the heat until they were supplied with materials for building huts.

FLESH-EATING AND ETHICS.

The *Ethical World* in a recent editorial declared its conviction that "without flesh-eating human beings would become less powerful in thought and in social efficiency of the highest kinds", and that "as it is greater thought-energy to grapple with the unwise and high capacity in skill and service that humanity most needs", the progress of the world and therefore of morals and of ethics is materially helped by—indeed depends on—these customs and these means. Such a deliverance from such a source calls for a reply from those of us who stand not as food reformers merely but still more as *ethicists* for a bloodless diet. For we are prepared to meet both these propositions with the most emphatic negative. We absolutely deny that finer development, whether of body or of mind, is secured by the adoption of a flesh as opposed to a non-flesh diet, and still more strenuously do we deny that the true, the best interests of ethics, of morality, of any noble and beautiful ideal for the world *can* be served, can be otherwise than hampered and hindered by, these debased and debasing habits, these wretched survivals from our dark and troubled past, these relics lingering in our constitution still of the tastes and tempers of "the dragons of the prime". With regard to the first point—the problem, as the *Ethical World* puts it, "whether men are better in intellect and body for eating meat", it is only fair to remark that this journal, while expressing its own conviction as I have given it, acknowledges this to be a question which qualified specialists and thorough experimenting can alone decide. We admit that too, and with considerable confidence as to the result. Yet not as those whom an adverse verdict, however overwhelming the authority which supported it, would lead to return to the old flesh-food. Though it were never so conclusively proved (as we are persuaded it will never be) that eating corpses contributed to the finest physique and the most powerful brain, still we should remain intransigents in our revolt, preferring infinitely to forego that gain than suffer and inflict the far worse loss involved. But as to these authorities—while it is of course perfectly true that the qualified specialist is the man best able to pronounce upon the aspect of any question in which he is versed—being the person most fully in possession of the world-knowledge up to date on his particular subject, it needs also to be remembered that the more noted specialists of any age, those who have already "arrived" and are established, are they who stand—and stand tenaciously—for the existing order of things and of ideas, and that whenever from amongst their number a daring spirit here or there breaks away from the beaten track, rejects the text-book of his time, propounds new theories, and points to novel ways, he is *usually*—if not invariably—regarded with suspicion, rewarded with ridicule, and punished with persecution. The authorities therefore are not to be taken too seriously when they represent the conservative order of thought. But they are not *all* against us. I have no room for many quotations here, but one or two examples of the deliverances of specialists friendly to our position may usefully serve to show the help which in this way we receive. In a much-quoted passage Sir Henry Thompson says, "It is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as necessary to life. All that is necessary to the human body can be supplied by the vegetable kingdom". Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson goes still further when he writes: "It must be honestly admitted that vegetable substances, when carefully selected, possess most striking advantages over animal food in nutritive value. I should like to see the vegetarian and fruit-living plan brought into general use, and I believe it will be". Sir Edwin Saunders affirms a vegetarian diet to be "fit and proper and all-sufficing", and Dr. Lambe says "the notion is ill-founded that inaction and loss of power are induced by a vegetable diet. All the observations that have been made show the very

reverse to be the truth".[1] Other witnesses, turning the tables on the flesh-eater, declare that while flesh food introduces many dangerous disease germs, many irritating and putrid principles into the blood and encourages to lust and strife, the simpler and purer products of the vegetable kingdom clarify as well as nourish the body, and through the body exercise a refining, sweetening, and elevating influence on the mind and character. "Plain living and high thinking", in Wordsworth's happy phrase, they show to go together, and this one significant expression, linked as it is with many great examples, ought to be answer enough to the *Ethical World's* trembling anxieties about "thought-energy" and "high capacity" for grappling with greatest things. As for the experiments which the *Ethical World* requests and requires, we say by all means—as many and as thorough as you please. The more the better so they be fairly and fully conducted. But let it never be forgotten that this is a matter which for many people has already passed beyond the stage of mere experiment into that of actual experience. Not only have we, as Mr. Salt points out in his "Humanities of Diet", existing proofs of "the *possibility* of a vegetarian diet—in the history of races, in the habits of large working populations, in the facts and instances of every-day life"—but we have proofs of that possibility in association with high intellectual development as evidenced, surely with sufficiency, by such conspicuous living examples as Leo Tolstoy, Annie Besant, Herbert Burrows, George Bernard Shaw, and many another we might name. And here I may perhaps venture without impropriety to intrude one word of personal testimony. For several years now, I have myself in common with my whole household adopted this reformed diet "caused with no crime or guilt of blood", and I protest, as an honest man whose statements are open to verification, that never in all our experience have we known our home so sweet, our food so pleasant, our health so good, our minds so clear, or our tempers so improved. But suppose this were not so—suppose we had to surrender on this ground—that we were compelled to acknowledge (as in isolated instances it may be necessary to acknowledge now) that the tremendous force of hereditary tendencies and acquired habits render us unfit for this change and makes it, if adopted, a peril rather than a profit to our physical and mental growth—suppose we had to frankly admit that flesh-eating *is* now that which makes for the fullest development whether of mind or of muscle—what then? Would that carry with it a necessary concession to the practice of flesh-eating—a confession such as the *Ethical World* seems to require that thus the true progress of the world, the moral and ethical progress of the world, will best be served? I answer a thousand times "No". The arguments by which I support that negative are the most serious I have to offer. And the first thing I have to say is that it is *not*, as the *Ethical World* wittingly or unwittingly seems to suggest, the ethical person who does this gruesome work of slaughtering, but a man of quite another kidney. If it *were* the ethical person, if by any strange chance it happened that he alone was left to do the business—that would probably end it. For I will venture the assertion that the picture—the pathetic but somewhat grotesque picture which the *Ethical World* article works up in the imagination of the reader, the picture of the ethical slaughterer resolutely but regretfully dispatching his loved and loving cow—that that is a picture which is not only not true to fact, but one which represents what really could not happen. If the ethics existed in anything more than in mere name, that of itself would render the actual and repeated perpetration of the deed impossible. This has been confessed again and again in print and in conversation by persons of refinement. "If we had to be our own butchers," they say, with an involuntary shudder at the very thought

[1] From "The Testimony of Science against Flesh-Eating".

of it, "we would rather do without the butchery altogether." Yes; but this which at first sight seems to their honor is really to their deeper shame. It is an aggravation, not a palliation of their guilt. What appears to reflect their compassions, in fact reflects only their selfishness. It is themselves, not the beasts, that they are so anxious to spare the horrors of the slaughter-house. Doubtless if they were actually there they would feel for their victims as well as for themselves, but not being there they are content—and, it seems, well content—to leave the hapless creatures to the rough handling of hirelings so long as they themselves are saved from sights and sounds which would shock their sensibilities. What hope, I would ask, can there be for ethics in such a system as this—a system which has a lie at the very heart of it, which simply looks the other way while all this ghastly evil is going on, which daintily talks in euphemisms of meat, poultry, game, while others make the literal acquaintance of quivering flesh and dripping blood. Is it, can it be, in the true interests of ethics that we should be involved in customs which necessitate this perpetual practice of self-deception if we would retain our peace of mind: this shuffling, this hiding in refuges of lies, this smothering up, glossing over, and conveniently forgetting? Or do the true interests of ethics demand in the very first place of us earnest search, fearless exposure, thorough analysis, true discrimination, and resolute rejection of all discovered evil and choice only of demonstrated good? Is it, can it be, in the true interests of ethics that we should devolve upon a separate class deeds and duties which we feel too revolting for ourselves; that we should keep these regiments of men and boys in all our communities addicted to this horrible trade of blood, with all its inevitable brutalisings and grave deteriorations, and that then, adding insult to injury, we should blame them for what we are pleased to call the unnecessary carelessness and cruelty of the slaughter-house?

But further, let it never be forgotten that—resort to subterfuge or substitute as we will—we do not, we cannot ourselves escape the contamination of these things, a contamination which I maintain is fatal to the true interests, the best progress of ethics. I will not now revert to the question of the effect, the deleterious effect upon mind and character of a flesh diet, though that would be perfectly germane to the point I have now reached. Confining myself now to that which is external or which enters us and injures us by other avenues than the mouth and the stomach, let me remind you that the *butcher's shop* remains with all its hideous exhibitions and horrible suggestions. This is everywhere, and unlike the slaughter-house, is full in view, flaunting its carcase commodities before our eyes—the disfigurement of all our streets, the debaser of all who frequent them. It is ugly and noxious, an offence to our senses; the very opposite in this to the fruiterer's establishment, the beautiful contents of which are so grateful alike in odor and in sight. How can this be other than a grievous hindrance, a mortal hurt to æstheticism, which is so closely allied to ethics? Remember we are the creatures of our environment, and this butcher's shop is no inconsiderable portion of our environment. Whitman has vividly impressed this on us in his lines:—

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for a day or a certain part of a day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years."

Yes, this butchery business and all that leads up to it and grows out of it is a great operative fact and force in the make-up of our thought and life. If hidden sometimes it is exposed at others. It peeps and leers at us and makes us recognise it. We see it, and know it, and knowing it we instinctively feel that it lowers in us all—and in some, perhaps, destroys—the beautiful and noble sentiment we ought to have towards animal life around. To the cat, if it could think, the horse—however grace-

ful—would only mean so many pounds of cat's meat; and to multitudes of people, sheep, swine, and oxen only suggest now so much mutton, pork, and beef walking about! If only we could once look upon these creatures with eyes cleansed from this gross conception—look upon them as we look upon unkillable things, on rainbow, landscape, star, what new ideas and new motions would soon be born within us. And be well assured that this idea wrought into our minds from earliest infancy—that killing, wholesale, general, perpetual, is a necessary and normal part of our civilisation—is an idea which contributes enormously to the cheapening of life, which helps to perpetuate cruelty and wrong, and excuses—if it does not wholly justify—strife and bloodshed throughout the world. And that brings me to my final word, my charge against flesh-eating of being unethical in the last degree, because of the pain and outrage it inflicts upon these innocent creatures which we have chosen to label as articles of food. Even if humane slaughtering *were* already a "fait accompli", if public spirit, science, and humanity had resulted in the establishment of a thoroughly satisfactory system of municipal abattoirs and painless death, still many of the objections which I have urged would abide in force, and the nice question would remain whether the mere pre-eminence of our race gave us the right to kill, a right, remember, which if once conceded would fully justify a race superior to our own, should such ever appear from Mars or elsewhere, in killing and eating us. But the point just now is that humane slaughtering is *not* a "fait accompli", that on the contrary slaughtering is for the most part accomplished now at the cost of varied, prolonged and indescribable miseries and agonies to the beasts themselves. Here indeed is the chief gravamen of my complaint against the editor of the *Ethical World* and against Sir Henry Thompson, whose deliverances prompted his article and won his applause. I am utterly at a loss to understand how men of such seriousness and culture could commit themselves to statements and suggestions so widely and notoriously far from the truth as their references—their repeated references—to almost uninterrupted happiness through life, and unexpected instantaneous and painless death in the case of these animals reared for human food. If such sentiment had been expressed by a lady of fashion in a West-End drawing-room one could have forgiven the empiricism out of pity for the flippant mind and shallow brain. But from men who read and think and know! it is enough to make one despair. Has the story then been told in vain of our cattle-ships, for instance, with their insufferable crowding and privation at the best, and their pandemonium of maddened creatures at the worst, hurled with shattered staging into a struggling mass, and goring and trampling each other to death in a scene too wild for words? Have the cattle-truck in the deserted siding, the crammed market-pen, the weary drove upon the road, to speak of more ordinary things, never suggested to these observant men misery rather than pleasure of existence? Have "Behind the Scenes in Slaughter-Houses" and similar books been written to no purpose? Have the grim narratives of Deptford, of Chicago, with all their nameless horrors made no appeal to the intelligence and the sympathy of these gentlemen? Yes, they have appealed it would seem to their sympathy, but not to their intelligence; for, says our editor, "the tracts of the Humanitarian League stir our souls with horror but fail to win our judgment". He has read them then. He knows the tremendous weight of evidence which can be brought to show that these creatures suffer—suffer in rearing and in transit, suffer as commodities for sale, suffer from neglect and cruelty, from hunger and thirst, from rough handling and wretched quarters, from the sight of each others' struggles and blood, often from the blunders of an unskilful executioner, and from an anything but instantaneous and painless death. And yet he can find it in him to say that such evidence

fails to win his judgment! All I can say is then that that judgment, usually so sane and sound and salutary, seems to me in this instance mightily to err. Speaking of the bringing of sentient creatures into existence when the heritage is certain to be a heritage of woe, the *Ethical World* says, "We are inclined to think that this act may sometimes be more heinous than murder", and I am inclined to think so too, and to think it in relation to many of the beasts travelling to London now, or shut up in its shambles and appointed to die. My own conviction agrees entirely with that of Thoreau when he says—"It is part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilised". And equally do I feel convinced that it is the plain, if difficult duty of all who have nailed the ethical colors to the mast, to abandon at whatever present peril to themselves a practice which clashes, as flesh-eating does, with their most cherished principles, and confuses and contradicts their worthiest ideals. The appeal has recently been made for a more progressive application of ethical principles. It is our only hope—the only way we can truly honor the worthies of the past. They all wrought and taught better than they knew—and this "better" which we are bit by bit discovering is that which they unconsciously revealed. Let us not then say with the hide-bound theologian that because our Christ, or our Shakspere, or our Goethe was a flesh-eater, therefore we may be. But rather let us remember the Christ-Gospel of "Love", the Shakspere confession, "Fair, kind, and true is all my argument"; the Goethe declaration, "'Tis only humanity, That raises the human, O'er all other beings, All creatures we know", and seek to be the interpreters of these prophets in the light of fuller knowledge, rendering their rough-hewn principles, as Colonel Hay's fine phrase has it, "with all the accumulated refinement of the ages", giving to the thoughts and hopes that stirred within them the applications they dreamt not of, but which advancing light reveals unto us and to our children.

W. S. Godfrey.

OPTIMISM AND REFORM.

There are some reasons for suspecting that it is a pity the words optimism and pessimism were ever invented. To the difficulties attending all controversy they add the nuisance of a pair of chameleon terms which, having little or no practical use in their strict philosophic sense, can carry any shade of meaning, according to the habit of mind of writer or reader. But I don't think I have often found them quite so bewildering as they are in the letter on "Pessimism and Reform", signed "Rhathymos", in the last issue of the Reformer. That critic, finding the effect on his mind of the perusal of a previous number "not pleasant or healthy", is "led to suspect that there is an insidious snare in the life of a social critic which looks very like destroying all belief in conscientious action everywhere, and leading to a cynical and probably often ungrounded interpretation [? imputation] of base motives." Finally, after singling out myself in particular as such a "social critic", and by implication calling me a pessimist, he proceeds to give this reason for a perpetual increase of armaments: "We may deplore the existence of wolves, but it is surely common sense to keep dogs when the wolves are visible all round the pastures". And this moralist, who classifies the civilised nations in general, or their armaments in particular, as so many bodies of "wolves", compared with whom our noble selves or *our* armaments are moral-minded sheep-dogs—this philosopher sees fit to sit in judgment on the rest of us as being morbidly prone to "jeremiads on the universal villainy of men". I do not remember, in my most censorious moments, to have gone quite so far in the indictment of the human race as does my complacent

critic in the mood of what he evidently regards as healthy optimism.

There is, of course, nothing out-of-the-way in the exhibition. I remember to have read in the REFORMER a review in which the critic—an intelligent critic, too—in one sentence lectured the writer of the book under notice for some censorious expression, and then himself went on to call an eminent scholar "a bellowing bully". That is English reviewing all over. I say English because I hold it more profitable —*pace* "Rhathymos"—to criticise the shortcomings of my own nation, which, after all, I know best, than to extol it above all the rest of mankind as a community of the good among the bad, or of good sheep and good dogs among "wolves". I see a Russian writer in one of the reviews undertaking to make out that we in England are the most arrogant and self-righteous of all nations, and that our insular conceit is one of the greatest dangers to European peace. I am happy to say that I do not believe that. We are not unique sinners any more than unique saints: and the Russian writer seems to me to be troubled by just the malady he imputes to Englishmen in the mass. But such writing as his strikes me as a very natural and likely answer to such writing as that of "Rhathymos". Englishmen who persistently write of all foreign armaments as the expression of wolfish designs on the good English sheep-fold seem to me to deserve all the epithets cast at them from the Continent.

Since pessimism seems to mean for some people anything you please in the way of a notion that the world contains a great deal of remediable evil, I do not greatly mind being called a pessimist when it is the professed optimist that regards all the world outside his own nation as a pack of thieves. Nay, I will confess to being made at times pessimistic in a deeper sense by the perpetual parade of just such optimism. The central source of evil in human affairs is perhaps not so much baseness—though there is a wofully large leaven of that in human nature—as folly, unintelligence, complacent superficiality. And when a writer who has the air of reflection comes forward in such a journal as this, with such idle answers to serious criticism as are offered by "Rhathymos", what are we to think of the processes of thought that go on in the average citizen whose vote helps to determine the course of his nation?

Much of the letter under notice I pass by as harmless because pointless sarcasm; but some direct questions, though idle enough, seem to need an answer. After a query as to my estimate of the power of the "Yellow" press in the United States, my critic withdraws that query and puts this: "more pertinently; does he really believe that the American nation has no 'better instincts'?" The "really" here is a sample of the futility of which I speak. I can but answer that I "really" think my querist must have more wisdom than he shows in his question; though his further phrase—"because, if so, his readers should know where they and he stand"—is if possible still more futile. If I *were* absurd enough to suppose or to suggest that any nation whatever has "no better instincts", where, I should like to know, would my readers care to stand, and what would it matter to them where I stood?

The state of mind which underlies this pointless fencing, I apprehend, is one of dislike of the suggestion that cupidity and the "Yellow" press and an unjust demand for vengeance had any share whatever in the Cuban war. Well, as to the "Yellow" press, I find that the *New York Journal*, yellowest of the yellow, itself loudly claims that it *made* the war, and no man seems to say it nay; while even those who go into raptures over the philanthropic purpose of the war admit that but for anger roused by the "Maine" disaster it would not have been made, and admit further that there is no rational ground for the belief that the Spanish Government had any knowledge of any designs on the ship blown up. Beyond this, I cited and endorsed an opinion widely current *in the States*, and implicitly supported by the

recent remarks of some leading Americans as to the felt need of new outlets for American capital—the opinion, namely, that a large monied interest in and behind the Senate was concerned in pushing the war. And if I be asked, however magisterially, "how we stand" in view of such an estimate, my reply is briefly this: that the American public, like the English, is liable to be led into war for bad reasons, by the action of reckless journalists and of self-seeking capitalists; and that it behoves thoughtful people everywhere to try and substitute rational habits of thought for the medley of passion and sentimentalism which seems still to rule most majorities.

This brings us to the further and slightly more practical question of "Rhathymos" as to whether I or any other contributors to the Reformer think that "we, as a nation, ought not to go on building warships and raising armies while the world is in its present stage of evolution". Such a question must be taken to mean that the querist either never heard of any suggestion towards proportional disarmament, or does not think proportional disarmament would be a good thing. He goes on: "We all deplore the incalculable waste and moral harm done by modern as well as ancient militarism, but there are surely few of us . . . . who would counsel disarmament *relative or actual*, when we know that this would be inviting the spoiler". I am not at all sure what is meant by the words I have underlined; but I will here put briefly the nature of the process of disarmament that I have often advocated. The species of armament most easily checked is the naval. If, then, the leading naval powers, instead of carrying on for ever their insane and spasmodic process of chronic extension on mutual provocation, would but draw up a statement of their respective naval strength during the past thirty or, say, fifty years, and agree to remain *at that relative strength*, the problem would be already solved. The principle would be that no power should build beyond the strength agreed on; each being free, however, to replace any ship lost by accident, as so normally happens among our fleets, and to replace every worn-out ship by one of equal strength, as per a technical scheme to be agreed on among the naval constructors. Let once such an arrangement be set in action and the process of disarmament could easily be carried further. In the case of the loss or dilapidation of any given ship, the other powers could be given the opportunity of dismantling ships to the same proportional degree of naval strength, and once they had begun to act on common-sense principles such an opportunity might be welcomed. After that, proportional reduction of land armaments might begin to follow.

I shall be told, of course, that "the world is not ready" for such an arrangement. That is always the formula of the people who will do nothing to make the world ready for anything. And when such people tell me they "deplore the incalculable evils of militarism", I remain reluctantly sceptical. If they deplored those evils half as much as they deplore cholera and garrotting, they would try to do something more than spin formulas. The evil exists just because so few people realise and truly deplore it. But, being no pessimist in the proper sense of disbelieving in human betterment, I continue to believe that rational propaganda on the subject may in time so far educate the majority in one or other country, as to lead its government to approach the others with rational proposals instead of blatant menaces after the execrable manner of Mr. Goschen and his school. If the country so to move were England, the strongest naval power, Englishmen would at last have something to be rationally proud of. But I confess there is small sign of such a development at present, when the self-styled healthy optimist, so unwilling to impute "callous and selfish rascality", or to doubt the occurrence of "conscientious action", tells the other nations that they are wolves against whom he must fence his pastures. The trouble is that other nations are just as logically

unpractical. At every extension of the British navy they observe that it is necessary to guard against those English wolves, who are clearly aiming at a universal dominion; and so the colossal folly continues, till haply bankruptcy may stop it in the lack of common-sense. To judge from the letter of "Rhathymos", one would suppose that proposals for proportional disarmament had never yet been heard of.

Well, one can but persist in propaganda; and when the complacent optimist, with his doctrine of wolves and sheepfolds, magisterially asks us "how we stand"—as who should call: "Waiter! explanations!"—one must take him specially in hand, and suggest that he should clear his mind of fog, and ask himself what he really means by imputing a depressing cynicism and unbelief in all conscientious action to people whose view of life in the mass is a good deal less dark than his own.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

FABIANISM AND NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

IN the article on "Fabianism and Neo-Malthusianism" which appears above the name of Mr. J. M. Robertson in the last issue of the REFORMER, my critic has stated his opinion with almost brutal frankness, and I am sure he will desire that in this reply I too should write precisely what I think. I cannot, however, hope to compete with Mr. Robertson in literary skill, nor shall I attempt the almost impossible task of imitating that superior critical fury which constitutes one of his many claims to fame. I may, however, say that in my opinion a greater number of errors, or more actual misrepresentations, were never crowded into fifteen short paragraphs since literary discussion first began.

Mr. Roberston's own explanation of my unfitness to "instruct anybody from the platform" is that I discuss complicated questions on secondhand information. This is a quite gratuitous assertion, and one which recoils on his own head. How does Mr. Robertson know the sources of my information? He certainly did not follow his own advice in this matter, and his statement is either made on secondhand information, or, what is much more probable, on a wild guess which has no foundation in fact. Again, I cannot say with what sense of responsibility Mr. Robertson allows himself to make such statements, for the fact is that he was only present during a small portion of the time that the paper in question was being read. He has therefore criticised my paper on secondhand information, and has in addition entirely misrepresented my attitude towards the population problem. He evidently took it for granted that it was to be against Neo-Malthusianism, and accordingly saved himself the trouble of listening to the greater part of it. Thus we find that anti-Malthusian arguments and Neo-Malthusian explanations are all jumbled into one exposition and made to appear ridiculous. This straining after a "critical method" may be thought clever, and perhaps even permissible in an eminent and experienced publicist, but do I not know that it assists in the elucidation of the truth.

Mr. Robertson's errors begin with his first paragraph. I did not say that Mr. Bradlaugh opposed Socialism from the Neo-Malthusian standpoint, nor that his advocacy of Neo-Malthusianism "rested" (*i.e.*, rested exclusively) on the Wage Fund doctrine. That Mr. Bradlaugh believed in that doctrine I honestly believed, and Mr. Robertson has not yet convinced me that I am in error on that point. It is noticeable that since the meeting in question Mr. Robertson has altered his tone on the matter. He at first vehemently denied it and demanded proof from me. Now, however, we are given an explanation in which we are told that Mr. Bradlaugh "did not hold the Wage Fund doctrine in the only sense in which it *used* to be applied to affairs". What is here meant by the word "used"? Does Mr. Robertson mean as the doctrine was applied from 1815 to 1848? If yes, then I know that he is right, but if he means that Mr. Bradlaugh did not advocate the Wage Fund doctrine as it was propounded by Mill, and as propounded with many qualifications by Cairns in 1874, and by Fawcett until the day of his death, then I do not think that he has proved his point. It should not be forgotten that the doctrine of a Wage Fund was not finally abandoned until about 1880, and my impression is that "Labor's Prayer" was an anterior publication. Mr. Robertson was of course able to get his information on this point at first hand, and it would interest us all to learn whether he neglected the opportunity.

Mr. Robertson makes much capital out of my alleged inability to see the difference between the word "sterilisation" and "limitation of families", and says:—

> "Mr. Snell avowed in discussion that he had used the word 'sterilisation' with the meaning of 'limitation of families'—an avowal which almost paralyses criticism, yet he airily characterised as a quibble the protest that such blundering turned much of his argument into chaos."

Now the word "sterilisation" occurs but once in the paper, and it is in the following paragraph, which concludes an anti-Malthusian argument based on the differing rates of increase in the various sections of a community:—

> "It would seem, therefore, that unless there be some compensating advantage, or, unless a *partial*

sterilisation of the very poor can be brought about in other ways, the Neo-Malthusian expedient is not one to be commended."

The argument which followed tended to show that such partial sterilisation could be effected by raising the standard of comfort of the very poor, and thus creating in them the Neo-Malthusian instinct. My inability to distinguish the difference between these two words and the "limitation of families" is alleged by Mr. Robertson to be a sufficient reason why I should retire from platform work. I am, however, only young, and am anxious to learn, so perhaps Mr. Robertson will first instruct me wherein the difference lies. Immediately afterwards we are informed that inability to "remember accurately", is as bad as "incapacity to reason consistently". With all due humility, I am prepared to take the responsibility attaching to my "incapacity to reason consistently" if Mr. Robertson will do the same for his own "inability to remember accurately".

The world is next informed that

"Mr. Snell seems to have formed his views on the population question among a kind of people who, instead of correcting his tendency to haphazard assertion and happy-go-lucky argument, have encouraged him to feel superior by virtue of his shortcomings."

Now since my *views* on this question were formed 14 years ago by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Doctor Drysdale, and Mr. John M. Robertson, I am at least entitled to ask the latter for some explanation for his neglect of duty towards one who had done him no harm.

There is one other general error with which I wish to deal. Mr. Robertson, who on the occasion of the discussion he criticises was so excited as to have probably quite forgotten what he actually said, accused Socialists of opposing Neo-Malthusianism because they lacked the pluck to defend it (I had said much the same thing before Mr. Robertson came into the room) and then proceeded to give an account of Neo-Malthusian bravery in preaching the doctrine in the face of persecution. It was this attempt on Mr. Robertson's part to parade his own virtues which I described as a gross form of self-conceit, and not that the Neo-Malthusians had taken a useful part in political education. There is an abundance of other errors throughout the paper, such as that the Fabian Society is Jingoist and Marxist, when as a matter of fact it is quite other. Mr. Robertson will not I am sure he more than ordinarily angry if I apply to his criticism of my paper his own words recently used to another opponent. His criticism is entirely off the wicket, and "is erroneous to a degree which must make detailed examination of it a waste of time, and that the only way to make any use of it is to set forth the main facts of the" paper as they really are "and thereupon to note where" Mr. Robertson "misconceives and where he misrepresents them".

As precisely one hundred years have elapsed since Malthus published his great work, it was arranged that I should read a paper before the Fabian Society on the history of his theory, its present position in the world of thought, and its relation to modern Socialism. For this purpose I divided the century into sections, and gave for each period the arguments used for and against the Malthusian propositions. It was my duty to present the arguments with their full force, and to indicate which appeared to be the stronger. It was no part of my duty to take sides in the matter, and until quite the later part of the paper I expressed no personal opinion either way, and then I declared for Neo-Malthusianism on grounds which appear to me to be valid. I will endeavor to state in a few words the line actually taken throughout. The doctrine as propounded by Malthus himself was stated, together with the arguments on which he relied, namely, the social circumstances prevailing at the time he wrote, the rapidly increasing population, and the burden of pauperism. To this statement was opposed the criticisms of Godwin, Cobbett, Sadler, and others, based on comparative wealth statistics and on historical deduction. Next the doctrine was set forth as stated by the economic theorists immediately succeeding Malthus, who relied on the Wage Fund doctrine and the Law of Diminishing Returns. These theories were criticised in the light of modern economic science, which shows that the former argument was false, and that the Law of Diminishing Returns has not been operative during the period we are considering.

I therefore declared the population problem to be Darwinian and not Malthusian. The argument of the scientist, that "nature out of fifty seeds often brings but one to bear", was opposed by the theory that the laws prevailing in the animal and vegetable kingdom were not constant in the world of thought, owing to the physical impulses being restrained by education, ambition, and a sense of social responsibility.

The last historical argument set forth was that which implied that an increasing population endangered a nation's strength, and was the main cause of poverty. To this was opposed the theory of the politician, who alleged that France, with a stationary population, was less strong than her more prolific neighbours, and, so far as the standard of life of her peasants are concerned, appears to be quite as poor.

It was during this last argument that Mr. Robertson, as admitted by him in the discussion, came into the room. How much of it he heard I cannot say, but if any, he, together with every other Neo-Malthusian speaker there, failed to distinguish between the statement of an argument and its advocacy by the speaker. The appositeness of the Neo-Malthusian criticism on the occasion is indicated from the facts that Mr. Robertson replied to arguments that he did not hear, and

Dr. Drysdale read a reply that he had written beforehand.

From that point I spoke as a Neo-Malthusian and urged that wherever else the doctrine failed, it could be justified in that it promoted family efficiency and a population of quality. I claimed that the two doctrines of Socialism and Neo-Malthusianism were necessary to each other, and that Socialism proposed to complete the work of the Malthusian League by raising the standard of life of the very poor. This would, I urged, remove the problem of the sectional rate of increase in the community, because a better outlook in life being provided, the very poor would no longer desire to run to numbers.

In face of these facts Mr. Robertson accuses me of opposing Neo-Malthusianism, of wanting the rich to multiply as quickly as the poor in order to promote equality in numbers, and of having no regard for a population of quality. I can only say that a more amazing performance than Mr. Robertson's article I cannot conceive. For the discussion which took place I have unfortunately to trust to my memory, but judging from his report in the paper which I am able to consult, it may possibly be as good as his own, seeing that no sort of personal affliction, whether natural or acquired, could possibly make it worse.

H. Snell.

J. B. Askew writes defending the position taken up by Mr. Bland in reference to the lowering status of France with a stationary or decreasing population.

H. C. Long writes pleading for a more widespread teaching of Neo-Malthusian doctrines amongst the poor.

THE BEDBOROUGH PROSECUTION.

Just as we go to press, we find that Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Kennedy have refused a writ of *certiorari* to remove the case of the Queen *v.* Bedborough to the High Court, and it now stands for trial, on September 13th, at the Old Bailey, before a common jury. The Free Press Defence Committee is urgently in need of funds, which, of course, are absolutely necessary for the carrying on of the defence, and we trust all who can help will do so at once, as the time is short. The Committee's fresh appeal puts the case well, and gives names of the Committee, and collecting slips are also obtainable on application to the hon. sec., Mr. Henry Seymour, 51, Arundel Square, London, N. Contributions should be sent to the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Gladys Dawson, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, W.C. A public meeting is announced for TO-DAY (August 15th), at 8 p.m., in the French Salon, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, which will, we trust, be well supported numerically and financially. Mr. Frank Harris (Editor *Saturday Review*) will preside.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

The *Daily Chronicle* has some amusing comments upon the Lords at work on the Conscience Clause of the Vaccination Bill. "The storm began with Lord Ailesbury, a burly peer of strong feelings but inadequate powers of expression. . . . . He was seconded by Lord Stanley of Alderley, whom the House of Lords endures rather than hears. He stood sideways at the table and spoke at length, but no whisper reached one in the gallery." Later on there came "an agonising outbreak of Lord Feversham, a period of prolonged suffering from Lord Aldenham, a short scolding from Lord Stanmore, an expostulation from Lord Portsmouth." By eight o'clock the storm was over and the division taken, for was it not dinner time! The rebellious Lords won their first fight by two points, but it was no good, for when the Commons returned the Bill and the Lords fought their final round the rebels were beaten by ten votes.

Mr. Gerald Balfour says he cannot sanction the appointment of a woman rate-collector in Ireland because she would have to be bailiff also. But the Guardians of Clogher appointed Miss Magill in full knowledge of all the circumstances. Her father was the late rate collector, but for the five years prior to his death he was an invalid, and his work was performed for him, to the satisfaction of the Guardians, by his daughter. The Irish Local Government Board last month ordered the Guardians to appoint "a fit and proper person" in place of Miss Magill, but the Guardians have confirmed that lady's appointment by 21 votes to 6.

If it were the express purpose of the Home Secretary to provoke suspicion and distrust of his methods of dealing with dangerous trades, he could hardly be more successful than he is at the present moment. His reluctance to appoint adequate inspectors, his delay in presenting the report of the experts on lead-poisoning, his action in relation to the evidence of Miss Deane and Dr. Oliver at the inquest on Henry Wagstaffe, are certainly not calculated to establish public confidence.

At Yarmouth on August 3rd twelve persons were summoned for Sunday trading. One of the magistrates, Mr. de Caux, said that these weekly summonses were persecutions, not prosecutions, and he protested against them. He moved that the fine be 3d. only and the costs remitted, but on taking a division the votes proved equal. The cases were adjourned.

The miserable revelations made in *Justice* (July 30) as to Dr. Edward B. Aveling and Eleanor Marx must have been read without surprise by all who knew anything of the former. The announcement of his death a few days later came as a fitting end to such a sordid tragedy.

Up to July 24 the military tribunals of Italy had sentenced 900 persons to a total of 2,600 years of imprisonment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner's Engagements: Nov. 13, Stanley and Oxhill; Nov. 27, Glasgow; Dec. 1, Walthamstow Women's Liberal Association.

☞ The lively interest aroused by various articles in the Reformer is naturally a source of great satisfaction to the Editor. One proof of this interest is seen in the amount of correspondence which has reached our office even during the "dog-days" of July. If the whole of these letters had been inserted as originally written they would have taken up more than one half of the paper. We are pleased, even anxious to give our readers an opportunity to discuss the subjects dealt with in these pages, or even to introduce new ones, but we must humbly draw their attention to the standing notice that "Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point". The latter condition is generally complied with, but the former seems to have escaped attention. It is quite impossible in a paper of 24 pages to give upwards of five to a single letter. Correspondents should take one column as the extreme limit of their communications.

Received for purchasing open space in front of Mr. Bradlaugh's grave: G. Fowler, 10s., J. Slyfield, 5s., F.S.S., 5s., E. Calvert, 2s. 6d.

A. J. M.—The final article by "B." on "Penal Reform" will deal with the question of flogging. There is such pressure on our space, however, that the subject must stand over for a month or two.

J. Symes.—We have been acquainted with "W." for some years and have perfect confidence in him. The "Far and Near" notes are, at our request, signed by an initial only in order to make them as impersonal as possible.

"W."—We hope to write you next mail.

S. Morgan.—We are sending your extract to the *Vaccination Inquirer*. We are glad to know you are pleased with the paper.

We regret to hear that the *University Magazine* is to cease publication after the next (September) number. The failure of this magazine is another instance of the extreme difficulty in keeping afloat an independent, heterodox, and fearlessly outspoken periodical.

The many friends of Mr. Edward Truelove will have read the news of his illness with much sympathy for himself and his daughter. The prolonged illness and recent death of Mrs. Truelove was undoubtedly a serious strain on both of them; but, having seen Mr. and Miss Truelove, we are reassured to find that the paragraph in *Reynolds's* last week was needlessly alarming. The patient is in good hands, and Dr. Drysdale has been consulted.

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address—not necessarily for publication, but as some sort of guarantee of *bona fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, Reformer, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address.

DR. W. A. HUNTER.

On July 21 there passed away from us a man whose memory will long endure in the hearts of all thoughtful people. Dr. Hunter was born in 1844, and was called to the Bar only 23 years of age. He made the study of Roman law specially his own, and wrote two books upon it which are recognised as authoritative works; for some years also he held the professorship of Roman law and jurisprudence at University College, and was examiner in these subjects to the London University.

He was an ardent Malthusian, and when Mr. Edward Truelove was tried in February, 1878, for publishing R. D. Owen's "Moral Physiology", Dr. Hunter made "a most masterly" defence, speaking for about five hours, and making "a splendid appeal in favor of liberty of opinion". The jury not agreeing, Mr. Truelove was tried again in the following May, and once more Dr. Hunter made a masterly and eloquent defence. Unfortunately, he was not able to convince the court, and Mr. Truelove—an old man of sixty-eight—was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for selling a pamphlet which had been openly sold, unchallenged and unprosecuted, for forty-seven years.

Dr. Hunter both spoke and wrote upon blasphemy and heresy, and in the House of Commons took an active interest in the repeal of the blasphemy laws. In January, 1891, when Mr. Bradlaugh was too ill to move the resolution to expunge from the journals of the House of Commons the report of the proceedings taken to exclude him, Dr. Hunter readily agreed to do it for him. "The very man I would have chosen", said Mr. Bradlaugh when he was informed that he had taken charge of the motion. A year or two later Dr. Hunter himself fell seriously ill, and was at length obliged to retire from the representation of Aberdeen, his native city, which always returned him with a majority of over 3,000 votes. He was not only a brilliant thinker and an able man, learned in legal lore and ancient history, but he was also an unflinching and decided Radical.

TWENTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT (1875-1895).

II.

The year 1880 deeply impressed itself upon my mind, for it was marked by events of importance alike to the Freethought party and to myself as a member thereof. On April 2nd Mr. Bradlaugh was elected member for Northampton, after twelve years of persistent effort. Thereupon followed that Titanic struggle on the "Oath Question", in which one man, almost single-handed, stood against the House of Commons, pleading and fighting for the right. At the Bar of the House his eloquence and dignified bearing extorted the admiration of his bitterest foes; in the course of long and harassing litigation he worsted by his legal skill and acumen the foremost lawyers of the day; and to all this was added the frequent strain of contested elections at Northampton. Those years of storm and stress gave the death-wound to the one great leader of the Freethought party.

The reflex action of the Oath agitation upon the Secular movement was prodigious. In the metropolis and provinces eighty branches of the N.S.S. were in active operation; Mr. Bradlaugh's lectures throughout the country attracted crowds of recruits to local societies, and the enthusiasm of new members was sustained by the courage and resolution displayed by their leader. The Hall of Science was always crowded to excess on the Sunday evenings when Mr. Bradlaugh occupied the platform; and I have known scores of people on those occasions to pay a shilling for the privilege of standing in the passage, where, by bending low, they could catch a glimpse of the speaker, although it was impossible to hear a word of his lecture.

One small personal incident relating to this struggle may be worth recording. On June 23rd, 1880, Mr. Bradlaugh was committed to the Clock Tower. I happened to be in Palace Yard that evening, and saw Mr. Norrish struggling towards the Tower with two large bags containing clothing and supplies for the prisoner. I begged Norrish to let me shoulder one of the bags, and in this way gained access to Mr. Bradlaugh. His dungeon consisted of two large and handsomely furnished apartments facing the river. He was in high spirits, and jokingly told me that he should amuse himself during his captivity by fishing. On bidding me farewell he expressed the hope that he might often see me during his imprisonment; but he was liberated on the following day.

In 1880 I paid my first visit to Brussels. It was on this wise. The executive of the N.S.S. decided to send six delegates to the International Freethought Conference held in that city; and Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Miss Hypatia Bradlaugh, Mr. Le Lubez and Mr. Swaagman were appointed. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, subsequently found that it would be impossible for him to leave England, and the executive in its wisdom chose ME as his substitute! The effect upon foreign delegates was exceedingly impressive. They fully expected to see the great "Bratlaugh", whose name had been officially published as a delegate; eager enquiries were made for him at the hall; and when *I* was produced as his representative, eloquent speeches were made. Fortunately, I did not understand them; for they were evidently not complimentary.

At that conference I became acquainted with D. M. Bennett, founder and editor of the New York *Truth Seeker;* M. Goffin, a venerable Brussels lawyer, who presided over the meetings; Dr. Cæsar De Paepe, a prominent Socialist and Freethinker who has but recently passed away; and many other continental Freethinkers whose names are unknown to British readers.

The N.S.S. Conference of that year was held in Edinburgh, and it was specially notable for me, as it led to my first provincial engagement as a lecturer. At that time the "modern Athens" was a centre of vigorous Secular propaganda. The late Mr. John Lees (affectionately

nicknamed "The Skipper") labored unwearyingly in the cause; and amongst his colleagues were Mr. John M. Robertson, then sub-editor of the Edinburgh *Evening News*, Mr. J. F. Dewar, Mr. Orr, "Charley" Nicholson, and many other active workers. Lectures were given every Sunday in the hall at Chambers Street, and the local branch of the N.S.S. was exceedingly prosperous. After the Conference I received an invitation to deliver three lectures in Edinburgh, and presumably my efforts gave satisfaction, for every year until 1887 I received a similar invitation. In every case I spent the week in Edinburgh, after speaking there on the Sunday, and went over to Glasgow for the following Sunday. Engagements poured in upon me from other towns, and during three or four years I lectured at Manchester, Rochdale, Liverpool, Birmingham, Huddersfield, Leeds, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southampton, Kettering, Nottingham, etc. I do not mention this with the view of suggesting that I am an effective speaker or skilful advocate. I have always felt a profound sense of dissatisfaction with my work as a "lecturer"; and although for several years I held the special diploma of the N.S.S., no announcement of the fact was ever sanctioned by me.

I come now to a phase of party history which was only second in its effect upon our fortunes to the epoch-making agitations to which reference has already been made. Some time in 1879-80 I attended a small private meeting, together with James Grout, W. J. Ramsey, R. Forder, and (I think) W. H. Reynolds, for the purpose of starting a penny Freethought journal. Mr. Joseph Symes, then living in Leeds, was designated as the editor. No definite step was taken at the time, and we separated with the understanding that we were to hold a second meeting. For some reason this did not take place; but Mr. Ramsey, then manager of the Freethought Publishing Company, soon afterwards announced that he would publish the *Freethinker*, a penny monthly journal, to be edited by Mr. G. W. Foote. The venture succeeded, and after its second or third issue the paper was issued weekly. The publication of some cartoons reproduced from the "Comic Bible" by Léo Taxil led to the prosecution in 1883 of Messrs. Foote, Ramsey and Kemp, who were convicted and severally sentenced to imprisonment for twelve, nine, and three months.

This attack upon the freedom of publication was, of course, stoutly resisted by the party. Funds were collected for the defence and for the maintenance of those dependent upon the prisoners. A Prisoners' Aid Committee was formed; and a separate committee, consisting of Mrs. Besant, Messrs. C. Herbert, Hilditch, Reynolds, R. O. Smith, and myself, undertook the supervision of the business at Stonecutter Street during the enforced retirement of Messrs. Foote and Ramsey from public life. Mr. Forder was installed as manager, and most efficiently he discharged his duties. We of the committee met at Stonecutter Street every Friday evening, and for a long time our work was exceedingly arduous. The business management had previously left much to be desired, and we had some difficult problems to face. The publication of the *Freethinker* was continued, with Dr. Aveling as interim editor. Gradually order was evolved from something like chaos, and at the end of twelve months we handed over to Mr. Foote and Mr. Ramsey their property in a much more flourishing condition than we found it. The publishing business was steadily prosperous; its affairs—thanks largely to Mr. Herbert's untiring application to administrative detail—were in perfect order, and a balance of several hundreds of pounds stood to its credit. With the conduct of matters after the prisoners' release we, as a committee, had no concern.

For some years after this exciting period my connection with the N.S.S. does not call for detailed remark. In 1888, with two other members of the executive, I

assisted in founding the London Secular Federation, a combination of metropolitan branches for the purposes of common work. This was an autonomous body confining its attention strictly to propaganda in London, and its utility consisted principally in the organisation of open-air lectures. Mr. Foote was president, and for some years I acted as secretary. In addition to the issue of a monthly list containing the announcements of about thirty lecture stations, we organised several series of lectures in new districts; necessitous branches were assisted by money grants, our funds being derived from subscriptions and donations, supplemented by an annual grant-in-aid from the N.S.S. executive. We instituted annual dinners in the winter and excursions in the summer, besides occasional festivities at the Hall of Science. For some years the Federation continued its beneficent work, but in course of time it became disintegrated, and it practically ceased to exist in 1893.

I had some hand, also, in bringing into existence the organisation committee of the N.S.S. In the previous paper I described the method of conducting a meeting of the executive. It was felt by some of us that the work of the Society would be more efficiently carried on if it were supervised by a small committee, with strictly defined powers. The question was raised, and, although it was regarded with some suspicion by Mr. Bradlaugh, referred for consideration and report to a sub-committee of which I was a member. The outcome of our report was the formation of the Organisation Committee, whose powers and duties were defined in a memorandum which I drew up, and which was adopted with one or two unimportant modifications by the executive. Upon this Committee I served until I withdrew from the N.S.S., and its efforts certainly increased the efficiency of Secular propaganda.

As time went on, the strain of Mr. Bradlaugh's parliamentary work began to tell upon even his exceptional powers. One day, in 1890, Mr. Forder showed me at Stonecutter Street a letter that he had just received from Mr. Bradlaugh, instructing him as secretary to convene an Extraordinary General Meeting of the N.S.S. to receive the resignation of its President. My heart sank as I read the fateful lines, for I saw only too clearly that it was the "beginning of the end" in more than one sense. In due course the meeting took place at the Hall of Science; Mr. Bradlaugh, speaking with emotion painful to witness, gave back to the members the trust which they had reposed in him for so many years, and handed to his successor, whom he himself nominated, the symbol of office—a gavel that once belonged to Richard Carlile—expressing a hope that he would prove himself worthy of the position to which he had been elected. On that day it was felt by many that the glory of the N.S.S. had departed.

From that time I saw little of Mr. Bradlaugh. After his serious illness in 1889, a few weeks before his departure for India, he wrote asking me to call upon him at his lodgings. On entering the library I found him weak and broken, apparently a physical wreck. In a trembling voice he asked me to sit with my back to the window, and warned me not to speak unless in answer to a question. Then, with frequent pauses caused by weakness, he explained the work that he wished me to do as a contributor to the *National Reformer* during his absence in India, and finally asked me to visit him again before he left England. I went out with my heart full of sadness, for it seemed impossible that he could ever again leave his room. A week later I called upon him, and found a marvellous improvement in his condition. He cheerily told me that he had been out for a drive on the previous day, "wonderfully well wrapped up". When I left he bade me an affectionate farewell, and, under the influence of an emotion of which I am not ashamed, I kissed the hand which he extended to me.

It was my last private interview with Mr. Bradlaugh. He returned from India, apparently restored to health and vigor;

but the hand of Death was upon him. I attended the last lecture that he ever delivered, at the Hall of Science, one foggy night in November, 1890. It was for the benefit of a Secularist worker; the audience was small, and the room was shrouded in a thick and penetrating mist: Throughout the lecture—a reply to the Rev. Dr. Sandys—Mr. Bradlaugh struggled painfully against his physical weakness and the distressing surroundings. At its close he begged that there might be no discussion, as he was unequal to further effort. This pathetic appeal, without example in my experience, impressed me with the most gloomy forebodings.

On 30th January, 1891, I saw upon a *Star* placard, "Death of Mr. Bradlaugh".

George Standring.

(To be concluded.)

ON MISSIONARIES.

One gets very weary of listening to discussions wherein "Missions" are treated as an abstract entity, to be attacked or defended, absolutely justified or absolutely condemned. Both sides are characterised by abundant unreason and ignorance; but it seems to us that the partisans of what we may for present purposes call the orthodox view are frequently the more unreasonable of the two. For let an unprejudiced observer merely enquire out of his innocent desire for information, what good missions are doing, it is odds that he will find someone to call him a sceptic, a scoffer, or any vituperative epithet that comes handy; while if he venture to suggest that any particular mission is not accomplishing the good it might do, the "religious" papers will open in full cry on his track.

Now, we are all more or less sensitive to criticism; and, though some of us may know —with a knowledge of the head only—that it is good for us, very few expect to be believed when they say they like it. Whether they do or not matters, of course, very little, since no one is exempt from it. Some people, more particularly minor poets, think they ought to be—which is a very different thing. But nowhere on this earth—except, perhaps, among the more extreme examples of the minor poet, —will you find this sensitiveness developed to such a morbid degree as among missionaries and people who give to missions.

This is not the case with other professions. You are not necessarily a homœopathist or a faith-healer because you may be of opinion that a particular doctor is sometimes mistaken in his diagnosis, and, on the whole, has done his patients more harm than good. Or, should you find yourself unable to agree with the views or commend the practice of any particular clergyman, you are not therefore to be branded as an enemy to Christianity—or even, necessarily, of the Church of England. But the advocates of missions so frequently adopt an "all or nothing" policy—apparently feeling bound to justify everything that was ever done by any missionary whatever, so long as he did not secede from his denomination or retire into some secular employment, in which case he was fair game for suspicion—that their opponents may be excused for some prejudice against a cause so defended. To take one example: the statement so often made, in various forms by Anglo-Indians and Colonists, that "Mission natives are no good". It may be met, first—by people who, unacquainted with the facts, honestly believe that such cannot be the case—with a simple categorical denial; or, secondly, by a more or less elaborate course of reasoning, tending to prove anything except that missionaries may possibly be injudicious and mistaken in their methods. Indeed, many excellent people, who have their private misgivings on this last point, seem to think themselves in honor bound to deny them in the presence of "outsiders". This may be very fine and very loyal, but it savors somewhat of the spirit which prefers generosity to justice, and which is always disastrous in the long run.

A good deal of injustice is done to missionaries by regarding them as beings on a different plane from ourselves — prematurely haloed saints, who may have their mysterious and transcendental spiritual temptations, but are quite exempt from the passions, likes, and dislikes of ordinary humanity. Whereas, as a good American, himself in the profession, once said, "they sometimes get mad, and quarrel with their brethren, just like other people". And when the collectors of pence come in rude contact with that sad fact, they are disillusioned. The British public, Philistine as it is, vaguely feels that, in such matters, it wants something ideal and transcendental for its money. But Moffats, Martyns, or St. Francis Xaviers are not to be turned out by the dozen at a suburban training-college; and it is quite possible that the authorities of those excellent institutions might be at a loss what to do with one when they got him. But people need their ideals; and when the ideal —or something that will serve in that capacity —not only exists in the present century, but comes home on furlough, and can be induced — other engagements permitting — to come and speak in an accessible building, they are apt to make the most of him and to forget the absence of that historical perspective which even a great man needs before he can properly fall into his place in a painted window. They do not give him a chance of being natural. They ask him leading questions, and put into his mouth the sort of phraseology they expect

him to use, till he finds himself catching the trick of it, if he has not got it already, and talking about wrestlings with Satan in the wilderness, when he really means that he finds it difficult to keep his temper with the stupid boy who *will* forget to bring his bath-water. People imagine him as nearly always engaged in preaching or in "dealing with" people (in the after-meeting sense—a kind of thing which is much less called for in foreign mission work than perhaps one is apt to imagine) or in devout contemplation of a rapt ecstatic sort, though now and then forced by the hard material necessities of life to show his people how to make bricks, or to take a hand at building a wall, or digging a garden. They cannot conceive of him as reading—if he has time to read at all—anything but the Bible and his hymn-book—and perhaps the reports of his own missions, or that excellent weekly, the *Christian*. If they could see him at his own table in the wilds, and hear the simple and refreshingly mundane conversation about the approach of the rains, and the need for a new roof on the school, and the best way of teaching elementary arithmetic; if they knew that he enjoys—according to his *Kulturstufe*—the *Fortnightly* and the *Saturday*, or the *Strand* and *Tit-Bits*, and is a little embarrassed by the flood of devout periodicals by which every home mail proves the kind intentions of some unknown donor, they would be puzzled—perhaps scandalised.

We all know the kind of letter that appears in the pages of mission periodicals—the kind of letter that is *expected* from workers in the mission field. A lady—a most useful and energetic worker—once remarked, "I don't see why I should fill up my letter with texts, they can read the texts for themselves". So she gave the facts, but left the readers to make their own comments. Whether they were satisfied or not, I cannot say. Probably some, at least, missed something.

A returned missionary may not be a very fluent speaker, or, outside his own immediate round of duties, a clear thinker. He becomes conscious of the difference between people's ideas and the reality, though unable to define it precisely; and besides, he finds a set of ready-made platform traditions, difficult, if not impossible, to break through. So, without saying anything conspicuously inaccurate, he speaks along the lines marked out for him, and leaves other aspects of the matter untouched, and perhaps dismisses his perplexities and scruples with the reflection that "people at home don't understand"; and so unintentionally contributes to the great fabric of unreality—not to say cant—which is connected with missionary effort.

As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that the good missionaries do may be under-estimated as well as over-estimated. But then it is seldom, if ever, the exact good they consciously set out to do. Their doctrinal teaching, if it has any permanent effect at all, is as likely to do harm as good. But, in so far as they are good, honest, kindly people, not mere teaching machines, their influence must tell in the end. Their inculcation of the arts of civilised life may or may not be practically useful in the long run, but, in any case, the training in order, accuracy, and steady industry must be valuable anywhere. Only let us have none of that deplorable cant (which, whether clothing itself in "religious" phraseology or not, is the self-glorification of British vestrydom) implying that no native ever washed his face, loved his wife and children, or did a hand's turn of work, unless one came from Islington to show him how.

A. Werner.

LITERATURE.

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY: ITS SUCCESSES AND ITS FAILURES. By Alfred Russel Wallace. (Swan Sonnenschein, 1898. 7s. 6d.)

No book by this author can fail to command attention, and the volume before us will not disappoint the expectations of the reader in respect of the charm of its manner or the interest of its matter. It has an added value in the excellent portrait of Dr. Wallace himself, which seems to incorporate for the many who do not know him the gentle character and many-sided genius which have, through his works, won the hearts of two generations of readers.

But on this subject—the achievements of our century—he may claim to speak as one having authority, for thereanent he can put forward the proud boast of the Homeric hero, "*Quorum pars magna fui*"; and he may still more fitly claim our attention to the double theme of this book, since he has for many years devoted much attention to the economic questions of our age, as well as to the purely scientific matters with which his name is more generally associated.

It is invidious to find fault in such circumstances, but one blemish "springs into the eyes", as the Germans say, so obtrusively that it is impossible not to comment upon it. It is surely not far short of marvellous that an author of such experience of wide questions and the balancing of relative claims to importance and consideration as Dr. Wallace, should so far forget the elements of mental perspective as to give one-fourth of the space of this book to the question of the failure of vaccination. Granting its immediate seriousness, and even the completeness of the evidence in favor of the thesis that it is a delusion, as he says, can any one for a moment contend that the question bulks so largely in the scales of history as to warrant the devotion to it of 100 pages, while the whole of the rest of the vast achievements and failures of the century (including the economic fiasco of capitalism) are entitled

to only 300 between them? Or that the question is so vastly more important than that of the colossal war expenditure, for instance, as indicated by the allotment to it of ten times the space? And will it be believed that in this same book the vast matter of the theory of evolution by natural selection, which has practically revolutionised human thought in almost every department, is disposed of in eight pages? Such are the methods of the faddist or crank all the world over—to swamp the ha'porth of bread in a deluge of sack; but such is not, or should not be, the method of science.

But this is a defect which makes the work no less valuable in itself, while its value is peculiarly great to social reformers of all grades for its damning indictment of militarism and capitalism as developed in our time, since it is very exceptional that a scientific man should be able to pass judgment of any weight on questions of economic evolution. But they are, after all, scientific problems, and a trained observer of natural phenomena and a great apostle of the evolution doctrine is entitled to all respect when he speaks, after years of study, on questions of social evolution as manifested by economic facts. And in this matter Dr. Wallace speaks with the fervor of a Ruskin. It is especially desirable that attention should be called to and fixed upon the grievous and obvious failures of our civilisation at a time when we are hearing—and are likely to hear even *ad nauseam*—of our wonderful achievements; and if anyone is to obtain a hearing, when speaking of the skeleton at our feast, surely Dr. Wallace, as one of those who have mightily achieved, may certainly claim our ear. Let us all, who dream of social amelioration, hope he will succeed to some purpose. The smugly "successful" classes, who have reaped the harvests made possible by science, are already uneasy in their "golden houses", even though, like Tennyson's Olympians,

> "They smile in silence, looking over wasted lands,
> Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
> Clanging fights and flaming towns, and sinking ships and praying hands."

Especially interesting is the account of the vitally important functions of dust in the earth's economy, which, though mentioned in part in a variety of text-books, we do not remember to have seen dealt with in any paper, or even paragraph, collecting the whole of the scattered evidence into a statement such as this, at once convincing and surprising.

The chapter containing an estimate of achievements is truly a wonderful record, and the table on p. 154 comparing the 19th with all previous centuries together, to the manifest advantage of the former, is, perhaps, too flattering to our vanity, for it takes no account of the vantage ground from which our age started, and we must in fairness remember that a dwarf on a giant's shoulders may see farther than the giant without great credit to himself. This is especially to be noted by us—

> "The latest seed of time,
> New men that in the flying of a wheel
> Cry down the Past"—

and to us, therefore, the humble-pie offered in the second part should be specially beneficial.

It is also interesting to note that Englishmen hold a splendid pre-eminence on the scientific roll of fame. Besides the great names of Stephenson, Dalton, Darwin, and Wallace, Faraday, Young, Lyell, Simpson, Lister, and Thomson, there are a series of names which, if not those of actually the first inventors and discoverers, stand close to these, and certainly share their glory. Among these are Wollaston and Huggins in spectrum analysis, Davy and Crookes in chemistry, Joule and Tyndall in physics, Aitken in meteorology, Huxley in biology, Adams and Tait in astronomy, and, above all, the great philosophic mind co-ordinating and concentrating the work of all the rest—Herbert Spencer. Can any other nation show a like record?

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondents are requested to write as BRIEFLY *as possible; save in exceptional cases, letters which exceed* ONE COLUMN *in length cannot be inserted.)*

THE GROUNDS OF THE NEXT BATTLE.

WANTED: LIBERALS WHO CAN AND WILL LEAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

It was with great pleasure that I read in the June number of the REFORMER Mr. J. M. Robertson's article on "Federal Home Rule". That that is the only practicable form of Home Rule no one with more than an ounce of political acumen can deny.

But it is not Home Rule I wish to write about. Before the Liberal party can hope to be entrusted with the task of putting the affairs of the empire in order—and they need it badly enough, in all conscience—it must first put its own house in order. It has, indeed, "become necessary to speak out". It is only too true that "Mr. Morley and those who act with him are stultifying the Liberal party", and if the rank and file of that party do not speak out, and speak very plainly indeed, its power for good will be immensely weakened if not totally destroyed.

"The question now in hand", concludes Mr. Robertson, "is whether Mr. Morley *can* or *will* lead; and whether Sir William Harcourt can or will do any better. I respectfully but earnestly appeal to all thoughful Liberals to look into the matter. Liberal triumphs are *not* to be achieved by doing nothing, though Tory triumphs may be; and it is time we had some idea about the manner and the grounds of the next battle."

I maintain, sir, that the first question resolves itself into this: Are our "leaders" *honest*, or are they *not?* I for one must say that the stern logic of events has forced me, though very unwillingly, to have my doubts even of John Morley.

But the question of leadership has, I submit, nothing whatever to do with the still more important, the all-important, question: What shall be the grounds of the next battle?

The Liberal party has got far too much into the habit of allowing its "leaders" to do its thinking for it. It is high time that the rank and file should think for themselves, decide which way they wish to go, and say to their "leaders": "With or without you, this and no other is the way that we will go. Lead us or leave us".

Our "leaders" and their apologists on the platform and in the press, excuse their inaction on the ground that "the House of Lords blocks the way". Now as regards financial measures this is demonstrably false. In 1678 the House of Commons passed the following resolution:—

"That all aids and supplies, and aids to his Majesty in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons; and all Bills for the granting of any such aids and supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations, and qualifications of such grants; *which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.*" (House of Commons Journals, Vol. IX., p. 509.)

"Every 'Queen's Speech', every Finance Bill, bears witness in so many words to the fact that it is the business of the *Commons*' House to impose, vary, or remit taxation. The Lords cannot, and dare not *alter* a Budget. They dare not *reject* a Budget, for that would mean bringing the whole business of the country to a standstill." [1]

In short it is true, *not* that the House of Lords blocks the way for *all* Liberal reforms, but that the House of Lords blocks the way for all Liberal reforms *except those that can be included in the Budget.* Such reforms can be carried in the teeth of the House of Lords.

That being so, it should be obvious to even the merest political tyro that the grounds of the next battle should be *Budget reform.* And this keynote has been struck with no uncertain sound by the Metropolitan Radical Federation, who in their manifesto follow up the paragraph quoted above with these trenchant words:—

"The unfailing test, therefore, of the sincerity of a Liberal Government is its readiness to embody urgent financial reforms in its Budgets. It is useless to take a stand on measures which the Lords are likely to mutilate or reject, and then to complain that nothing can be done because of the Upper House. A truly Radical Cabinet will begin with the urgent financial reforms which, embodied in the Budget, the Lords cannot mutilate, and dare not reject.

"THE RADICAL BUDGET.

"This, then, is the keynote of the Radical Programme which the Metropolitan Radical Federation herewith submits to the sympathetic consideration of Radicals everywhere, and for which it demands the attention of the Liberal leaders. Its items are:—

"(A) *For the first Radical Budget*—

1. Payment of Members and of Election Expenses.
2. Abolition of the breakfast table duties.
3. Old Age Pensions.
4. Taxation of Land Values.

"(B) *As soon after as may be*—

5. Home Rule all round.
6. Universal Suffrage.
7. Registration Reform.
8. Second Ballot.

"(C) *If the Lords reject or mutilate these* (5-8)—

9. Abolition of the House of Lords.

"This Programme differs from the 'Newcastle Programme' mainly in the inclusion of Old Age Pensions, of Home Rule for England, Wales and Scotland (as well as for Ireland), and of the Second Ballot. It is simpler, more practical, and more consistent; more easy of realisation and less easy to evade; and for this very reason it will be less acceptable than a long list of 'pious opinions' to the Whig Lords who, in the past, have filled Liberal Cabinets and robbed Radicals of the results of electoral victory."

It only remains for the Liberal and Radical clubs throughout the country, who do not get these politics ready-made from the National Liberal Federation and other official Whig organisations, to back up the Metropolitan Radical Federation in their endeavor to bring this programme before the public. Once properly before the public it is sure to catch on, and then our "leaders" must either lead or leave.

Portsmouth. ARTHUR WITHY.

P.S.—Metropolitan Radical Federation Manifesto may be obtained (post free, 1½d.) from the Hon. Sec., Dr. H. A. Rundlett, Waltham Buildings, 1 Holborn Circus, E.C.

[1] "Manifesto of the Metropolitan Radical Federation," Oct., 1897, p. 5.

A QUESTION OF MORALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

In commenting on the Collins case in your issue of July, Mr. Gilmour puts forward statements which seem to me to call for stringent criticism. Before commenting I wish to make it understood that I do not hold with the law as it stands, but consider some reform of it to be necessary. I also wish to say that of course those cases must be treated as exceptional "in which" (to use Mr. Gilmour's words) "the existence of a physical peculiarity will mean death to the patient when she comes to childbed"; but of course Mr. Gilmour himself was perfectly aware that in the Collins case, as in the greater majority of abortion cases, these exceptional circumstances did not exist. Coming straight to the main issue, I will first quote Mr. Gilmour, who puts forth his views on abortion as follows:

"I don't consider any attempt to obviate childbearing necessarily immoral or criminal, provided

that the treatment is kept within the proper limits and is conceived of and applied on scientific lines by a qualified medical practitioner. . . . . Theoretically pre-embryonic methods are preferable, not so much because of the fancied destruction of a pre-formed human being at a later stage, as on account of the danger to the patient of an operation after gestation has set in. . . . . The idea of the supposed sinfulness of preventing or interfering with foetation is of theological or metaphysical origin. It descends to us from the Judaical precept that the best of all ways to propagate the faith is by the propagation of the faithful—just as the odious vices specified in the Priestly Code were heavily punished not so much in respect to their intrinsic immorality as in view of their apostatical significance."

The first thought that occurred to me after reading this ingenious justification was—"Why stop at abortion? Why not also on the same ground justify infanticide?" Mr. Gilmour is determined to abolish all sentiment from the matter; he wants hard dry fact; to suppose that abortion is the "destruction of a pre-formed human being" is to him a fanciful view of no account. Let us study infanticide entirely from his super-logical point of view, and how then can we condemn it? The new-born infant has by no means developed the characteristics of the matured human being—in fact, if it be "fanciful" to consider the foetus as an infant, it is every wit as "fanciful" to consider the new-born babe as an individual: its suppression can be painless and remarkably easy. What more does Mr. Gilmour require, once human feeling is abolished on the subject? Infanticide is undoubtedly only one step further than foeticide, in the same logical plane.

On the other hand, although by no means personally concerned to defend Malthusianism, I consider that Malthusians themselves would be justified in objecting to Mr. Gilmour's classing together of pre-embryonic and post-embryonic prevention as though they stood on the same basis of argument. There is an essential moral difference between them based upon the fact that in the one case life has commenced and in the other case it has not commenced.

I think I shall be but rightly voicing the feelings and thoughts of a large number of sentient persons of both sexes if I maintain that abortion is hideous, and justly hideous because it violates the natural and decent feelings of awe with which we regard and must regard the beginnings of life. There is a sacredness about birth and the beginnings of birth which is essentially a part of the sacredness of life: that woman is justly disgraced whose motherhood is so low a thing with her that she seeks a surgeon's instrument to tear from her the dawnings of maternity.

Of all the potent forces and factors of life the force of birth is perhaps the one which is among men the least reverently considered, the one most a prey to irresponsibility, flippancy, wanton disregard of moral decency. Let me seriously ask Mr. Gilmour what improvement he thinks there would be it unlimited abortion, freed from shame or hindrance, were permitted to flourish as it pleased?

William Platt.

THE TIRANNY OV LETTERZ.

To the Editor.

It iz pleazing tu note yoor adopshon ov sum sensibl orthografic formz in the Reformer, such az *honor*, *labor*, *ryme*, *therefor*, *candor*, and I shud hav been glad tu ad "program". Perhaps, when Mr. Perry-Coste bringz forwerd hiz skeem ov minor reformz "program" wil be included, and yoo wil folo hiz abl leadership.

I hav no idea whot Mr. Perry-Coste's "practical minor reformz" ar, but they wil be welcumd by aul speling reformerz, az eny skeem or atempt tu reduse our caotic orthografy tu order iz preferabl tu existing lawlesnes in the tirannical wurld ov letterz.

Mr. Perry-Coste thinks *bite* and *might* wud not ryme amung north-cuntrymen. Perhaps not, in Scotland; but I doo not see why we in Durham shud be debard. We hav lost theze gutturalz—if we ever had them—therfor dont need tu expres them. I hav been a litl curius tu serch, and hav found *might* and *unite* made tu ryme.

Why shud we mind the retenshon ov *gh*? In meny Anglo-Saxon formz it woz absent, az in *fight* (feohtan), *height* (heahtho), *laugh* (hlihan), etc. Insted ov letting *gh* down lihtly, the upholderz aut tu sho *cauz* why *g* woz inserted.

Mr. Perry-Coste sujests a litl experimental nolej of the benefits ov fonetic reform. I beg tu refer yoor readerz tu the paijez of *Speler*, the erly numberz ov the *Phonetic Journal*, tu a resent isue ov the *Schoolmaster*, and tu the experiens ov Dr. Martin in Portlaw scoolz, Ireland. Perhaps the foloing wil molify the fearz ov yoor etimolojical readerz; Prof. Skeat sez:—"In the interests of etimolojy, and from a luv ov the siens, I wish the comon wer utterly smasht. . . . . I shud be glad to see aul speling peurly fonetic, and so wud, I beleev, meny ov the memberz ov the Filolojical Sosiety".

Whotever Mr. Perry-Coste may sujest, I am shur it wil be wurthy ov adopshon; and wun (one) ov the strongest forses ov reform iz *personal reformashon*. Readerz and riterz must co-operate with editorz and publisherz, els orthografic reform will be slo and hard. How meny readerz of the Reformer adopt even thoze in voag in its paijez? And why not? Thoze hu wud be free must themselvez strike the blo. When they doo so, the tiranny ov letterz wil hav been dethroned, and the law ov reazon proclaimd.

H. Drummond.

Hetton-le-Hole, R.S.O.

THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor.

Your correspondent "A. J. M." evidently fails to see that the fact that land values are

due to the presence and united activities of all is sufficient "just cause" for appropriating them for the common benefit of all. But why, in spite of this blindness (or probably because of it), he should advocate a progressive and differentiated income tax (pretty words, truly) and denounce a tax on land values as "pure unmitigated rascality", is a problem I will make no attempt to solve. Your correspondent Henry W. Leys, however, after a torrent of words, has one clear and understandable sentence, in which he states his whole case against our philosophy or policy. He condemns it because, as he contends, "it is tyrannical and therefore immoral. It appoints for my life, as slaveowner might for slave, conditions other than those of freedom, and the advocates have no moral right to pass such sentence". Which conclusions I would heartily endorse, *if only the premises from which he deduces them were true*. As a matter of fact, however, the very opposite is the case. To secure freedom, *equal* freedom for all, privileges for none; to assure to all *equal* opportunities to share in the bounties of nature, and to make their own labor to minister to their own desires, whilst leaving each entirely free to dispose of his own activities, as well as of the fruits of their own exertions, as he may deem most conducive to his own happiness, provided only he in no way infringe on the equal freedom of others, is the very aim and object of our policy, the essence and animating principle of our whole philosophy. Hence we desire to establish no conditions other than those of freedom—but *equal* freedom for all.

To contend that a policy which would appropriate for the common benefit of all the unimproved value of the natural sources at the disposition of the community—to which all have equal claims if all have equal claims to existence; which would thus secure to all *equal* opportunities to live, to labor, and to enjoy; leaving each equally free to dispose of his life and activities as he may deem most conducive to his well-being—to contend that such a policy would establish "conditions other than those of freedom", is possible only to a man who studies words, *not* facts; who would write on subjects without attempting to understand them, and who mistakes smart writing for understandable or even, perhaps, as conclusive arguments. With such men argument is profitless.

Ilkley. L. H. Berens.

Arthur Withy replies at some length "to the main points in Mr. Ley's letter"; and J. Macrae sends a short rejoinder to A. J. M.'s plea for compensation to landlords.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

To the Editor.

"W. P. H.'s" letter in last month's Reformer is a curious illustration of the blighting tendency of orthodoxy even when of a non-supernatural character, and I therefore crave a little space in which to traverse some of his statements.

In the first place, while prepared to admit that "W. P. H.'s" view of the case is "rather uncommon", I deny that he does "carry the discussion a little further". On the contrary, all his paragraphs refer to what is elementary, and meets the enquirer at the very outset of his acquaintance with the vaccination question.

In the second place, his reference to the uselessness "of giving the anti-vaccinationist statistics, as they are not convinced by them", is a perfectly truthful statement, stated in such a manner as could only occur to one ignorant of the subject of which he is treating. Anti-vaccinationists have not yet been convinced of the efficacy of vaccination by any statistics which have as yet been brought forward. On the contrary, their conviction that vaccination is a delusion has been intensified by them; consequently, if the statistics to which "W. P. H." refers are of a similar nature it would from his point of view be "no use" bringing them forward. But anti-vaccinationists are not afraid of statistics; they are delighted to have them, and would be more delighted if pro-vaccinationists would give them fuller powers to thoroughly investigate them than hitherto they have dared to do.

Professor Alfred Russel Wallace has shown vaccination to be both useless and dangerous on the basis of forty-five years of Government statistics, while only recently (June 15th, 1897) Mr. A. Milnes, M.A., read before the Royal Statistical Society a paper on "Statistics of Smallpox and Vaccination", which show that on the single basis of statistics anti-vaccinators can more than hold their own.

"W. P. H." asks: "Was it not a recognised fact that a person who had smallpox once and recovered was not likely to contract the disease a second time; or, if he did, it was generally in a mild form, and very rarely fatal?" Apart from the doubly contradictory way in which the question is formulated, it may be pointed out that it never was a recognised *fact*, it was a vulgar opinion of the same order and value as the more widely received opinion that an old woman who had a black cat was a witch and communed with the devil. The foundation of this idea lies in the fact that very few have a second attack of smallpox compared with those who have but one. The wonderful thing would be were it otherwise.

To "W. P. H.'s" second question, I answer: anti-vaccinationists do not admit that "the principle of vaccination" is "simply artificially giving to a person modified smallpox or an allied disease—cowpox". They know, what "W. P. H." evidently does not, that the artificially giving to a person modified smallpox is a penal offence, and they deny that there is any relationship between cowpox and smallpox. On the contrary, they affirm, on the authority of Dr. Creighton, that it is more nearly allied to the large, than the small, pox.

It is only necessary to place "W. P. H.'s" fourth and sixth paragraphs side by side to see the absurdity of the former.

Surely it is not abusive to say that history has repeatedly shown the "medical profession as a whole to have been hopelessly wrong". The title of the leading medical journal is an illustration of this, while the precursor of vaccination, inoculation, is another. Respecting this last, if "W. P. H." knows his Boswell he will remember that the great Dr. Johnson once said: "Inoculation, for instance,

has saved more lives than war destroys". Similar statements have been made respecting vaccination, and although it flourishes in our midst it is but a weakly plant, and sooner or later it will take its place amongst the repudiated quackeries whose reputations have been shattered by the dawn of critical science. "W. P. H." argues that because "an occasional outbreak occurs like that at Gloucester that is no reason why people at Norwich should be vaccinated". The sting in this sentence consists of the words "like that at Gloucester". I would ask "W. P. H." this question. Seeing that Warrington, Sheffield, and Middlesborough have each had an outbreak of smallpox, although protected by vaccination from 95 to 99 per cent. of population, what is the value of vaccination; and, if any, is that value sufficient to induce anybody anywhere to put himself out of the way to obtain it? E. G. B.

To the Editor.

Permit me to reply to "W. P. H.", whose letter appeared in the Reformer of July, and who desires to "carry the discussion a little further". But further than what he does not say. On carefully looking over his letter I cannot find any statement of the case or any argument in support of his statement other than has been constantly advanced during the past forty years.

Certainly he is far behind the time when he says "it is apparently no use giving anti-vaccinationists statistics as they are not convinced by them". When Mr. Marson told the Commission on Vaccination of 1871 that of the 13,670 smallpox cases admitted in the London smallpox hospitals 10,671 were vaccinated cases, anti-vaccinists were fully convinced that the vaccination of those 10,671 did not "protect" them against smallpox. When the Metropolitan Asylums Board reports state that of the 53,579 smallpox cases admitted in their hospitals during the years 1870-86, 41,061 were vaccinated, anti-vaccinists had no doubt that the money abstracted from the poor rates for vaccination fees for making these 41,061 individuals secure against smallpox was a fraudulent robbery—albeit a legal one. When vaccinators confessed that during the Sheffield epidemic 243 vaccinated persons died from smallpox anti-vaccinists were convinced that those 243 persons could not have had smallpox in a more severe form had they been *un*vaccinated. When Messrs. Gayton and Birdwood told the late Royal Commission on Vaccination that their experience showed that vaccination protection against smallpox was of a very fleeting character, and gave statistics in support of their statement, need I say that anti-vaccinists held their prior convictions confirmed by those statistics? I might give hundreds of similar cases, but these ought to be sufficient to convince "W. P. H." that anti-vaccinists are "convinced by statistics".

Dr. Hadwen has so recently treated the official "vaccinator's" statements on Gloucester that I need not further allude to that regrettable epidemic. It is not surprising that he should say nothing about Middlesborough, for the medical and general press, as if by common consent, have been almost silent about it. Yet Middlesborough, though vaccinated up to ninety-eight per cent. of its population, fared worse than Gloucester.

"W. P. H." is again mistaken when he says it was a "*recognised fact*" that one attack of smallpox was a protection against another attack. It was a theory, not a fact, and is believed in now to a large extent; but it has never been demonstrated. Jenner took shelter under this theory, for although when he published his "Inquiry" he said cowpox would protect "for ever" against smallpox, after he obtained his grant he shifted his ground, and said it would protect as well as smallpox. But, sir, this question of "fortifying yourself with a mild disease", as the late Dr. Farr termed it, is a very serious matter. If, as is generally held, all constitutional diseases lower the vitality, and the influence of the constitutional diseases smallpox and cowpox remains through life, albeit a varying quantity, as vaccinators maintain it does, then it follows that in order to escape smallpox, which it is by no means certain you may have, vaccinators advise and compel a so-called milder disease, cowpox, or attenuated smallpox, and thus permanently set up a constitutional debility for life.

"W. P. H." does not like the term "filthy rite"; but as the disease in the first place sprang from filthy habits, as it is artificially propagated by means most questionable, and in some instances too indecent to be mentioned, I think the term very appropriate. I shall believe the medical profession do not advocate vaccination for the sake of the fees when the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal College of Physicians, and the British Medical Association petition Parliament to be relieved from taking their fees from the poor rate or other sources of taxation. J. F. Haines.

Tower Hamlets Branch
National Anti-Vaccination League.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

Freethought Federation.—Mr I. Papernow has visited Chester as an open-air missionary, but was obliged to discontinue his work in consequence of the disorder fomented by opponents. With the aid of local friends, however, the Federation will organise in-door lectures in the autumn. Mr. E. Calvert has started upon a week's open-air work in Nottingham and district. Leaflet No. 3, "Colonel Ingersoll's Path to Freethought", is being widely distributed. The Federation is willing to send lecturers to Radical Clubs and other bodies free of charge, in the metropolis.—G. Standring, hon. sec., 7 and 9 Finsbury Street, E.C.

Fabian Society.—Tract No. 82, "The Workman's Compensation Act," a penny pamphlet explaining the provisions of that measure, is having a phenomenal circulation. In the autumn H. Snell will recommence lecturing work in the provinces; and S. D. Shallard has undertaken two months' lecturing under the Hutchinson Trust Scheme in Fife and the Lothians.—S.

Westminster Secular Society, Grosvenor Embankment.—Lectures every Sunday, 11.30 a.m. Support is much desired to prevent disturbance.

South London Ethical Discussion Society.—The literary class has adjourned till the Autumn. Open-air meetings are held every Sunday on Peckham Rye at 3.15. Speakers: Messrs. Clarke, Stowar or Newland.

Finsbury Secular Society, Clerkenwell Green, Sunday at 7 p.m., August 21st, E. White; 28th, E. Pack; Sept. 4th, a lecture; 11th, Stanley Jones.

Finsbury Park Secular Society (near Band Stand, 3.15 p.m.).—Aug. 21st, E. Pack, "Faith, Instinct, and Reason"; 28th, C. Cohen, "The Search for God"; Sept. 4th, E. Pack.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

ARLOTTA OF HAINAULT.

MANY years ago, when Edward the Third was king in England, there lived in Hainault a very beautiful little girl named Arlotta. She had rosy cheeks, long fair hair, and blue eyes, and was the darling of her parents. Her father Wilhelm was a fisherman, and was mostly away from home. Arlotta had a little brother, several years younger than herself, who was also called Wilhelm.

The cottage in which these good people dwelt stood on the shore of a large lake, which the Romans had named Flevo. This lake often overflowed the neighbouring meadows, but Arlotta's home was built upon high ground, so that it was always dry. In the centre of Lake Flevo was a small island, called Urk; Arlotta's father sometimes took the children there in his boat, which pleased them greatly.

Arlotta could not read, but she was very skilful with her needle, and in making white and yellow lace. On week-days, as soon as the bright floor-tiles were washed, and the delf-ware ranged on the kitchen shelves, Arlotta's mother brought her spinning-wheel into the sunshine. While she spun deftly her singing daughter made lace trimmings for the pillows and caps. Wilhelm sometimes joined his sister in her merry songs, whilst playing at his mother's feet. Now and then, a neighbour chatted with the little party; but this was seldom, for the honest folk of that country were workers, not talkers. On Sundays, Wilhelm's tall strong father was at home. Then Arlotta was dressed in all her finery. Her hair hung in long curls behind, and was cut squarely across in front, just above the eyebrows. On her head was put a huge white linen cap, decorated with open-work and lace. Her frock was of pink linen embroidered with red roses, and her little feet were encased in wooden shoes. The mother beamed with pleasure to have her husband home again after the week's absence, and together they lovingly noted the manly bearing of the boy and the growing graces of the girl. In the evening the elder Wilhelm, with his son on one knee and his daughter on the other, had merry games while his young wife prepared the supper. Early in the morning the bread-winner again departed to his week's labor. Thus Arlotta lived very happily, until she could remember seven birthdays.

One morning the little girl arose while her brother slept, and was sent by her mother for milk to a neighbour who kept a cow. The weather was hazy, and the earth soft from much rain. On her return, when Arlotta crossed a little bridge, she saw that the adjoining meadow—which half an hour before smiled with daisies—was covered with water. This was a common occurrence, but she was horrified to see the flood rising rapidly; and in the distance Arlotta heard a loud roar of rushing water. Not far off, the frightened women—the men were all absent—were getting their children into boats.

Arlotta instantly dropped her milk-pail and waded toward the common boat-house, which was near. She was well used to the little flat-bottomed boats, into one of which she stepped. The muddy water was now rising every moment. Arlotta pushed off, and saw that Lake Flevo had lost its boundaries, and seemed one with miles of surrounding water. With all her exertions, little Arlotta found the water half-way up the door of her home before she could reach it. A drop splashed upon her lip. It was salt! A terrible fear oppressed her: Had the sea overflowed the country? She understood now the source of the vast quantity of water around her. No one stirred at home. She rowed frantically, but her way was made difficult by many adverse currents, and her progress was slow. At last she floated through the open house-door.

"Mother, mother!" shrieked Arlotta.

No answer came. Paddling quickly into the sleeping room, she found the furniture was floating about, and the terrified Wilhelm crying piteously. Her brother was soon placed in the little barque, and the courageous sister looked anxiously for their mother, but in vain. Arlotta then thought she had probably gone for a boat. The increasing flood bore toward her a large table which threatened to dash her frail skiff to pieces; but she cleverly avoided it, and rowed with might and main toward a small ship which she saw in the distance. Some other boats were there being relieved of their homeless occupants.

Wilhelm and Arlotta were wet through, and the little boy was too much afraid to cry. His sister tried to comfort him while she continued rowing. The work was hard, the way was long, and Arlotta felt almost spent. She thought of the wasted milk, and how useful it would be to her now. They drew nearer to the vessel, and a man called to her, and leant over the side to help the children on board. Arlotta stood up and lifted Wilhelm into the sailor's hands. The man put the child on deck, and then dropped a rope to assist the girl's ascent.

As Arlotta tried to grasp it an uprooted tree swirled by. It upset her boat. The whirl of the water drew the child toward a branch, on which her long hair caught. One despairing cry of "Mother" reached the ship; then she disappeared. The yellow water still showed the tree's track, but Arlotta was seen no more.

. . . . . .

Now Lake Flevo is almost forgotten; but those waters are known as the Zuyder Zee.

MERI GERTRUD SNELLING.

GROWTH in wisdom may be exactly measured by decrease in bitterness.—*Nietzsche.*

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

The Tsar's Message.

WHATEVER may be the result of the Tsar's message of peace, one cannot too highly praise him for the courage he has shown in publicly proclaiming his pacific and humanitarian ideals. Critics sneer at the moment chosen, saying that but yesterday Russia inaugurated a new naval programme, whilst to-day, with benign air and dulcet voice, she proclaims blessing upon the peacemakers. But *some* moment had to be chosen; and if we think of China now we should have pointed to India last year, and to Turkey the year before. The *Saturday Review* believes that the scheme is one "which commends itself only to the hysterical sentimentalists", and points out —with an air of approval—that "nineteen centuries of the Christian religion—a religion instituted by the Prince of Peace—seems to have intensified rather than quenched that passion for fighting" which, according to the *Saturday Review*, is in the blood of man. But the "Prince of Peace" specifically told his disciples that he came "*not* to send peace but a sword"; the Tsar desires us to forge no more swords, but to strive to make triumphant the great conception of universal peace. The Tsar's proposal is a magnificent protest against the continual increase in the armaments of nations, and as he has set nations an example by raising the standard of Right over Might, we shall hope to see him giving practical effect to his words.

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The Soudan War.

"A GREAT task is accomplished. . . . Omdurman is taken; the Khalifa is a fugitive, if not a prisoner; Gordon is avenged; and the Soudan is restored to Egypt and to peace. Britons should be proud to-day." Thus spake the *Daily Chronicle*, of Monday, the 5th inst. Its correspondent estimates "our losses in killed and wounded at not more than sixty", whilst "the battlefield is covered for miles with dead and dying Dervishes. They could not have lost less than 6,000 killed and wounded." And this is "a glorious victory"! Those who want to appreciate the true inwardness of this glory had better read "Some unwritten Soudan chapters", which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for September 3rd. The writer describes the Soudan warfare as "a horror beyond words", involving the slaughter of women and of the wounded and dying—parties of English soldiers, commanded by English officers, going out expressly to kill the enemy's wounded after a fight. This may be one of the terrible necessities of a terrible war, but is it a thing of which "Britons should be proud"? Is it not rather something o which we should feel deeply and lastingly ashamed? It is the merest clap-trap to talk of the Soudan being restored to peace. As the glorious Britons had to avenge Gordon, so the despised Dervishes may desire to avenge the fugitive Khalifa, and their kinsmen slaughtered in the shambles of Omdurman. In any case, what next? Having restored the Soudan to Egypt, to peace, and to the financial speculators, what next? Is our part played? Or are there still other chestnuts to be taken from the fire?

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Who is satisfied?

THE conscience clause of the new Vaccination Act is open to so many readings that the metropolitan magistrates have been obliged

to hold a meeting to make up their minds what they are to understand by it. This conference was urgently needed, for what satisfied Mr. Fenwick did not satisfy Mr. Paul Taylor, and what satisfied Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Taylor in no wise satisfied Mr. Curtis Bennett, who, indeed, early announced *his* opinion that the metropolitan magistrates were men whom it was impossible to satisfy—legally, of course. On the 25th of last month he refused to accept a statement of any kind from an applicant, saying: "That is the line I intend to take, and I state that once and for all. Perhaps that will stop any further application." Now, however, the magistrates have resolved to grant a certificate to the conscientious objector "if satisfied upon a verbal statement". We are afraid that this reading of the clause will not satisfy Mr. Balfour; for when Sir William Harcourt in the course of the debate suggested the words "states on oath before" in place of "satisfies", he refused to accept these words unless he was allowed to add to the end of the clause the further provision that the justices were to be "satisfied of the *bona fides*" of the sworn statement. By the recent decision of the magistrates, the conscientious objector is now free to make a simple verbal statement, which we are confident will prove quite as reliable as a mistrusted oath.

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Colston Hall.

NEARLY every town in England will feel sympathy with Bristol upon the loss of its beautiful hall by fire. The Colston Hall consisted of a block of buildings with three halls, the largest of which had seating accommodation for 3,000 persons, and was estimated to hold 6,000 standing. It was in this hall that the Trade Union Congress was holding its meetings at the time of the fire, and a large number of documents and other matter belonging either to the Congress or to individual delegates was destroyed. Colston Hall has been the scene of many a Liberal and Radical demonstration. According to various press reports, Edmund Burke "aired his eloquence" at the Colston Hall, but as Burke died in 1797, and the hall was not built till 1867, we presume that Burke spoke in the Colston Schools, which formerly occupied the site on which the hall so recently stood. The school was built, or at any rate endowed, by Edward Colston, who died in 1721. On June 8th, 1881, during his Parliamentary struggle, Mr. Bradlaugh spoke to a densely packed and enthusiastic meeting in the large Colston Hall. When the resolution condemning his exclusion was put, only forty hands out of all that vast assembly were held up against it.

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Lord Wolseley's Memorandum.

THE Tsar has issued a memorandum, so also has the British Commander-in-Chief. The one makes for peace the other for ——? The greater efficiency of the army, of course. This, apparently, is to be achieved by strict attention to the following order:—"In future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm in the street with a female." Formerly, says Lord Wolseley, respectably brought up young men have been deterred from entering the army from the belief "that barrack-room life is such that no decent lad can submit to it without loss of character or self-respect". With the new and pleasant prospect of their own officers policing the men within barracks, and nursemaids kept at a respectable distance outside, the Commander-in-Chief seems to anticipate that the army will prove quite attractive to the "respectably brought up young man". We humbly —and thankfully—venture to doubt it.

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Biblical Inaccuracy.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has proclaimed that there are inaccuracies in the Bible. He told the Sunday School teachers this alarming news (!) at their festival at Canterbury the other day. He cannot believe that a three years' famine lasted seven years, or that a seven years' famine was over in three. Really, this is straining at a gnat. If faith can compress three days into Friday-night-to-Sunday-morning, we think it ought to be equal to squeezing seven years into three!

THE TSAR'S EIRENICON.

It is perhaps on the principle that "when things are at their worst they are bound to mend" that we have at last a definite proposal from a powerful monarch for a Conference of Powers on the subject of proportional disarmament. Not that they are yet mended: there may be many a slip between the cup and the lip in this matter; but this single pronouncement serves at least to show at once the ease with which the reform may be begun, given only the goodwill. And the extreme need for it may without any cynicism be taken as the cause of the Tsar's move. In France, where the ordinary run of politicians seem distinctly displeased by it, taking it as a kind of breach of the Franco-Russian alliance, they point in explanation to the fact that most of the European powers, and Russia in particular, have come within sight of the end of their resources for the increase of their armaments, France and England being almost the only States capable of further outlays. French lucidity, then, will perhaps admit that the Tsar had very good reasons for taking the step he did. But even the fact that Russia has the gravest financial reasons for curtailing its military expenditure should not deprive the Tsar of moral credit for taking the step he has done. The logic of necessity is almost the only one that has ever operated with rulers; but so many of them are so deadly slow to follow even that logic, that it is really a rare merit in an autocrat to see it before the majority of his subjects do. All the arguments on which the Tsar rests his appeal have been familiar to rational reformers for many a day, and have yet been ignored by multitudes of men who might much more confidently be expected to recognise them than any monarch could reasonably be. The enormous burdens inflicted by armaments on industry, the incalculable annual loss of real wealth, the perpetual menace to peace, the essential absurdity of the multiplication of soldiers all round, each increase by any one nation leading to similar increase elsewhere—all this is become a commonplace for thoughtful people. So plain were the evils, and so apparently invincible the unintelligence which maintained them, that there is a cheering surprise about the sudden declaration on the part of the Tsar that he sees them, and wants to see them cured.

It gives special occasion for reflection that this primary declaration comes from the autocrat of what passes for the least civilised of the great European States. Bismarck a dozen or more years ago signified his approval of the principle of proportional disarmament, but he doubtless felt that he was not the person to initiate any movement of the kind. On his head lies the main guilt of the vast militarist reaction of the past forty years. English statesmen, it might have been thought, could at least have tried their hand; but not one of them ever moved. Gladstone, during his last administration, was asked in the House of Commons if his Cabinet could not see its way to make proposals to the other Powers; but he answered that the time was "not propitious" for any such step. The present event proves the fallacy of his reasoning, for the Tsar's circular comes out on the heels of the bad misunderstanding between England and Russia over China, and yet nobody in England is otherwise than ready to meet the Russian invitation in a friendly spirit. French statesmen, again, doubtless felt that it was not for them to seem to suggest that France was unequal to her military burdens. The king and the ruling politicians of Italy, where the pressure of the burden is at its worst, were too unintelligently bent on figuring as a great military power to think of mending either their own case or other people's. The Austrian Emperor seems to be a man of a great deal of good sense, and he has lately acted with much wisdom in regard to the claims of Hungary; but he is not given to initiating big changes where he can help it; and Kaiser Wilhelm is too much of a devotee of pipeclay to have thought of such a stroke as this. We are indeed told that

he had intended to send out an eirenicon of his own from Jerusalem, and that the Tsar has forestalled him. But his constant parade of crude militarist sentiment, and his past policy, give no color to such a claim. If he has come round to the principle of proportional disarmament, he must be a very recent convert.

However that may be, the great first step is taken; and the question now is, How far will it carry us? Mr. Morley has well said that the statesmen of the world will be judged by posterity in respect of their action at this juncture. Our own, so far, seem to have acted better than the recent utterances of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen would have led us to expect. But they will need all the support and all the pressure that the rational part of the public can give, if they are to be kept up to the level of the emergency. Lord Salisbury is an extremely vacillating man, who seems of late to have kept the peace out of sheer weakness where all his old habits and principles would have led him into war-like courses. Mr. Balfour, when in Opposition a few years ago, ranted like any Jingo about our armaments. Such men, colleagued with Goschens and Chamberlains, are not to be blindly trusted.

Much will depend on the representatives chosen for the Conference to which, it is to be hoped, the Tsar's circular will lead, whatever else it may effect. One of the great dangers of the situation is that the typical Continental diplomatist is a wiseacre without statesmanlike insight, without progressive ideals, without any higher sort of initiative than is needed for small trickeries and backstairs triumphs. This sort of man, we are told, smiles over the Tsar's circular, which to him is foolishness. Anything outside the mill-round of his experience is by him pronounced Utopian, and dismissed accordingly. Unfortunately, he has the ingrained habit of insincere formalities, and there is a risk that he may be allowed to figure largely at the Conference. Austria and Italy, and even France, are apt to be somewhat thus represented at the present moment. All the greater is the need that England should be represented otherwise —by some one who has brains and heart enough to care deeply for the cause at stake, and to work earnestly and patiently for its triumph.

The Tsar, it must be remembered, is likely to meet as much opposition in his own court as anywhere else. Such resistance as was made by the Russian aristocracy to the liberation of the serfs by his grandfather is sure to be offered to such a move as the present. Aristocrats seem to be always the last class to see the need for any vital reform; and the habit of officialism is so peculiarly deep-rooted in Russia that any attempt to curtail its province will arouse much resentment. Everywhere, indeed, we may count on the opposition of many thousands of military and naval officers, who will naturally resist a movement that threatens to deprive many of them of the careers on which they had counted, to say nothing of their incomes, which may or may not be made good by measures of compensation. The commercial and industrial classes which are concerned in making war material, again, will no less naturally condemn a policy which would affect their livelihood. But in modern Russia officialism is the greatest of all powers; and though the Tsar presumably must have had encouragement in his course from some of his ministers, he will have plenty of more or less secret antagonism. Indeed, the telegrams openly assert that the majority of the educated class of St. Petersburg, while recognising the "vast moral significance" of the Tsar's proposal, have "no illusions" about its leading to anything more than reassuring the world in general about Russia's intentions; and one of the official journals has actually seen fit to suggest the explanation that the Tsar's idea is merely to stop further increase of armaments, not to cut down those which exist. So alarmed is the average Conservative at any application of common-sense to the problem, any

approach to a rational understanding between nations! It is the grim fact—and here we see the Nemesis of past misrule—that those Russians who would most readily and warmly have sympathised with the Tsar at this juncture are now mostly in Siberia! The more need, one says again, that the Tsar's initiative should have all the help that we in this country can give it.

One thing cannot be too strongly insisted on; whatever may be the obstacles in the way of sinister interests, prejudice, and bad faith, there is no great inherent difficulty in proportional disarmament. It is no abstruse matter for the leading military and naval powers to tabulate their total forces in men, horses, ships, guns, and stores, either as they stand at the moment, or as they have stood on an average during the past ten or more years, and then to agree to disarm all round in exact proportion to the totals admitted. In a recent article in these pages I sketched a plan of proportional naval disarmament: for armies the principle is the same. Once a beginning is made, there will be needed only time, patience, perseverance, and a continuance of peace, to bring about further reductions; for every step of limitation will weaken the influence of the militarist party.

This, of course, will not be the whole of the process of abolishing war. In addition to progressive proportional disarmament, the lovers of peace everywhere ought to aim at a policy of treaties of arbitration—a course in every way superior to the benighted policy of military alliances lately recommended by Mr. Chamberlain. The English or other Ministry which shall first negotiate with each of the leading Powers a treaty binding the parties to submit to arbitration any differences which may arise between them, will have a fair claim to share with the Tsar Nicholas II the honor of inaugurating the age of international peace. The nineteenth century, with all its intellectual progress, has seen this ideal receded from rather than approached, and this chiefly by reason of the action of the "strongest" Christian statesman of modern times, Prince Bismarck, of pious memory. May the twentieth century see the leeway recovered, and the age of religion and the age of war at least a little nearer their end.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

IS ENGLAND A FREE TRADE COUNTRY?

ALIKE in our domestic and our foreign policy there are many signs that the Conservative party in Great Britain is rapidly reverting to a conscious policy of "Protection", and that the Liberals, partly from numerical weakness in Parliament, but chiefly from distrust in Free Trade, or, indeed, in any other principles, is unable to offer any effective resistance.

First I will allude briefly to certain concrete measures of "protective policy" which have distinguished the career of the present Government. It had not been long in power before it proceeded to "assist the farmers" (and injure the graziers) of this country by a prohibition of import trade in live cattle covered by a demonstrably false pretence of preventing the entrance of disease. Next followed the initiation of a policy of remission of taxation, directly and avowedly intended to encourage "the agricultural interests". If, in accordance with generally accepted economic principles, such remission of taxation merely acts as a bounty to landlords, it does not, of course, succeed in assisting agriculture. If, on the other hand, as the Government affirmed, the farmer and the laborer would benefit, the remission is sheer protection, as indeed the arguments by which it was supported amply indicate. Supposing further evidence is needed to show how far "protective theory" has corrupted our financial policy, the subsidy recently granted for the avowed purpose of assisting decaying or imperilled industries in the West Indies will amply suffice. Here was no pretence of establishing on a firm footing some infant industry, or of enabling it to meet "unfair" competition. The

bounty to the West Indies has no other object and will have no other effect than to bolster up an unsound business and to furnish other incompetent business managers with a reasonable pretext for demanding similar assistance from the imperial exchequer.

If, however, it were conceded that charitable, or other extra-commercial reasons, prompted this policy of bounties and remissions, the same cannot be claimed for the attitude of the Unionist party towards prison-made goods and the free entrance of aliens. The action taken and the votes recorded in these cases constitute a flat repudiation of the plainest application of Free Trade principles, and the defence or acquiescence in these protective measures by a body of members who still claim the name Liberal, amidst a feeble and ineffective opposition from the main body of the Liberal party, is fraught with deep significance. The prison-made goods merely constitute a case of "bounties", and Free Trade doctrine teaches that every bounty is a present to the country which imports the bounty-fed goods. If we attempt to exclude or to tax prison-made goods, consistency requires that we should adopt a similar system of exclusions, taxation, or countervailing bounties in all other cases of bounty fed imports. Since a bounty is nothing but the converse of a tax, there will be no logic in confining our protective policy to countervailing bounties, or in applying Protection merely to imported goods whose cheapness is the result of artificial aids. Nowhere does logic work so quickly and so inevitably as in trade, where the relations between one trade and another are so intimate and intricate. A policy of favoritism in state aid is as impossible in practice as it is unjust in principle. No mere academic platitudes by Cabinet ministers in favor of Free Trade and "open doors" will enable a government to resist the pressure of powerful organised trade interests once fortified by precedents which that very government has supplied. This lip service is peculiarly idle, when the very statesmen who use it have so often, in public speeches and in public acts designed to conciliate special interests, shown that their hearts are far from it. Although the prodigious growth of British commerce, and the visible failure of the Protectionists' prognostications of the ruin to English agriculture attendant on free importation of corn, silenced protection for a generation, and gave Free Trade that position of respectability which only comes with usage, the overwhelming majority of Conservatives and large numbers of Liberals have always remained Protectionists at heart. The steady decline of agriculture since 1879, and a firm but ill-founded conviction that foreigners are stealing what we are pleased to consider as "our trade", has revived Protection as a conscious policy, and though it still avoids the open field, and skulking beneath the hedges pursues a zig-zag path, it is making considerable progress in our domestic policy.

But it may fairly be confessed that the real danger to our Free Trade policy rests not in these little domestic lapses, but in the general foreign policy accepted by both parties and defended on grounds of commercial necessity.

We must have new foreign markets; our industrial rivals close the new markets which they get and hold them as "monopolies"; it is therefore necessary for us to acquire new colonies or "spheres of influence", for not otherwise can we obtain markets for our expanding manufactures; large armaments are an essential for the pursuit of this trade policy, and the risks and expenses of such a policy must be met as best they can. This has been our working policy for a long time, and it appears now to be adopted as an avowed and conscious principle. It is not the policy of "the open door", but the policy of "opening doors by force". Now my object here is to point out that this is not Free Trade, and that a nation adopting such a policy has no claim to that honorable title.

This country has seen greater statesmen

than Richard Cobden, but no one who worked out a theory with more consistency, and no one who showed clearer vision in short-range prophecy. It was not mere instinct or some happy chance which enabled him to detect the criminal folly of the war with Russia, which in 1861 drove him to denunciation of the blind demand for war with France, which disclosed the dishonest sophistry of the Southern sympathies of Englishmen in the American Civil War. In foreign politics Cobden was not merely the best informed man of his time, but the keenest to perceive the more delicate reactions of national policy upon national life and character. It was no inspired bagman who uttered that forceful judgment of our Indian rule which history is beginning to make manifest in its fulness to our bleared vision. "The English people in Parliament have undertaken to be responsible for governing one hundred and fifty millions of people, despotically, in India. They have adopted the principle of a military despotism, and I have no faith in such an undertaking being anything but a calamity and a curse to the people of England. Every year will witness an increased drain of men and money to meet the loss entailed on us. In the meantime, too, an artificial expansion of our exports growing out of Government expenditure in India will delude us as to the value of our 'possessions' in the East, and the pride of territorial greatness will prevent our loosening our hold upon them. Is it not just possible that we may become corrupted at home by the reactions of arbitrary political maxims in the East upon our domestic politics, just as Greece and Rome were demoralised by their contact with Asia?" (Morley's "Life of Cobden", ii, 361.) The "drain of men and money" of which Cobden speaks will not be fully felt by us, because it has, so far as possible, been shifted from rich England on to poor India; but when we take full account of the part which India plays in directing our foreign policy, we shall perceive that even here Cobden had ample justification for his fears. I quote the passage to show how fully the great master of Free Trade understood the wider issues involved in what at root is a false economic policy—the reliance upon "force" as a means of advancing industrial prosperity.

The whole question of Imperial expansion was involved in Free Trade as Cobden saw it. Free Trade was the substitution of industrial for territorial empire: we were to link other lands to us by the peaceful bonds of mutuality in commerce, and not by the strong arm of aggression or Protection.

Those who prate so loudly about the failure of Cobdenism, in that other nations still maintain their protective tariffs, do not understand what Cobdenism implies; still less do they perceive that the principal reason why Free Trade seems to them a failure is that the Free Trade of Cobden was never tried.

Not even in the narrow sense has Free Trade been the failure it is sometimes represented to be. It is not, indeed, sufficient to parade the argument that England's period of greatest industrial prosperity has attended the maintenance of our Free Trade policy, for that may be met by pointing out the rapid industrial progress made by other countries, notably by the United States and Germany, guarded by a wall of tariffs. The progress of Free Trade is testified, partly indeed, by commercial treaties and modification of protective tariffs, which have vastly increased the aggregate flow of commerce between most nations, but chiefly by the fact that identity of trading interests has done more than anything else to bring about the federation of great tracts of country into large empires, the various parts of which trade freely with one another. Those who glibly tell us that Free Trade has made no progress forget the vast increase of Free Trade areas represented by the internal trade of the United States, the Russian and the German Empire, to say nothing of the British Empire, within which the protective tariffs of certain colonies are only

minor qualifications of the Free Trade policy.

But suppose the appeal to national self-interest had failed, as in some considerable measure it admittedly has failed, are thoughtful Free Traders justified in seeking to enforce Free Trade at the cannon's mouth?

A double dishonesty lurks beneath this policy of forcing open the doors of trade. In the first place this mode of extending the area of Free Trade is deliberately used by the agents of a reckless imperialism as the means of expanding the British Empire. The door which has been opened by force or threats can only be kept open by these means. When we have forcibly secured trading rights with any weaker people, we can only maintain these rights by a series of carefully graded acts of encroachment sustained by threat of arms and registered under a sliding scale of deceptive diplomatic phrases, which starting with "hinterland" and "sphere of influence", pass through "suzerainty" and "protectorate" into empire. The history of India, of Egypt, of Africa, stands out in ample testimony of this fact, and if there were need of further witness we may appeal to the present demands upon China. Does any single man suppose that with the virtual absorption of Northern China by Russia, the encroachment of France in the South, and the territorial footing already claimed by Germany, we can maintain an amicable and a purely trading intercourse with certain treaty ports along the coast and with the districts of the Yang-Tse valley? What is the meaning of our present interference with the liberty of China to allow private capitalists in Russia to make railways within the area we have marked out for "free trade"? Do we intend that this shall be a "free trade" area at all? The answer to this last question is in the negative. We intend, and the great mass of the Liberal party is eager to stiffen the back of the Government in fulfilling this intention, to secure an area of investment for British as against Russian, French, German capital and industrial power. We are virtually claiming an exclusive right to develop these provinces of China. We affect, indeed, to distinguish in two ways the commercial claims which we are pressing, from the naked imperialism of Russia and the other European powers who are swooping on their prey. We shall not add these provinces of China to the British Empire, and we shall give equal trading facilities to the traders of other nations. In all the pride of conscious innocence, we are grieved and angered by the distrust of our intentions which European governments and their journals so openly profess. If, however, we could see ourselves as others are amply justified in seeing us, we should feel less surprise and possibly less anger. Having the panorama of our recent imperial policy plainly before them, these nations well know that though it is not our "intention" to add Chinese provinces to our empire, we shall do so, and shall defend our action on the old familiar ground of the protection of our trading interests.

As for our claim to give equal trading facilities to other nations, even here the genuineness of our Free Trade profession is tainted by a streak of peculiarly commercial cunning. With the government of the treaty ports and the development of the Yang-Tse valley in our hands, we believe that we shall possess genuine commercial advantages over those other nations which we nevertheless profess to place on the same footing as ourselves. This grant of China will virtually be under the British flag, and we are convinced that "trade follows the flag". What we are really seeking is the monopoly of the industrial development and the trade of these provinces. While we ostentatiously declare that other nations are to have an equal chance with ourselves, we wink with the other eye, and, what is worse, are caught doing so. No one is really deceived by our professions; everyone understands our game.

There is nothing discreditable in England wishing to have her share of Chinese

spoils, but why these virtuous asseverations of a self-denying and a humanitarian policy? All over the world we are already engaged in marking out spheres of influence to be developed into commercial estates for the peculiar investment of British capital and the peculiar expansion of British trade. It is true that we do not prohibit foreigners from trading with these areas, or defend our advantage by tariffs. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis!* But our conviction that trade follows the flag, and our systematic pursuit of a foreign policy designed to convert trading areas into imperial provinces, is itself "Protection" of a most insidious and dangerous character. The belief that Free Trade as a principle of commerce would enable us to extend our trade without extending our empire, to dispense with the increase of armaments required for territorial aggrandisement, and gradually to dissipate the jealousy of foreign nations which our colonial empire had involved, was not a supplementary article of Cobden's faith, but an essential part of his theory of political expediency. Free Trade existed primarily in order to establish international relations on a peace footing; to use armed forces for the purpose of liberating trade he accounted a noxious heresy.

Cobden, it must be kept steadily in mind, was not a "peace at any price man", nor a "little Englander" in the sense that he was willing to see our colonial possessions taken from us. Waiting patiently for the growth of commercial solidarity of interests to eradicate national antagonisms, and seeking at every opportunity to impress the habit of arbitration upon the conduct of nations, he never denied the necessity of maintaining armaments adequate to the protection of our empire until such time as the consistently pacific character of our foreign policy had time to disarm the jealousy of other nations, and to justify the reduction of expenditure upon military and naval forces. "Cobden's urgent feeling about war", writes Mr. John Morley, "was not in any degree sentimental; it arose from a truly philosophic view of the peculiar requirements which the changing forces and conditions of modern society had brought with them. He opposed war, because war and the preparation for it consumed the resources which were required for the improvement of the temporal condition of the population" ("Life of Cobden," ii, 70).

I appeal to Liberals who claim the title of Free Traders to recognise the authority of Cobden, and to pay careful attention to those speeches in which he has, with patience and incomparable skill, traced the implications of the Free Trade principles in foreign policy. This authority rests not merely upon the long and laborious life he devoted to this policy, working out the theory and the practical results of every branch, but upon the remarkable exactitude with which history has justified his fears and warnings. The one grave danger which Cobden detected from the date of the triumph of Free Trade in domestic policy was lest John Bull, having once got a profitable idea into his head, should seek to impose it by kicks and blows on others. This danger was indeed a direct consequence of English Free Trade. The mighty impetus given to manufactures by cheap food and raw materials created a demand for expanding markets, and a corresponding fear lest markets should not expand fast enough; the irresistible desire thus generated to help by artificial means the process of expansion, was foreseen by Cobden from the first moment of success. From the year 1848 he set himself to the valiant but futile and thankless duty of stemming the torrent of unreason which swept from our foreign policy the educative influence of the Free Trade principle. We complain that Cobdenism has failed—that other nations have refused to follow our example. Cobdenism was never tried as a foreign policy. Cobdenism meant open and pacific methods of diplomacy. What was the diplomacy which from 1848 to the present day has usurped the name? Cobden himself described it in 1854 "Diplomacy in their

hands always meant veiled menace or tart lecturing, instead of the great, the difficult, the beneficent art which it has been in the hands of its worthiest masters, of so reconciling interests, soothing jealous susceptibilities, allaying apprehensions, organising influences, inventing solutions, that the world may move with something like steadiness along the grooves of deep pacific policy, instead of tossing on a sunless sea of violence and passion". Cobdenism meant an inoffensive temper of the popular mind. Yet within four years of the repeal of the Corn Laws began the first of a long series of intermittent Jingo demonstrations against France and Russia which have continued up to the present time, based ultimately upon some insane conviction that these nations are aiming blows at the prosperity of English commerce, either by attacks upon our present industrial resources in different parts of the world, or by forestalling us in some possible enlargement of our markets Cobdenism meant a dependence upon the mutual advantages of trade, and a consequent refusal to increase our armaments in order to acquire by force or menace increased territory and markets. Not merely has this Cobdenism never been tried, but our only piece of really consistent foreign policy from 1847 to the present time consists in an aggravated assertion of the opposite principle. In 1847 Cobden began his protests against the increase of armaments which was the first use a fatuous Government sought to make of the material benefits of Free Trade. His difficulties may be appraised from a single fact which he notes, viz., that "hardly a Liberal paper in the kingdom supported me in resisting the attempt to add to our forces".

Up to the present day this same Liberal party has remained obdurate, utterly refusing to trust the pacific instrument of Free Trade in their foreign policy. Though the plainest facts of modern history bear testimony to the fatuity of trying to get and to keep markets by force of arms, we still persist in keeping up expenses of armaments under the false pretext of defending our commercial interests. The folly of the Liberals who refused to follow Cobden in his peace policy was venial as compared with that of the Liberals of to-day, for half-a-century of experiment condemns the policy of seeking markets at the cannon's mouth. We pretend to be a practical nation fond of commercial arithmetic, and yet we utterly refuse to make the easy calculations which suffice to show that our trade does not follow the flag, and that the vast expenditure in extending the area of the empire is bad business; that, on the contrary, our real growth of foreign trade is with those very nations—France, Germany, Russia, and America—against which our ruinous expenditure on armaments is chiefly directed.

A Cobden Club still exists: the Liberal party still contains among its more thoughtful members a large number of "convinced Free Traders", but all serious endeavor to embody in our public policy the consistent doctrine of Free Trade seems to have disappeared. Not merely the practice, but the theory has gone to the wall. "Fighting for markets" rests on the supposition that foreign trade is a fixed quantity, and that what one nation gains another loses. Conservatives and Liberals alike seem convinced that if Germany and Russia are allowed to acquire markets from which they will exclude us, that we are thereby deprived of all commercial gains arising from the development of these German and Russian markets. Yet the merest novice in theory of international trade can expose the fallacy of such a supposition. Though open markets may be best for us, it by no means follows that closed markets are bad for us; they are merely not so good. If we lay low and saw Russia, France, and Germany open up and "monopolise" the whole of the available remainder of Africa and Asia, we with our control of the carrying trade, and our immense intercourse with these continental nations, and with those others who, in their turn, are trading with them, would by the secret and intricate

avenues of modern commerce derive our full share of the benefits, without any of the incalculably great risks and expenses involved in "fighting for markets".

J. A. HOBSON.

JAMES THOMSON AND HIS CRITICS.

WHEN I undertook, ten years ago, to write the life of James Thomson, it was at the request of his friend and literary executor, Mr. Bertram Dobell, and on the assurance that there was no likelihood of the work being performed by anyone free from the disadvantage under which I labored — that of not having known Thomson personally. A portrait at first-hand would obviously have been better than a study at second-hand; but failing this, it seemed important that there should be no further delay in collecting the scattered material of a life that was known in part to many surviving friends, but to none in its entirety. Accordingly, I spent several months in this biographical research, tracing out and interviewing Thomson's old comrades, studying his journals and notebooks, and hunting for unpublished letters, a number of which I succeeded in thus bringing together. I mention these facts because it might have been supposed, from the tone of some of the reviewers, that the book was the unauthorised production of one who had merely availed himself of records printed by other people.

More recently, in preparing the "Life of James Thomson" for a new and cheaper edition, I have been re-reading the reviews of 1889, with the humble hope of correcting my own impression of "B.V." by the general literary verdict. From the criticism of Mr. G. W. Foote, and one or two other writers who were personally intimate with Thomson and in sympathy with his genius, I have indeed derived much profit and assistance; but, as a rule, the reviewers seem to be disqualified for forming a rational estimate of him by the dislike or timidity with which they regard what is unrespectable. One thing alone is evident in the mass of contradictory matter that has been written about "B.V.", that his reputation is heavily weighted by his republicanism, his atheism, his pessimism, not to mention the constitutional dipsomania of which he was the victim.

Thomson's life, it must be admitted, is far from pleasant reading for a pleasure-loving public. I regret it. I wish it were a more cheerful story that his biographer has to tell; but what is a conscientious biographer to do? Really, the view that some worthy people seem to take of the biographical function is a rather disturbing one, as was that of a former landlady of Thomson's whom I was once rash enough to interview: the only case, by-the-bye, in which I found an unfriendly recollection of him. He was gone, she said, sourly regarding me, as if resenting the memory of her impecunious lodger; he had "passed away", and that was all she could say of him. But if I would like to write the life of a truly *good* man, a pious Christian, and earnest teetotaler, there was her dear departed husband. . . . . Such was the alternative offered me! Appalled at the biographical vista thus opened to my gaze, I hastily excused myself and fled.

As a set-off to the dislike of the many is the appreciation of the few, and among those who have most warmly commended Thomson's poetry are such writers as George Eliot, George Meredith, the Rossettis, Herman Melville, E. C. Stedman, and the earlier Swinburne. I say the earlier Swinburne, because Mr. Swinburne has since come to the conclusion that his 1880 judgment, as expressed in a letter to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, which he will not allow to be published, was "too favourable", and that a first reading of "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain" had excited in him "a somewhat extravagant and uncritical enthusiasm". The most interesting of all the estimates of Thomson is that of George Meredith, some of whose letters were printed in the "Life" and led to the expression of a hope, on the part of several readers, that Mr. Meredith might himself be induced to give us a more detailed

study of Thomson's character. The following extract from a hitherto unprinted letter of Mr. Meredith's, dated Feb. 2, 1891, has reference to this subject:—

"I have gone through James Thomson's works, to spur myself. He was a man of big heart, of such entire sincereness, that he wrote directly from the impression carved in him by his desolate experience of life. Nothing is feigned, all is positive. No Inferno could be darker. But the practical effect of a greater part of the Poems is that of a litany of the vaults below. The task of a preface would be to show him pursued and precipitated by his malady in the blood to do this poetical offence of dark monotonousness, which the clear soul of the man would have been far from committing had he not been so driven, as the beautiful Om-el-Bonain may witness. Bright achievement was plucked out of the most tragic life in our literature. Still I find that to expound him rightly, doing justice to him, with satisfaction to his admirers—to show how the noble quality of the man, harried though never more than physically conquered at times by the Fury he inherited, affected his verse, making it record the gloomy images absolutely conceived by him—this is more than I can undertake. My health is of a pale sort at present. Now and then I have had in me a jet of an endeavour to hit the delicate balance which would give the just portrait of a brave good man and true poet, hapless in his birth, fighting his best, and, as the book would show, not failing, though baffled. I cannot. Hold me excused as well as you can."

It will be seen that in Mr. Meredith's opinion Thomson's pessimism was injurious to his poetry. The writing of the "City of Dreadful Night", he thinks, did its author no good, inasmuch as he there embodied his "gloomy images" in a permanent form, which in turn affected him, and made him more and more despondent. "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain", however, Mr. Meredith regards as perhaps the finest narrative poem in the language.

This brings me to the question, *Was* James Thomson a pessimist? One would have thought that this question might safely be answered in the affirmative; but a critic has insisted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Thomson's pessimism cannot count as pessimism because of the personal element in it. "The unhappy man, whether by constitution or circumstance, has no right to call himself a pessimist; his evidence is tainted." This dictum Mr. Foote has well described as a curiosity of literature. "The happy must decide between pessimism and optimism; the unhappy have no right to be heard!"

But again, even the question of Thomson's personal happiness or unhappiness is one which has evoked diametrically opposite judgments from his literary censors, and has incidentally subjected me, his biographer, to a double fire of quite contradictory criticism. Here, for example, is what Mr. William Sharp says I said:—

"That Thomson was a supremely unhappy man is indubitable; yet Mr. Salt pleads against this view, and would have us look upon the laureate of pessimism as though in the main he had obtained a fair amount of enjoyment out of life, and was rather a cheerful personage than otherwise."

And here, on the other side, is what Mr. Walter Lewin says I said:—

"Enough, or more than enough, has been said about the so-called pessimism of James Thomson. . . . This is the prevailing tone of Mr. Salt's book, and of most other writings on the subject. . . . So far from this, his temperament seems to have been, if serious, yet serene and cheerful. . . . Mr. Salt is, if possible, a worse offender than even his predecessors with regard to Thomson's melancholy and despair."

Now I respectfully submit that I cannot possibly be liable to *both* these strictures, and as a matter of fact I am liable to neither, for what I really said was plain and unmistakable enough:—

"His nature was a compound of two diverse and warring elements, a light-hearted gaiety, and rich sensuous capacity for enjoyment, being set side by side with a constitutional and ever-deepening melancholia. Much that may seem incongruous and contradictory in the narrative must be ascribed to this fact, in which, too, may be found the explanation of the different impressions made by Thomson's character on different friends and acquaintances."

It is not my fault that both Mr. William Sharp and Mr. Walter Lewin, the one determined to prove Thomson "a supremely unhappy man", the other "serene and cheerful", should have overlooked this passage, in which their rival theories find solution.

But the critics are not content with throwing doubt on Thomson's pessimism; they even question whether he is a poet;

just as Matthew Arnold so perversely argued that Shelley's greatness lay not in his poetry but in his letters! "Thomson is seen at his very best", thinks the *Pall Mall Gazette* critic, "in some passages of stately and sonorous prose." So, too, Mr. J. M. Robertson: "It is arguable that he was more perfectly at home in prose than in verse. . . . He writes prose so well and with such security that . . . we are led to think him primarily a prosist and only secondarily a poet." In my opinion it would be impossible to judge Thomson more wrongly, and I am glad to note that Mr. Robertson afterwards qualifies his assertion by the remark that "we are forced back to the recognition that Thomson remained fundamentally if he was not altogether a poet". Perhaps no one who takes an active part in life could be *altogether* a poet; but it is certain that Thomson's genius was essentially poetical, and that his best efforts in poetry are appreciably superior to his best efforts in prose. "It is by no means rare", I have elsewhere remarked[1] "for a poetical prose of high quality to be produced by poets—the works of Shelley and James Thomson furnish signal instances of this—yet in such cases we usually feel that the prose, however beautiful, is merely the counterpart of the poetry, instead of being the most spontaneous and unmistakable expression of the writer's genius."

It being denied in some quarters that Thomson was a pessimist, and in others that he was a poet, we are prepared for further developments of the hypercritical faculty, and we have a good one in the foolish canard that Thomson was not the son of his father—"the floating rumour", as Mr. William Sharp expresses it, "which attributes Thomson's paternity elsewhere than to the obscure sea-captain". Mr. Sharp is of opinion that "to the student of hereditary influences on genius the question is one of great interest", the question being whether Thomson was the son of —Bulwer Lytton! When he described Bulwer Lytton as "one of the most thorough and hollow humbugs of the age, false and flashy in everything", was he, like a second Œdipus, an unconscious offender against the throne of filial reverence? The subject, Mr. Sharp remarks, "is hardly one which could be broached in a biographical work without a searching examination of the real or supposed facts". To which I would add that it will be time enough to make such an examination of the facts when any facts are adduced.

I conclude, then, in spite of doubting critics and floating rumors, that Thomson was true poet and true pessimist, and that whatever qualities were inherited from his father, it was to the obscure sea-captain, and not to the false and flashy novelist, that he owed them. Nor is his pessimism, in my experience, a bar to the enjoyment of his verse; though the effect on the poet himself of his pessimistic creations may have been what Mr. Meredith has indicated. For just as a sincere liking for "Prometheus Unbound" is the best criterion of full sympathy with the idealist Shelley, so, I would say, is a liking for the "City of Dreadful Night" a measure of one's appreciation of "B.V."; and there are undoubtedly a certain number of readers to whom this intensely gloomy poem gives more real pleasure than such brilliantly joyous fantasies as "Sunday up the River" or "He Heard Her Sing". It has been pointed out by Mr. J. M. Robertson that "we read sombre poetry for pleasure", pessimism being "just a certain flavor in literature, not a doctrine that is believed". This is doubtless true in some cases[1]; but does not the final reason for our love of Thom-

[1] "Richard Jefferies: a Study."

[1] A most curious instance of this, in which the liking was certainly for the flavor and not for the doctrine, is that alluded to by "B.V." in one of his letters to Mr. W. M. Rossetti (Dec. 15, 1880): "Pray kiss for me the miraculous little lady who at four and a-half could listen to several pages of the 'City of Dreadful Night'." The "miraculous little lady", Mr. Rossetti tells me, was his eldest daughter, who, at that early age, showed extraordinary pleasure when large sections of the "City" were read to her.

son's "City" lie in the fact that it rises above his other productions as his genuine masterpiece? Whatever is supremely well done gives artistic pleasure, as what is ill done gives pain; and in the "builded desolation" of Thomson's most distinctive work we have the unique and unequalled presentment of pessimistic thought. "Bright achievement", Mr. Meredith says, "was plucked out of the most tragic life in our literature." *Bright* achievement, perhaps, though even this might be questioned; but not *great* achievement—with the "City of Dreadful Night" to be accounted for.

HENRY S. SALT.

THE SWALLOW.

BY SULLY PRUDHOMME.

(Translated by Edward Carpenter.)

O THOU who all alone dost ride
To Heaven, nor wait the rocks to scale;
And then o'er precipices glide
Swiftly and safe into the vale!

Who without stooping to the brink,
Where we must kneeling quench our thirst,
Canst soar aloft and freely drink,
From the rainclouds before they burst.

Who leaving us when roses fall
Back to thy nest in Spring dost come,
Faithful to two—the best of all—
To Independence and to Home:

Like thee doth my soul soar, dear Swallow,
And sudden leave her earthly night,
And with swift wings of fancy follow
The fairy circles of thy flight.

My Soul for *her* mate daily pants,
My Soul must on long journeys rove:
She also has two savage Wants—
Freedom of Life and stedfast Love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondents are requested to write as BRIEFLY as possible; save in exceptional cases, letters which exceed ONE COLUMN in length cannot be inserted.)

THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Yesterday Mr. Berens recognised me as a "great leader of men'. He says to-day that I am of those with whom "argument is profitless". Ah, me. Is life worth living?

Between Mr. Berens and myself, here is the position. In the matter of shifting the tax I put a case. Untouched. As to land thrown into the market *per* the tax, I made rejoinder. Untouched. The piecemeal procedure of the tax I made examination of. Untouched. I contended that a proposal wrong in logic is wrong in life. Untouched. The reformer's true function I enquired about. Untouched. And I showed that this taxation never got rid of the landlord. Untouched. All that Mr. Berens has done is to pour forth abundantly from his stock-in-trade of generalities about "aim and object", and so forth. Indeed, in generalities he is sublime. But to close-quarters wrestling, he condescendeth not. Scrimmage is vulgar.

To "A. J. M." If the landlords pay all the taxes, as he alleges, how is it that I have any taxes to pay? Further, as the landlords "monopolise the wealth", is it not mere figure of speech to say they pay any taxes at all? And as the landlords "pay all the taxes and monopolise all the wealth", why vex to merely differentiate income tax? Does it not strike "A. J. M." that the thing to do is to go for the wealth monopolisation?

HENRY W. LEY.

"A. J. M." asks L. H. Berens to explain why ground rents should be taxed and railway stock and debentures go free?

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Since my previous letter was written, the question of vaccination has to a large extent ceased to be a sociological one, and is now only a medical question, and every man is at liberty (on payment of a small fee) to act on his own judgment or on the advice of his family doctor with regard to it.

I am much obliged to "E. G. B." and to Mr. Haines for their replies in last month's REFORMER. It is rather amusing to be told you are under the "blighting tendency of orthodoxy", when you advocate that vaccination should stand entirely on its merits, and that, whether it is efficacious or not, there should be no compulsion. This can hardly be called an orthodox position.

Again, both writers place a good deal of importance on my display of "ignorance", the head and front of my offending being that I use the term "modified smallpox". Yet Mr. Haines uses the term "attenuated smallpox" in exactly the same connection.

Then it is denied that my letter carries the discussion any further. On the contrary, I think it carries it as far as it can go, namely, to the principle on which vaccination rests, or is supposed to rest. This is the theory that having had smallpox once, a person is thereby protected from a second attack, or if he has a second attack it is not likely to prove fatal. Is this theory based on facts, or is it only a popular fallacy? "E. G. B." considers it a "vulgar opinion", and says the foundation of this idea lies in the fact that very few have a second attack of smallpox compared with those who have but one.

So the fact is admitted, but "E. G. B." puts it down to chance, whereas I have always understood that in the days when smallpox was prevalent, it was so much a matter of common knowledge that persons who had had the disease possessed a certain immunity against it, that nurses, attendants at pest-houses, and in fact all who were brought into contact with the disease, were by preference chosen from among those who had had smallpox. As far as a general reader can judge, I consider the theory is correct, but whether it be true or false, the principle of vaccination stands or falls with it.

In conclusion, I would advise anti-vaccinationists to oppose compulsion on the principle of individual liberty as well as on the basis of their conviction that vaccination is a failure, and to remember that if they become the majority they will then have no more right to prohibit vaccination than other majorities have had the right to compel the use of it.

W. P. H.

[This must conclude the present discussion upon vaccination.—ED.]

WALLACE'S "WONDERFUL CENTURY".

TO THE EDITOR.

I trust you will permit me to "criticise the criticiser" of Wallace's "Wonderful Century" in your issue of August 15th.

One hundred years from now, it is to be hoped that such a comparative space devoted to vaccination, as Mr. Wallace has given to it, would be as absurd as your critic thinks it is now; but to those who have studied the miserable consequences of that "grotesque superstition" still in force among us, it does not seem so.

Surely a practice which has produced, and is continuing to produce, *a degeneration of the race*, is worthy of all the space Mr. Wallace has given to it.

The war, which we may hope is now closed, between this country and Spain has illustrated it afresh.

At the recruiting offices opened at Philadelphia and New York, 96 per cent. of the applicants had to be rejected by reason of physical defects; and of the select youth who form our militia, only one in three was fitted to enter the army.

Of the remainder, the flower of American manhood, in the flower of their virility, some 25,000 were sent to Cuba. A healthy virile man should be able to resist nearly all malarious influences, yet of these 25,000 picked men 3,000 became sick at one time.

But they were prepared for the hardships of a campaign in a country without roads, and notorious for its insalubrious climate at certain seasons by *being made sick*, by having poured into their blood the putrefying matter of a sore!

Is there any more degrading superstition to be found among the lowest savages? And then, did not Mr. Wallace do well in devoting one-fourth of the last work wherewith he is likely to be able to dower mankind to a final effort to cleanse them from this abominable superstition?

That he has not said one word too much upon the subject is the opinion of

M. R. LEVERSON, M.D.

Fort Hamilton, N.Y.

SECULAR AND ETHICAL READING CIRCLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

A correspondent in the July number of the REFORMER expressed the wish that literary or reading societies should be formed in connection with Secular Societies for the promotion of literary culture and knowledge of Secular literature. I heartily endorse the wish, and in so doing would extend to him or her an invitation to visit the Reading Circle of the South London Ethical Society, at the resumption of its meetings in October. We should be glad to welcome also any of your readers either as members or visitors, and would be most thankful for suggestions for its development. Our first session has proved a great success, intellectually and socially; and we still meet monthly for rambles in the country. I should be glad to forward all details to anyone interested.

H. O. NEWLAND, Hon. Sec.

MR. TILAK.

WE congratulate Mr. Tilak upon his release. Exactly one year ago, on September 14th, he was sentenced by Mr. Justice Strachey to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment. He was released on September 7th, after having served two-thirds of his sentence. Mr. Tilak was welcomed by thousands of sympathisers who had gathered near his residence. A criminal in the eyes of the Government, he is a hero to his fellow countrymen.

EVERYONE will deplore the frightful assassination of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria. The House of Hapsburg seems to have been singularly unfortunate; brother, son, sister-in-law, and wife of the present Emperor have all died violent deaths.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

A WITNESS named Page seems to have conducted himself in a peculiar manner at the hearing at Bow Street, concerning the "Britannic" mail robbery. He was about to be sworn when (the report says), "holding up his hand, he said he wished to be sworn in the Scotch style. The usher was about to administer the oath in the way requested, when witness said in an excited tone, 'No, no, I can repeat the oath myself'. The Chief Clerk: Do you object on religious grounds?—Witness: I can affirm on my own ground and in my own strength. I was born with power to speak the truth, and that strength has not been impaired.—On what ground do you object to be sworn?—I object to being sworn on that book.—Do you object on religious grounds?—I don't care what you call it. I hold that a Bible in a court room is humbug. Mr. Osborn: I think we can dispense with this witness altogether. Witness (in a disappointed tone): Of course, you can do without me if you like; but if you let Bradlaugh go into Parliament without swearing, why not let me give evidence without taking an oath? There's a great deal of humbug in this world." Mr. Page had a perfect right to affirm; there was no reason for all this vaporing about being "born with the power to speak the truth".

THE mail steamer "Bukana" brought word from West Africa that "the so-called road between Coomassie and Prahsu was in an execrable state, owing to neglect and the late rains. At present it is nothing but a continuous morass, intersected by rivers the whole way, rendering the movement of troops next to impossible. This is all the more astonishing as the maintenance of this very road is one of the clauses of the treaty of Fomanah of 1874, and his disregard of which was one of the indictments brought against King Prempeh in 1896. The making and maintenance in good repair of this road, and the construction of a light railway from the coast to Coomassie, were considered very pressing needs of the colony."

A RECENT Parliamentary paper gives details of "all deaths in the administrative county of London in 1897 upon which a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from starvation or death accelerated by privation". The total number of such deaths is given as forty-one, of which thirteen occurred in the Eastern district, and ten in the North-Eastern. Three of the deaths were those of infants, but the others were all elderly persons. In a good many cases the verdicts recorded chronic diseases, which exposure had accelerated to a fatal issue. Destitution and exposure, in some cases self-neglect and drink, seem to have been accelerating rather than direct causes of death.

THE *Daily Chronicle* repeats as "apropos" from the Paris *Journal* the following peculiar estimate of the national Jingo hero, Gordon:—"Gordon represented a unique type of adventurer, at once heroic and mystical; a general like Wolseley, a prophet like the Mahdi; one day hunting down slave dealers, the next day proclaiming the lawfulness of slavery; using, in turn, the revolver and the Bible; acting as a European, reasoning as an Oriental, and, according to circumstances, assuming the initiative, or accepting what fate had in store for him. A type entirely English; thoroughly practical, with mercantile instincts, but imbued with biblical tradition and romantic sentiment." If this is a hero, we must readjust our ideas of heroism.

WE learn that Christian workers have been busy in the hop gardens of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Worcester, and Herefordshire, distributing "tracts and other literature, which is said to exert so gracious an influence among the very varied classes of pickers". If any of our readers have remarked this wonderful improvement in the condition of the hoppers, they will now know that it is due to these tracts.

MR. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE provided a certain amount of amusement, tempered by disapproval, to the general public, by his reference to the "odious duty" which had fallen upon him to make absolute a certain number of divorce decrees nisi. It is not for a judge, "as a Christian man", to sit in judgment upon the law of divorce; it is his duty as a paid servant of the State to carry out the State decrees.

IT is reported that at Mosul the Armenians are suffering terribly from famine, and many Christians have sold their daughters to obtain bread. Rather than turn Mohammedan, these Christians will die; rather than die they will sell their daughters. Their own souls are dearer to them than the souls and bodies of their daughters.

WHEN the Vicar of Gorleston shocked his congregation by telling them that he believed in a future life for animals, he was only following on the lines laid down by "the Preacher", who said, "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts . . . man hath no pre-eminence above a beast".

OUR readers may remember Rev. Mr. Gull, who flogged a pupil because his father gave him a holiday. The father sinned but the son was flogged. It is soothing to note that Mr. Gull has had to pay a fine of 40s. for indulging his whim for vicarious punishment.

IT is said that the appointment of the Duke of York to the "Crescent" for three months has cost the nation about £20,000. Monarchists, who try to make out that our Royal family is the cheapest in the market, ignore such trifles as these.

THE accounts of the condition of the returning Spanish soldiers is heartrending. The proportion of sick, dying, and dead is very high, and the appearance of the troops generally seems to be ghastly in the extreme.

PECKHAM RYE Christians are trying to raise a fund to undertake prosecutions under the Blasphemy Acts. And yet it is said that the days of persecution and intolerance are over!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER'S Engagements: Oct. 23, Leicester; Nov, 13, Birmingham; Nov. 20, Stanley and Oxhill; Nov. 27, Glasgow; Dec. 1, Walthamstow Women's Liberal Association. 1899, Jan. 16, Borough Polytechnic.

IN reference to our review of Dr. Wallace's "Wonderful Century", Mr. John M. Robertson suggests that since Wallace was, with Darwin, the joint discoverer of the principle of Natural Selection, it was probably sheer modesty that made him say so little about it.

MRS. BONNER gives best thanks to the Belford friend for the flowers and kind thought.

H. LEES SUMNER.—Much obliged for *Answers*.

RECEIVED for purchasing open space in front of Mr. Bradlaugh's grave: Madame Bouttes, 5s.; G. French, 10s.; Lady Smijth, £1 1s.

X. L. C. R.—Mrs. Bonner does not attend to the publishing business; she knew nothing of the incident until it was disposed of, but it was in strict accordance with her wish to have no dealings with the person. If she were specifically asked to serve a copy for the purposes of prosecution, she would be quite ready to do so: she has not the faintest desire to avoid her responsibilities; in any case she is, as author, responsible for *every* copy sold, *wheresoever and by whomsoever*. As the book is obtainable all over England, in the Colonies, and America, that ought to be comprehensive enough to suit the most exacting. We wish that friends like yourself could understand that it is *you* who support and encourage the man by buying his wares, and if you would cease to do so, he would soon be brought to a standstill for lack of funds. His own folks now support him because they know he irritates you; if he ceased to do that they would let him go, like any other soiled and useless tool. He simply trades on your feelings and the reputation of the dead. You should leave him to the mercies of his co-religionists, and cease to supply him with funds for his ghoulish occupation.—Pleased you like the REFORMER.—Much obliged to you, but we have no use for the Barker debates.

THROUGH Mr. J. M. Robertson we hear of a friend who in March took five copies of the REFORMER and obtained subscribers for them; in August he took ten copies, and this month he requires twelve. This is help indeed; our best thanks to him.

J. L., Mildura.—Mrs. Bonner thanks you for your interesting letter and enclosure just to hand. Part of the letter we shall take the liberty to print here next month. The order shall have our immediate attention.

WE have much pleasure in drawing attention to the announcement in our advertising columns of the coming series of lectures at South Place by Mr. John M. Robertson, on "The History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern". The lectures will be of special interest, and we are glad to know that they will be issued in volume form.

MR. H. S. SALT'S "Life of James Thomson ('B.V.')"—condensed, revised, and partly re-written—will be published about October 1st by A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, 1 and 2 Took's Court, E.C.

THE same publishers will issue about December 1st, a volume of non-theological stories for the younger ones, some of which will be reprinted from our "Children's Page".

RECEIVED:—Awakener of India—Boston Investigator—Christian Commonwealth—Eagle and Serpent—Indian Social Reformer—Inquirer—Labour Co-Partnership—Liberator—Liberty Review—Literary Guide—Lucifer—Newcastle Daily Leader—Newcastle Daily News—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—New Century Review—Northampton Daily Reporter—Northampton Mercury—People's Newspaper (Queensland)—Personal Rights—Phrenological Journal—St. Michael's Church and Parish Chronicle—Social Democrat—Truthseeker (New York)—Workers' Republic—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Bulletin Mensuel—Melbourne Argus—Harbinger of Light (Melbourne)—Truth Seeker—University Magazine—Lucifer (Chicago)—Single Tax.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.—Poems, by Oliver Orchard (Wilson and Macmillan)—Adaptability to Environment by W. W. Gordak; and The Charity Disease, by Bolton Hall (Eagle and Serpent Publishing Company)—The Sanctity of Life, by Hy. S. Salt (Vegetarian Society, Manchester).

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

THE BEDBOROUGH PROSECUTION.

A PUBLIC meeting—the third convened by the Free Press Defence Committee—was held at St. Martin's Town Hall, on September 5th. Mr. J. M. Robertson presided, and opened with a vigorous speech in which the attack was roundly characterised. He was well supported by Mrs. Despard, Miss Amy C. Morant, Messrs. G. W. Foote, R. A. Peddie, Wm. Platt, and others. Despite the heat and the holiday season, there was a good audience, and warm sympathy was displayed with the speakers.

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The case is down for hearing at the Old Bailey on September 13th—after this issue has gone to press. The indictment covers, in 11 counts, "Sexual Inversion", by Havelock Ellis, pp. 1 to 199 inclusive; "The Outcome of Legitimation", a pamphlet by Oswald Dawson; and a number of passages in *The Adult* (September and December, 1897; January to June, 1898; and Extra No. 2). We have not been able to refer to all the items, but notice in passing that "Wonderland", a little poem by Miss Morant, and two reviews (of Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" and C33's "Ballad of Reading Gaol") figure as "obscene" or "indecent".

.....

Dr. Ellis's book has been dealt with, and should in itself be sufficient reply for any right-thinking person. As regards the

Adult, it discusses, frankly and unreservedly, sex-relations and reforms therewith connected. Even those of us who are most strongly adverse to the "Free Love" movement will readily admit that reforms are called for, and this admission must allow for full and proper discussion of the what, how, and when.

.....

It is this right to discuss matters so directly and deeply concerning every one of us that is now being defended; and the best—and almost the only—way open to the majority is by helping, by much or by little, to share in the exceedingly heavy expenses which are inseparable from a proper defence in our law courts. Whether Mr. Bedborough is found "guilty" or "not guilty", some hundreds of pounds must be expended, and much of this is still wanted—and wanted very badly.

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Once more, the Hon. Treasurer to the Free Press Defence Committee—who are collecting the funds—is Mrs. Gladys Dawson, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, W.C.; and the Hon. Sec. is Mr. Hy. Seymour, 51 Arundel Square, N.

.....

As was remarked by one of the speakers at St. Martin's Town Hall (Mr. Foote) success for the prosecution in this case may mean a revival of persecution on a wider scale. On matters theological, for instance, there is certainly an improvement in "public opinion"; but the law—to our national disgrace be it said—is much as it was, and there is a considerable and a noisy section of the more narrow-minded and fanatical anti-reformers, who are but waiting an opportunity to take advantage of this, and to vent their animosity on those whose arguments are too strong for their small minds and miserable tenets. A case in point is at Peckham Rye, where an organised endeavor is being made by "Christians" to persecute "Ethicals" and Secularists by legal means.

.....

In *Reynolds's* of September 11th, the Editor (Mr. W. M. Thompson, Barrister-at-law) puts the case well, in an article which runs into two long columns. Mr. Thompson's legal standing and special knowledge add to the value of his statement of the defence. Mr. Stead's article in the *Review of Reviews* is also noteworthy.

C.

NATURAL SANITATION.

Is it a law of nature that great cities must go on increasing, and country neighborhoods become depopulated? I suppose we all recognise the evils of the big town; and yet we all seem to acquiesce in them as inevitable; or, at best, to be so far as possible neutralised, as they stand, without any attempt to remove their causes. We do recognise that, but for big towns and the political and social education they have afforded, in spite of all their drawbacks—perhaps we ought rather to say on account of the evils which show, in an intensified form, the weak points of society in general—progress would be even more difficult than it has been. But will the lesson they were meant to teach never be learnt? And, when it is learnt, can it not be practically applied to the abatement of the nuisance? We go on speaking about the ruin of our trade and the dangers of foreign competition and alien immigration; we spend vast sums on armies and navies to guard against real or supposed dangers from outside, while taking no heed to the dangers within, which, at any rate, can be dealt with without either coercing or entreating other nations. Sometimes one is tempted to think that the nation is like a man on the verge of bankruptcy, striving to keep up his credit and avert ruin by a more reckless expenditure than ever. Surely we cannot wonder if agriculture declines and epidemics prevail, while the water is being polluted and the soil starved. And the worst of it is, that for fifty years or more, sanitary reformers have been lifting up their voices to no apparent purpose except costly and pernicious drainage schemes.

The story of Naaman, the Syrian, whether mythical or not, is, at any rate, typically true for all time. It seems as though it were in human nature to distrust the simple and natural. People will not believe in a scheme unless it is likely to cost money. One is inclined to ask, after reading Dr. Poore's "Rural Hygiene", "Is this all that three generations of compli-

cated scientific research have brought us to?" All our network of sewers and waterworks, that we were so proud of, worse than useless; cremation an expensive fallacy; nothing to be done with organic refuse save return it to the earth.

We are not writing a belated review of "Rural Hygiene"; it was sufficiently noticed on its first appearance, and we are glad to see that it has reached a second edition. But it still remains that all who have read and approved of it should put its teachings into practice. Unfortunately, many of those readers to whom it appeals most strongly are people for various reasons unable to make any change in the structure or sanitary arrangements of their dwellings; they live in lodgings, perhaps, or, if they rent a house, are not in a position to put effective pressure on their landlords. The more reason that we should exert ourselves to get owners of house property to lay its teachings to heart.

There is so much reckless waste in our modern life. If what we now throw away were intelligently utilised, half the fears of population outgrowing the means of subsistence, soils becoming exhausted, etc., would be proved groundless. The earth does not become foul with men living upon it, unless forced thereto by artificial contrivances; the harmonious and beautiful interaction of animal and plant life suffices to keep everything sweet and healthy. Animals breathe out carbonic acid, plants absorb it and give out oxygen in exchange; animals die and fall on the earth, the saprophytes of the surface soil consume them and convert their constituent elements into fertile mould; they enter into the composition of plants, which, in their turn, serve as food for other animals. If the proper disposal is made of organic refuse, no water is needed to wash it away, and the "living earth" (or humus) acts as a filter and prevents its polluting wells and rivers. At present it is a question wha we shall do when no clean water is left.

It is also somewhat humiliating to think of our cherished disinfectants and deodorisers as—so far as sewage is concerned—in the same category with Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. They sterilise the stuff and make it useless for agricultural purposes, and, under urban regulations as at present carried out, they do not always perfectly fulfil their mission of rendering it inoffensive till disposed of.

The absence of epidemics in "savage Africa" (except when brought by "expeditions", or the Arabs) is an instructive commentary on the above. The villages are mostly composed of scattered "kraals"—each group of huts separated from its neighbors by ample space of ground, a part of which, at any rate, is usually covered with tall grass. The "absence of all sanitary accommodation"—which some of our travel-books dwell on as such a revolting feature—is far from producing any such unpleasant results as our elaborate appliances so often do. A patch of high grass left standing at a convenient distance from the huts serves all purposes, and the village is usually moved by the time it has become offensive. This is due to the system of cultivation. When the huts are first planted in a new place the women begin by hoeing their gardens immediately outside the reed fence which encloses them. They do this two or three seasons running (always burning the old dry stalks of maize or sorghum before hoeing for the next crop) as long as the soil will bear. When it is exhausted they move on to the next place, and so on, till the fields have reached an inconvenient distance from the huts, and the housefather decides on a move.

Besides the natural action of the soi (which is not usually assisted by burying the refuse), there are plenty of natural scavengers at work to prevent undue accumulation. Among them we may name the ball-rolling beetles (*Scarabæus*), which are very numerous, and other insects. Bones, etc., are soon picked clean, not removed altogether, by hyenas (which will eat anything—living if not too large, and dead without restriction), vultures, kites, rats, ants, centipedes, and others. In my experience of the Wes

Shire district, however, I may remark that bones were not very abundant, and not often thrown away unless picked too clean to be of much use to any animal whatever.

Thus typhoid fever is unknown, and other epidemics—such as small-pox—only occur if introduced from outside.[1] Measles is sometimes very prevalent, but has not the virulent character the disease showed, *e.g.*, in some of the Pacific Islands. Hence, and because it has a recognised native name—*chikuku*—I am inclined to think it cannot be of European—at any rate not of *recent* introduction.

Now, in civilising the country, what is wanted is not to reverse—or even to alter in essentials—this primitive system, but to develop it along natural lines. Fortunately, up to this time, no one has had the resources to initiate (if indeed anyone ever thought of doing so) a water-carried sewage scheme, and it is still possible to start the thing on a sound basis. At present, of course, it is still a matter for individual householders to manage in their own way, and examples both of right and wrong methods are in existence. In one case, for instance (at the Blantyre Mission), Dr. Poore's principle was, in the main, carried into effect. In another case a large pit was dug, which (containing both solid and liquid matter) must in time have become exceedingly offensive, and, moreover, going—as it probably did—below the limit of the "living soil", rendered nitrification impossible. At Matope, again, an outwardly very decent and civilised structure was erected down to the bank of the Shire River, which was thus in a manner turned into a sewer. The arrangement, however, was less atrocious than it would have been in some places, firstly because of the (*as yet*) small proportion of the contamination, secondly because the Shire swarms with crocodiles, which, whatever their vices, are said to be useful as scavengers.

In a colony like Natal there is ample room for a sanitation system on sound principles. That at present in vogue is only partially to be commended. There is no drainage in either Pietermaritzburg or Durban, neither are there cesspools; pails are used, which twice a week are emptied by the corporation sanitary staff, and taken away to the sewage works some two miles out of town, where the contents are burnt. This is, I believe, a difficult and somewhat costly process, and certainly an exceedingly offensive one: the fact is patent to everyone, as shown by the native name for the place—*Ka Dirty*.

One might think that we in England, many and complicated as are the evils of our social system, would at any rate have learnt by this time what sanitation means, and also begun "to practice what we know". But most municipalities have not got beyond the pipe system, with its waste of water and risk—if not certainty—of typhoid at some time or other. Several of the small towns on our eastern coast have not got this length, while yet far removed from the primitive and unsophisticated "no-drainage" of the wilderness. They have provided capacious "dead-wells", cemented throughout—so that nothing can be absorbed by the soil—which take a long time to fill (the authorities, as a rule, declining to empty them unless they *are* full), and are admirably adapted for the generation and storage of sewer-gas. I hardly know whether these things are worst cemented or uncemented, for, in the latter case, being below the limit of the "living earth", the stuff could not be nitrified (the only effectual mode of disinfection), and would simply percolate through any fissures it could find into whatever water happened to be nearest. This danger, also, is not absent from the cemented receptacles, for what, except ceaseless inspection, can make sure there are no cracks in the cement?

Then, some day or other, a case of

[1] Dr. Koch now says that he has found a focus of the plague in the neighborhood of Lake Victoria. The brief report given in the daily papers of his address to the German Public Health Society on July 9, necessarily suggests many questions which would require to be answered before giving an opinion on the subject.

typhoid or diphtheria appears in one of these little towns—or visitors are alarmed by smells—and the fear of a spoilt season produces a panic of sanitary reform. The next thing is to fly to the Local Government Board, apply for a loan for drainage works, and impose a rate to meet the debt. Probably there is scarcely any purpose to which public money may be more legitimately applied—provided always that the scheme does what it is intended to do—and very short-sighted would any ratepayers be who grudged it. But to borrow ten or eleven thousand pounds and spend it in wasting and polluting the water supply, and in wasting (throwing into the sea, for instance) tons of valuable fertilising material, is surely criminal folly.

When the scheme is one for purifying the sewage by filtration through earth, and pumping the now uncontaminated water into the sea, or a river (as is done, I believe, at Gennevillers, on the Seine) the objections are not quite the same; but it may be pointed out that, (*a*) the water is wasted, though not the sewage; and, (*b*) the same result might have been achieved at infinitely less cost and trouble on the dry earth system. But that system is too simple, it is to be feared, to find favor in the eyes of town councils—or of the engineers who might get the contract—or even the ordinary ratepayer, who is apt to fancy that a thing cannot be good unless it is expensive.

The waste of water is a very serious item. It serves no good end, for it renders the sewage both more offensive and more difficult to deal with, besides increasing its bulk. Local water famines have occurred, and may occur again; and whatever may be the exact amount of blame attaching to the water companies, and whether or not it would be an efficient remedy for the State to take over the water works, it is quite clear that the millions of gallons subtracted for sewage purposes must make a vast difference. The warning contained in the following letter from the Public Analyst of Bristol, which appeared in the *Standard* for April 11th, is still pertinent enough at this date. It is true that the waste in this case was not for sewage purposes, but this only renders it more inexcusable, and the danger is the same.

"Sir,—In the *Standard* of yesterday Mr. Baldwin Latham calls attention to a probable water famine in the coming summer. Over the primary cause of drought—deficient rainfall—we have, of course, no control; but, as a result of some vast modern engineering undertakings, there is an enormous preventible waste of excellent water, which should, I think, engage the attention of the authorities.

"As an example to illustrate my meaning, I may refer to the large body of water pumped from the Severn Tunnel by the Great Western Railway Company. This water is of the most extraordinary organic purity, being, indeed, one of the very few absolutely germ-free waters on record; and the quantity (some thirteen millions of gallons daily) is sufficient to supply a population of five hundred thousand. Some years ago an attempt was made to bring this water into Bristol, but the Bill was rejected, nominally on the ground that the water contained a small quantity of magnesia. It was, however, an open secret that the real reason of the rejection was that the district was already adequately supplied by an existing company, who naturally opposed the proposal with success.

"It is exceedingly improbable that any doubt would now be cast upon the wholesomeness of the water in connection with its very moderate saline contents, for it would be easy to furnish instances of thriving health resorts supplied with much harder water.

"I feel strongly, therefore, that it would be a matter of common prudence to secure this large quantity of excellent drinking water from being poured into the Severn to no useful purpose.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"F. WALLIS STODDART.

"Bristol, April 9th."

The anticipated scarcity, in spite of the unexpected rains of the early summer, appears to have already set in. But the apportionment of blame for the East London water famine is, perhaps, another question. A. WERNER.

IN East London over a million people are reduced to what is well called a "famine-ration" of water. No wonder that the death rate of St. George's-in-the-East shows an increase of 7 per 1,000 over the rest of London. The streets are unwatered, and the drains are unflushed; in the houses the nominal "four hours' supply" is such a scanty dribble that water for cleansing the house or for baths is in many cases quite out of the question; there is barely sufficient for the urgent necessities of drinking and cooking.

TWENTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT (1875-1895).

III.

IN this, the concluding portion of my random reminiscences, I purpose to trace in barest outline the course of events from Mr. Bradlaugh's death until the time when I severed my connection with the N.S.S.

Never shall I forget the scene at the Hall of Science on the evening of January 31st, 1891. On learning of their great leader's death, Freethinkers flocked from all parts of London to the Hall as a common centre where they could indulge their grief amidst their sorrowing brethren. There they foregathered, old, middle-aged, and young; overwhelmed by a sense of their loss, yet palpitating with the excitement of the shock. Small groups were formed, and men related eagerly to one another trivial personal memories of their lost leader. One veteran spoke of having heard Mr. Bradlaugh, as a gaunt youth, "all legs and wings", lecture at a small coffee-shop in Bunhill Row. Another repeated again and again to knots of impressed listeners some kindly phrase of Mr. Bradlaugh's in thanking him for rendering some menial service. For myself, the shock was too great to be as yet thoroughly realised; and I moved about from group to group, speaking and listening with a singular sense of objectiveness; nor did a full comprehension of our great calamity come upon me until several days had passed.

For some time I had no leisure to brood over our loss. The need of bread-winning filled my working days; and my evenings were fully occupied in helping to devise and carry out arrangements for various meetings. On the following Sunday evening the hall was crowded to excess by Freethinkers assembled to hear Mr. G. J. Holyoake and others speak of the leader who had "gone before". The memorable scene around the open grave at Woking bore final testimony, if any were needed, to the love and esteem of those whom Mr. Bradlaugh had led in many a well-fought battle.

* * * *

I was amongst those who, being responsible for the conduct and management of the N.S.S., determined that so far as in us lay there should be no justification for the sneering prophets who predicted that the Secularist movement would die with Charles Bradlaugh. The Hall of Science was rented from its lessee for £250 per annum, the N.S.S. acquiring its use on Sundays and on Thursday evenings, when lectures were delivered from its platform. The arrangements were made by a small sub-committee of which I was secretary. During a long period, Sunday was for me far from a "day of rest". In the winter months lectures were given on Sundays, morning and evening; and on Thursdays an open platform was maintained for lectures and discussions. I took special care to make the week-night meetings successful. Twice I induced the Rev. C. Fleming Williams, L.C.C., to come and lecture to us; he aroused the kindliest feelings by his unaffected courtesy and sincere goodwill. Then I persuaded Felix Volkhovsky to speak to us on Russia, when Mr. J. Rowlands, M.P., presided, and another member of Parliament sat by his side. I myself debated with Herbert Burrows on the Malthusian question; with the Rev. Frederick Ford, and with Mr. Dunn (of the Christian Evidence Society) upon theological subjects. Mr. Foote delivered courses of admirable lectures on famous English poets, with illustrative readings; and on all the occasions mentioned we secured very large audiences. At this time I had for many years been President of the Hall of Science Club and Institute, and in that capacity had a great deal to do with the organisation of social meetings for Freethinkers. It will thus be seen that my leisure hours were well filled with voluntary labor; but it was work in which my heart delighted, and the joy of doing it well repaid me for unceasing efforts.

Early in 1891, I, with two others,

devised a scheme which ultimately took shape in the Bradlaugh Memorial Hall Company. Our idea was to take advantage of the emotion aroused by our leader's death to raise a fund which should form a nucleus for wider operations in the future. The project of building a Memorial Hall appeared the most appropriate object to place before the party, although not one of the three entertained the slightest hope that sufficient money would be collected to do this in any worthy fashion. The party was at that moment contributing generously to a fund which was very properly started to liquidate its dead leader's business liabilities, and it would have been unreasonable to expect any very substantial response to the appeal. I believe the number of £1 shares subscribed for at this time was about six hundred. The directors of the Memorial Hall Company (of whom I was one) submitted to the shareholders a proposal to purchase a long lease of the Hall of Science upon terms that we deemed advantageous. The proposal was rejected; we subsequently resigned, and a new board was elected in our place.

A syndicate was afterwards formed and registered under the title of the National Secular Hall Society (Limited), to purchase and maintain the Hall of Science. When we were engaged in shaping the rules of this Society I introduced a proviso that no shareholder should be eligible as a director unless he were a member of the N.S.S. I did not for a moment imagine that the Registrar would pass the clause, as the N.S.S. was of course—as it still is—an illegal society. Greatly to my surprise the rules, including my audacious proviso, were sanctioned by the Registrar; and I believe that this is the only instance on record in which the N.S.S. has been recognised in a legal document.

I do not intend here to dwell upon the history of the two companies, one of which proposed to establish a new headquarters, whilst the other endeavored to maintain the old building. My active participation in the affairs of the Memorial Hall Company practically ceased when I left the board of directors; but in connection with the other enterprise I worked indefatigably for a considerable period. As one of the vice-presidents of the N.S.S., as a director of the Secular Hall Society, and as President of the Club Committee, my functions were trinitarian and sometimes confusing. As director I frequently assisted at interviews with myself as member of the executive, or as President of the Club Committee; in my latter capacity I had on more than one occasion to "approach" myself in capacities one and two. Had I possessed the requisite leisure it would have been possible to construct a very pretty Athanasian Creed, threatening with damnation any who sought to divide my persons or confound my substance! But of leisure I had none; there was abundance of work for all who chose to perform it.

It at length became necessary for me to separate myself from those with whom I had been engaged in the enterprise, and I resigned my office as a director. In November, 1895, I sorrowfully resigned my position as a vice-president of the N.S.S.

* * * *

I may close these reminiscent notes with a few details as to my work as a writer in the movement. It was in 1873 that I contributed my first letter to the *National Reformer*, in the shape of a "reply" to some pious platitudes that had appeared in the *National Reformer* from Mr. J. McGrigor Allan, and my delight was unbounded when I saw the letter in print. Some half-dozen letters and articles followed; then my literary fountain appeared to run dry. In April, 1875, however, I started a little monthly political paper, the *Republican Chronicle*, and this, with two changes of title, I continued until August, 1889. Amongst those who contributed to the paper were James Thomson ("B.V."), Mrs. Besant, William Maccall, G. W. Foote, Auberon Herbert, Captain Dyas, and Captain Clinton. In 1876 Mr. Bradlaugh asked me to write an

article for the *Secular Almanack*, and from that time until 1894 every issue contained two or three pages from my pen. In 1884 Mrs. Besant invited me to work as paid contributor to the *National Reformer* and to *Our Corner;* and for some years this congenial employment continued. I once proposed to Mr. Bradlaugh to write for the *National Reformer* some articles descriptive of public worship, under the title of "An Atheist at Church". He agreed to take six; and when these were finished I asked him if I should do any more. "Go on as long as you like, my boy!" was his encouraging reply, and I *did* go on until I felt that the literary unities demanded the close of the series. In one of many letters that I have received from Mark Twain, he expressed his appreciation of a *Reformer* article which I had sent him, and concluded by adjuring me to "keep my] pen wet". The genial author of "The Innocents Abroad" is very much more in sympathy with Secularists than many people are aware of.

For some years I frequently contributed to the *Freethinker*, my work consisting principally of sketches headed "A Freethinker at Large". I may here mention two cases of curious coincidence. In 1889 I wrote for that journal a skit entitled "The Curates' Union", purporting to be a report of a secret meeting of curates with a view to the formation of a trade union for their craft. Several years later a Curates' Union was actually formed, and its proceedings were reported in the Press. Here is the second instance. In 1892, there was published in the *Freethinker* an article of mine entitled "An Extraordinary General Meeting of the C[hristian] E[vidence] S[ociety]", written in the wildest spirit of burlesque. Amongst other features, it contained a purely imaginary balance-sheet of the Society, with a half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack in the shape of secretaries' salaries. A few months afterwards my late friend, J. M. Wheeler, attended the annual meeting of the Christian Evidence Society, and in his published account of this he drew attention to the fact that my fantastic article had anticipated with striking accuracy the leading features of the balance-sheet, alike in details and in totals.

Perhaps one other incident may be of interest. In *Our Corner* I once wrote an article entitled "My Crazy Contributor", describing my relations with an insane gentleman who had contributed several excellent papers to my journal, the *Republican*. Mr. Arthur Bonner subsequently spoke to me of this as if the narrative were one of my "jokes"; he was astonished to learn that, with the exception of names (which I had changed) every line in the article simply stated demonstrable facts.

Outside the Secular and Republican movements I have not done much penwork. For some years, in my salad days, I contributed "Editorial Notes" to a local paper, and once wrote the leader for my editor, who was a Roman Catholic. Later in life I had some experience as a descriptive reporter and outside contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. To that paper I contributed an article on the Salvation Army, which aroused a hot controversy in our party journals. Mr. John M. Robertson and Mr. G. W. Foote attacked me with many columns of solid long primer; and to-day my scalp is hanging in the wigwams of both gentlemen.

One day, when the question of India was foremost in the public mind, I went to Mr. Bradlaugh and asked him to let me do an "interview" with him. I explained that I did not know how to go about it, and he laughingly said: "Well, you sit there and ask me——", suggesting the terms of a question. "Write that first . . . Now I answer——", then followed a lengthy paragraph which I jotted down. So we went on until the interview was finished. Then I returned to Finsbury Street, brightened up the matter with a little local color, and sent it to Mr. Stead. On the following day it appeared on the front page in all the glories of leaded type; and

at the end of the month I was two or three guineas the richer for the interview through which Mr. Bradlaugh had so kindly piloted me. To him I was also indebted for invaluable assistance in writing my "People's History of the Aristocracy", which originally appeared in *Reynolds's Newspaper* twenty years ago.

Here I must bring these garrulous reminiscences to an end. If, haply, they possess any interest, it is rather on account of the incidents described than of my small personal share in them. It is now a quarter of a century since I entered the Secular party, in which I have never aspired to be more than a willing worker; and, however insignificant may have been my part in the events that I have set out to describe, the events themselves belong to the history of progress in our country and generation.

GEORGE STANDRING.

ON WOLFE TONE AND HIS IDEALS.

ON Monday, August 15th, an enormous popular demonstration—the largest seen in Ireland for many years—took place in Dublin, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the memorial to Wolfe Tone and the "United Irishmen". It may therefore be somewhat interesting to briefly—very briefly—recount, in these columns, the exploits of the man to whose memory this tribute was paid, and examine, also very briefly, what the paying of the tribute meant.

Born in 1763 in Dublin, of middle-class parents, Tone was destined for the law, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1781, to study for that profession. Very early, however, he conceived a passionate longing, which soon became his one object in life, to see his country free. He appears to have been a youth of frank, enthusiastic, somewhat Shelleyan disposition; he eloped with and married a girl of sixteen when he himself was little over twenty, with whom he lived most affectionately, and whose courage seems to have been a fit match for the courage of Tone.

Wolfe Tone drank deep of the revolutionary ideas which in France were changing the thought of Europe at the close of the last century. He was a Republican by principle, a revolutionist by force of circumstances. In 1791 he was one of the prime movers in founding the Society of United Irishmen. This body, of which Tone was the life and soul, was based on the broadest and most democratic principles, and rapidly spread, especially amongst the Dissenters of the North, of whom many at that time were Freethinkers, and amongst whom the writings of Paine found a ready response. It is indeed interesting to mention here that there is good evidence that Tone himself was not a Christian; he was, it is said, a Deist of the school then popular. There is certainly evidence, in his diary, of his direct hostility to the clerical influence, though an ardent champion, on grounds of justice, of Catholic rights. The aim of Tone in the United Irish Society, he has himself left on record in words which have become historic: "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means."

Becoming convinced, however, that Ireland needed foreign help to wrest her freedom from England, Tone naturally looked to France, and so in February, 1796, he arrived in Paris. In such a brief sketch as is here intended, it is not necessary to minutely detail his negotiations with the French directory. It has been dramatically, though I believe none the less truly said by one of Tone's recent panegyrists, that he arrived in Paris without friends, with but one introduction, with very little money, and speaking French badly, and in eight months he stood with General Hoche on the deck of the flagship at Brest with a fleet of 43 ships of the line and 13,000 troops ready to sail for Ireland—the greatest naval force that had threatened England since the Armada!

The story—the pitiable story—of that expedition, how it was buffeted by storms, lost ship after ship in the gale that blew without ceasing, and finally, after reaching Bantry Bay, had to withdraw without being able to land a boat or fire a shot—all this is a familiar story to the student of Irish history. Once again, and not for the last time in her history, the winds and the waves fought on the side of England.

Tone was, of course, chagrined beyond compare—but he was not broken or dismayed. There is, indeed, something marvellous in his determination, and in the success which attended it. The spectacle of this young man (he was only thirty-five at his death), the son of a Dublin coach-builder, sustained by his burning conviction, intriguing with the governments of Europe, and talking them over to his projects, is one of those romances of history that lighten its often dark pages. Unbaffled by the failure of Hoche's expedition, Tone in the following year obtained the help of the Dutch Republic, which was itself contemplating an expedition against England. And so in July, 1797, Tone was ready on board the Dutch Admiral de Winter's flagship, the "Vryheid", in the Texel, prepared for another expedition to Ireland to strike a blow for her freedom. Again the elements were miraculously unpropitious. The Dutch fleet was locked up in the Texel for two months by adverse winds, during which the English fleet was being reinforced. Tone left it in despair. When it did reach the sea it was, as everyone is aware, overtaken and destroyed by Duncan at Camperdown.

Once again Tone repaired to Paris, still unbroken, still determined. This time he held long negotiations with Napoleon. But Napoleon, of course, cared nothing for Republicanism or liberty in the abstract. At last it was agreed to send small expeditions to various Irish ports. But by then the insurrection in Ireland had been prematurely forced by the Government, and the psychological moment had passed. Nevertheless the expeditions were dispatched. Humbert landed in Connaught. Tone sailed from Brest with General Hardi and a little fleet consisting of the "Hoche" and eight frigates. This fleet made for the coast of Donegal and entered Lough Swilly in the middle of October, 1798. No sooner had they entered than an English fleet was observed in pursuit. The smaller ships made for the sea and escaped. But the "Hoche", with Tone on board, could not escape. The result, of course, was a foregone conclusion, there being five English ships against her. At last she struck, and Tone amongst others was taken prisoner. The Frenchmen were treated as prisoners of war, but Tone was recognised, seized, and ignominiously fettered. There is a tradition that when the chains were fastened on him he raised his arms and exclaimed to his enemies, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."

He was irregularly tried by a court-martial in Dublin, instead of by the ordinary tribunal, and, of course, was sentenced to be executed as a traitor. This trial took place on November 10th, the execution was fixed for the 12th. His friends exerted themselves and hoped that as Tone had become a French citizen and wore the French uniform, there might be a chance of exchanging him for English prisoners in France. Meanwhile his scaffold was being erected under his prison window, but Tone determined that he would never stand on that scaffold. He wrote a farewell letter—one of the most manly and yet most moving documents of its kind probably extant—to his wife, addressing her as his "dearest love", in which he tells her "my mind is as tranquil at this moment as at any period of my life", and when the officials entered Wolfe Tone's cell at 4 o'clock on that dark November morning, they found him bleeding to death from a wound in the throat inflicted by his own hand.

So passed the indomitable spirit of by far the greatest man who has laid down his life for the cause of Irish liberty in all its dark and strange history.

This, then, is the hero to whom the Irish people are about to erect a monument in the Irish capital on a site granted by the Corporation of Dublin, which, a short time afterwards, unanimously refused a site for a statue to Gladstone.

We may ask ourselves what did the August demonstration represent? For of its size or its enthusiasm there can be no doubt. It astonished even its own organisers, and was, significantly, the only gathering of recent years in Ireland which the leaders of the various political factions could not afford to ignore. So that parliamentarians like Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond stood on the same platform, and vied with one another in lauding Tone. Even priests—whose political sagacity Tone despised, and whose political influence he resented—crowded the enclosure, together with lord mayors, town councillors, and such popular representatives.

There was, of course, in all this, a good deal of the old story:—

> "... the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
> To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

As for the crowd itself, to many, doubtless, Wolfe Tone was a mere historical name, and

the occasion a mere popular holiday; whilst others simply honored Tone as a national hero, without any deeper thought, even as many Englishmen, not by any means Jingoes, might lay a wreath on the tomb of Nelson. But behind all this, there can, I think, be no doubt that deep down in the hearts of large numbers of the Irish people are the ideals of Tone and the hopes of Tone. And these are not, let it be clearly understood, the worst, but the best of the people—the young, the enthusiastic, the generous, the studious, the independent, the people to whom national liberty is something more than a lip-formula, or the tag to round off a stock piece of parliamentary gab.

To these people Ireland is a nation with all the rights of a nation. She is distinct from England in character, in race, and in ideas, and is part of the British Empire only by force. To these, Home Rule is at best but a makeshift, and they really desire an independent nation with the right to work out its own salvation in its own way, untrammelled by any outside interference whatever. This ideal makes to some extent surely for dignity and for independence of character. That it exists in the minds of large numbers of the people of Ireland it would be hypocrisy to deny, and it may well be brought to the attention of thoughtful Englishmen at a time when some amongst them look on Home Rule as a species of generous concession, and applaud their own magnanimity in being prepared to restore to Ireland a fragment of the liberty of which she was robbed by force and by fraud. But the claim—the full claim—of the Irish nation to absolute and complete independence can never be wholly surrendered or abandoned. Ireland, of course, like other nations, may voluntarily curtail her freedom of action, and enter into a treaty or federal relationship with any other country; and to few thoughtful Irishmen does there seem any reason, all things considered, why a free Ireland should not enter into such relationship, of her own will, with a democratic England. But in no case can the right to her full claim be at any time abandoned; to no statesman or leader can the authority be delegated to barter it away, for no nation has the right to limit the freedom of posterity; no treaty can be made which is incapable of revision. And finally, circumstances may be conceived arising in the future as they arose in the past, when the full claim of Wolfe Tone would have to be put forward, insisted on, and, if needs be, enforced.

That numbers of people in Ireland thin and feel these things—that to my mind, is the main lesson of the Wolfe Tone demonstration.

FREDERICK RYAN.

REJOINDERS.

FABIANISM AND NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

IN answer to Mr. H. Snell's rejoinder in last REFORMER to my previous criticism of him, I have to say:—

1. I heard a good deal more of his paper than the mere discussion of the population problem as it stands in France. And I never said that that was all I heard.

2. In order to guard against misunderstandings, I used the opportunity given by the Chair to question Mr. Snell repeatedly and closely as to his own position on various points on which he had spoken. My subsequent criticism proceeded on his answers. *Not once* did he hint that the positions in question were not his own, or that he was merely reproducing other people's arguments. Neither did he use this defence in his final reply.

3. His use of the word sterilisation came up several times *in the questioning*. If he had used it only once, with the qualification "partial", all he had to do was to say as much when challenged. But he said no such thing. In answer to another questioner as well as to me, he expressly said that he used the word in the sense of "limitation". How then could he have used it *solely* with the qualification "partial"? What is "partial limitation"?

4. Mr. Snell now thinks it is good strategy to assert that I was too excited at the discussion to remember what I said. At the time he said I was "obtuse". I need only now point to Mr. Snell's reply, as well as to his original arguments, for evidence as to the value of his strictures.

5. I gave verbatim quotations in rebuttal of his assertion that Mr. Bradlaugh rested Neo-Malthusianism on the Wage-Fund theory. He now says he did not allege that Mr. Bradlaugh rested Neo-Malthusianism "exclusively" on the Wage-Fund theory. My criticism did not proceed on the implication "exclusively". I showed that Mr. Bradlaugh did not state the Wage-Fund doctrine at all "in the only sense in which it used to be applied to affairs". By that I guarded against confusion of the old doctrine with the later formula of the "Wages and Profits Fund" now current, which is practically a contradiction of the Wage-Fund theory, but is sometimes mistakenly identified with it. Mr. Bradlaugh

held the Wages-and-Profits-Fund theory. With the relevant passages laid before him, Mr. Snell chooses to leave them alone, and to raise an irrelevant question about the date of Mr. Bradlaugh's pamphlet, which is neither here nor there. I repeat that he flatly misrepresented Mr. Bradlaugh; and as he expressed goodwill to Mr. Bradlaugh's memory, I was forced to infer that here (as I have seen him do in other matters) he was merely echoing the talk of certain persons who meet Mr. Bradlaugh's propaganda on various points with sophistry, which does not always stop short of perversion of fact. But if Mr. Snell prefers to be charged with *inventing* the misrepresentation, so be it. I thought the other the more charitable criticism.

6. Mr. Snell says I "at first vehemently denied" his statement concerning Mr. Bradlaugh, "and demanded proof" from him. I regret to have to say that this is not true. Mr. Snell's statement was made *in his closing speech*, and I had no opportunity of denying it. When the meeting had broken up, *without a word of denial*, I asked him on what he based his statement about Mr. Bradlaugh. I hope Mr. Snell will not pretend that I put that question vehemently, for if he did I should have to retract certain laudatory things I have said of him. The question was put with absolute coolness, and my only comment at the time on his answer was a jest.

7. It is idle for Mr. Snell to reply that his views on the population question were formed fourteen years ago "by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Drysdale, and Mr. John M. Robertson". The views on which I questioned and criticised him were not Mr. Bradlaugh's, or Dr. Drysdale's, or mine.

8. After his previous amenities about "obtuseness" and "vanity", Mr. Snell in his excitement does himself the injustice of saying that *at the meeting* he described one of my arguments as a "gross form of self-conceit". He was really not quite so rude as that. But unfortunately he now adds downright misstatement to his previous misdeeds. I repeat that it was in express answer to his untrue statement as to "Neo-Malthusians" disregarding all other pleas for social reform that I pointed out how generally they fought for social reform *as well as* for Neo-Malthusianism. This defence it was that Mr. Snell describes as a grossly conceited claim to the effect that I and my party give the highest and best teaching.

9. I certainly added that *some* (or perhaps even many) Socialists shun the population question from lack of pluck. I never said that "Socialists" did so. Neither did I in my article assert that the Fabian Society as a whole is Jingo. I leave it to any reader of that article to pronounce on Mr. Snell's accuracy.

10. Mr. Snell did in his own person expressly argue to the effect that Neo-Malthusianism *at present* is doing harm. That is the central issue. I, too, hold that Socialism and Neo-Malthusianism are "necessary to each other". But Mr. Snell implied, if he implied or alleged anything at all, that there had better be no Neo-Malthusianism till we have attained either Socialism or a much higher state of social well-being than the present. If he calls *that* advocacy of Neo-Malthusianism it is not surprising that, as he says, none of the Neo-Malthusians present understood his advocacy.

These are, I think, the main points on which Mr. Snell's heated rejoinder calls for answer from me. I have only further to remind the reader that the element of personality was deliberately introduced into the matter by Mr. Snell in his paper, in which, with a tolerable degree of "conceit", he imputed confused thinking to Neo-Malthusians in general. He seems to think himself free to indulge in such random attacks, yet resents a retaliation which is backed up at every point by evidence. How he meets a fully-supported charge of misrepresentation of a dead man, has been seen.

I notice, however, that Mr. Snell speaks of his "youth", and of his readiness to learn. Perhaps in this regard I have been inconsiderate towards him, through an error. I had supposed him to be the Mr. Snell who was already a habitual lecturer for the Secular party some thirteen or more years ago. If I have blundered in thus regarding him as a sufficiently experienced adult and platform speaker, I am ready to express my regret. But as he expressly claims to have formed his views on the population question fourteen years ago, he is presumably old enough to be expected to stand criticism from those he criticises without getting in a passion and pretending that it is they who do so.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

PRACTICAL SIMPLICITY.

It is a pity that our remote forefathers were not as logical as Mr. Robertson, but it is fruitless to deplore it. They invented the metaphors with which he constantly quarrels, and used them so abundantly that language can be fairly described as crystallised metaphor, and so loosely that they can always be "teased" asunder with the dissecting needles of logic. Here, again, is one of the offending figures of speech, and men are in this sense still a good deal like their savage progenitors. But really we may ask Mr. Robertson to agree that most of us—indeed it may almost be said all of us—are hopelessly illogical—as Sydney Smith asked certain other disputants to agree that everything and everybody was damned, and for the same reason—that we may get to the point. Plain people can understand a metaphor without pushing it to absurd extremes.

The metaphor I used about the wolves outside and the guardian dogs was of course

meant to typify the attitude of each nation in turn—not of our own exclusively. It is the fact that the nations "snarling at each others' heels" do look upon their neighbors as robbers, potential at all events; and this feeling it is which leads to the insane expenditure on armaments.

We English have, perhaps, a trifle more justification for the attitude than others, inasmuch as we have many "pastures "which others would like to have, and we have also wealth and a vast trade which are avowedly objects of envy or resentment to some other nations; but the fact of this belief, deplorable though it is, is too patent to be ignored.

We of the reformer *clientèle* should all be delighted to welcome any practical scheme for disarmament; but that of relative disarmament —which I have heard of long since (it was, I think, a suggestion of Mr. Stead's originally) and dismissed as impracticably utopian—seems to me one which Mr. Robertson, who appears to adopt it *con amore*, can hardly have really thought over.

Absolute disarmament, *i.e.*, the disbandment of all armies and reduction of all navies—down to a mere world-police — is at least intelligible, and on our part would be magnificent, because we should thereby give up much more than most others; but it is hardly within the range of practical politics.

Relative disarmament is far more hopelessly impossible, and it is only practical simplicity of a high order which can accept it for a moment.

It is all very well for us, by far the strongest naval power, to propose to crystallise and perpetuate the present position, *which assures us permanent preponderance* without fear of that preponderance being endangered; but the attitude of the great powers at least will obviously be fairly summed up by "Don't you wish you may get it?" for it seems to them a trick too transparent to deceive a child. For has not the object of these powers for a generation or more been to *alter* the relative strengths of the world's sea powers, and have they not in large measure succeeded? They resent the vast preponderance of England, have done much to reduce it, and are determined to destroy it—by increasing their own navies and arranging alliances—and they look like succeeding. To ask them to give up the whole purpose of their diplomacy and to acquiesce in our supremacy, seems worse than futile, to use no stronger term.

A similar position meets us when the question of relative army strength is concerned, though it is then between different parties.

Holland and Spain, possibly even Italy, would favor relative reduction of armaments and the maintenance of existing relations. Germany might be content to stop further growth of Russian and French armies, as we should be glad to see a stop put to the growth of German and Russian naval power. But that all should agree in the *status quo* which nearly all are strenuously endeavoring to alter, seems too much even for practical simplicity to hope for.

With all efforts to get rid of the armaments incubus, Mr. Robertson may count on my sympathy and co-operation for what it is worth; but they must have some shadow of a chance of success if any real measure of support is to be hoped for. Meanwhile, if he would cease from rending his critics quite so terribly he might find sometimes they were not opponents, and at least there would be more chance of our getting on faster. RHATHYMOS.

NOTE.—Since the above was written this question of disarmament has been brought into notice by the Czar's encyclical letter on the subject. His Majesty is somewhat in the position of Mr. Robertson—he has heard of the notion, which has attracted his sympathies —and as Mr. Robertson he has given in a willing if somewhat hasty adhesion to the abstract proposition. But the chorus of criticism has ere this probably awakened him to the fact that there are thorny questions to be settled before even a conference could be summoned; and a little consideration has convinced most critics, and I think most readers, that the matter is one which can hardly be looked on as within the range of practical possibility, mainly for such reasons as those stated above. It must yet for a long time remain a pious aspiration merely; but that is one step in advance, and if in a century or two we get to a United States of Europe, or even a Federation of the (civilised) world, the rate of social development will have been faster than that by which private war has been abolished and duelling nearly quashed. R.

A QUESTION OF MORALS.

Seeing that Mr. Platt owns the need for a revision of the law against "fœticide", he virtually disarms himself for any criticism of my doctrine in "The Case of Dr. Collins". Given certain conditions, my reasoning might lead logically to a prescription of infanticide. In the present case, the object of the argument is to displace infanticide by more scientific and humane methods. Infanticide is the crude, empirical device of pre-scientific stages of culture.

Mr. Platt looks upon the procuring of abortion as "hideous . . . . because it violates the natural and decent feelings of awe with which we regard and must regard the beginnings of life". This is sheer sentimentalism. Life *per se* is no more awful or venerable than oxygen or phosphorus. The value, and therefore the venerableness of life are relative, and relative only. We don't worship the newly-born child, we cherish and protect it on account of its weakness and helplessness. It

is preposterous to say that the spectacle of human embryology is sublime. According to Mr. Platt, "that woman is justly disgraced whose motherhood is so low a thing with her that she seeks a surgeon's instrument to tear from her the dawnings of maternity". Of course, it is no disgrace that such a woman should be compelled to bear children, who have to suffer from her dearth of motherly feeling, and who, in a majority of cases, turn out pests to society.

Mr. Platt insists that "there is an essential moral difference" between "pre-embryonic and post-embryonic prevention" of conception and parturition. Inasmuch as in the former case "life has commenced, and in the other case it has not commenced". But biological research disproves this distinction. The germ-plasm is as pervasively living as the fecundated ovum, or the subsequent embryo. If Mr. Platt carries out his reverence for the beginnings of life to its legitimate upshot, he ought to join hands with the Theosophists, and form a society "to create machinery" for the accommodation of the myriads of potential human beings who now run to waste. Those who are so desperately anxious to find actual parents for potential mothers, ought surely to exert themselves to secure actual parents for potential issue.

Mr. Platt's fear that "unlimited abortion" would be the vogue, *if* my teaching were accepted and enforced, is as visionary as if a pessimist should say that if the Higher Civilisation were to become universal, it would give rise to "unlimited suicide". The contingency is too remote to be a source of perturbation.

It is just because, like Mr. Platt, I sincerely desire to "moralise" and "rationalise" this question that I discuss it in the terms of "The Case of Dr. Collins". I accordingly regret all the more that Mr. Platt should—even unwittingly—corrupt the new Sociology with the old Superstition. J. P. GILMOUR.

Glasgow.

FROM AFAR.

JOHANNESBURG.—A crisis seems rapidly approaching in the long continued depression here. For the first time in the history of the town soup kitchens have been opened to afford some relief; it is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds here literally starving. Between the conflicting statements and arguments of the opponents and apologists for the Government, it is difficult to arrive at a conclusion of how far the Government are really responsible for the present condition of things. Undoubtedly if they would grant a substantial instalment of the reforms advocated by their own Committee appointed to enquire into the causes of the distress, this would materially relieve the position; so far the recommendations of the Committee have been practically ignored.

A CURIOUS instance of the effect of Christianising the native occurred in one of our local police courts lately. A native, charged with stealing from another native, told the Court that having studied his Bible he came to the conclusion he could utilise the money, etc., to better advantage than the rightful owner by devoting a proportion to the service of the missions!

THERE is no humor so delightful as unconscious humor. An example has been recently furnished by the Rustenburg farmers, who have presented a petition praying the Volksraad to delete the words *bona fide* from the dictionary! The request arose in this way: In several instances where the accounts of Transvaal officials have shown shortage of cash, the delinquents had pleaded inexperience or carelessness; but in any case had urged their *bona fides*. Apparently the Rustenburg farmers think that by eliminating the phrase from the dictionary they will eliminate the plea of good faith. R.

VACCINATION NEWS.—A return of the Spalding Board of Guardians, giving the result of six months vaccination work, show that the Acts are almost a dead letter in the district. A return of the Christchurch Guardians for the last six months show 283 cases in default out of 656.—Two vaccination officers for Islington ask to be paid a salary instead of fees, as the latter had ceased owing to the prohibition to issue notices until the new Act comes into operation on January 1 next.—The following is given as the form of certificate approved by the metropolitan magistrates in cases where they have been satisfied that an applicant has a conscientious objection under Section 2 of the new Act:—I hereby certify that ——, the parent (or other person having the custody) of the child ——, born on the —— day of ——, 18—, has this day stated before me that he conscientiously believes that vaccination will be prejudicial to the health of the said child, and that he has a conscientious objection to the child being vaccinated on that ground, and I am satisfied that he has such conscientious belief. Given under my hand, at —— Police Court, this —— day of ——, 18—. (Signed) ——, One of the magistrates of the Police Courts of the metropolis. Sec. III., Eg.—Certificate of Objection, Vaccination Act, 1898. (61 and 62 Vic., c. 49.) It is anticipated that a large number will be required, and a requisition for 15,000 of these printed forms has been issued.—It is now asked in India Why should not a conscience clause be inserted in the Indian Act? Millions of Indians have religious scruples and recalcitrants are open to severe punishment.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE, E.C. (near Moorgate Street and Broad Street Stations).—A course of eight lectures on the "History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern", will be delivered by Mr. John M. Robertson, on Tuesday evenings, at 7.30, commencing October 18th. [*See advt. on cover, p.* 2.]

SOUTH PLACE DISCUSSION SOCIETY. — This Society holds meetings fortnightly during the winter months, for the discussion of social and ethical questions of general interest. The subjects for October are as follows: Wednesday, Oct. 12th, "The Failure of Kant's Philosophy", opened by John M. Robertson; Wednesday, Oct. 26th, "The Report of the Committee on Money Lending", opened by F. W. Read. Chair taken at 7.30 p m. Visitors are invited.—Particulars of the hon. sec., Mrs. MAUD BLAKE, 2 Laburnum Villas, South Park, Ilford.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY. — Meetings have been held each Sunday in August, on Peckham Rye at 3.15, and at Brockwell Park at 3.30, the lecturers at the former place being Messrs. Stowar and Newland and at the latter Mr. J. Clarke, M.A. The meetings at Brockwell Park have been held with great difficulty, several having to be terminated prematurely, owing to organised opposition. The lecturers for the next month are:—*Peckham Rye:* Sept. 18th, F. J. Gould; Sept. 25th, W. S. Sanders; Oct. 2nd, H. O. Newland, "The Curse of Custom"; Oct. 9th, W. S. Sanders. *Brockwell Park:* Sept. 18th, H. O. Newland, "Intimations of Immortality"; Sept. 25th, J. Clarke, "The Influence of the Bible". The Reading Circle will be resumed the third week in October. A series of Winter Rambles to places of interest in London is being arranged from October.—H. O. NEWLAND, hon. sec.

FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.—The annual meeting of members and friends will be held at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate Street (opposite Metropolitan Railway Station), on Thursday, October 6th, 1898, at 8 p.m. The annual report and balance-sheet will be submitted to members, and brief addresses will be given. The report and accounts will shortly be in print, and copies can be obtained free from the hon. sec., G. STANDRING, 7 and 9 Finsbury Street, E.C. Sympathisers are cordially invited to attend the meeting.

WESTMINSTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Grosvenor Embankment).—Lectures every Sunday Morning, 11.30.—E. J. LEE, sec. *pro. tem.*, 5 Hudson Terrace, Page Street, Westminster, S.W.

KINGSLAND (Ridley Road open-air station).—The lectures have been well attended here for the past month, and fairly good order has prevailed, despite ill-intentioned opponents. This season closes on Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, by a lecture from Mr. W. Heaford. A committee meeting will be held on Sunday, Oct. 9th, at the Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 36 Newington Green Road, Ball's Pond, N., at 12 noon, to which we invite all friends who are interested in the work, especially those who are living in the neighborhood. The report and balance-sheet for the past financial year will be laid before the meeting for discussion, and also arrangements for next season's propaganda.—Wm. SIMONS, hon. sec., 12 Wolsey Rd, Mildmay Pk., N.

WOMEN S VEGETARIAN UNION.—The following meetings are announced:—September 21st, at 8 p.m., at *Review of Reviews* Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. Lecture followed by discussion. Subject: "Vegetarianism and Health". Speaker: Dr. T. R. Allinson.—September 27th, at 3.30 p.m., at the offices of the Union, 87 Praed Street, Edgware Road, W. Free Cookery Demonstration by Miss Van Der Velde.—October 10th, at 8 p.m., at 330 Burdett Road, Limehouse, E., a Lecture followed by discussion. Admission free to men and women in each case.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—Nearly 100,000 copies of Tract No. 82, "The Workmen's Compensation Act", price 1d., have been already sold, and the demand still continues to be fairly brisk. Harry Snell recommences his educational lecturing work, under the Hutchinson Trust, at Brotton on September 19th. His tour in the north country will occupy him for several weeks, and there is every prospect of successful work in view.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER

THE river was in spate, and its flashing waters sang and leapt over the great masses of rock that formed its bed. The sunshine sparkled through the young leafage of birches and oaks, casting rainbow colors on the peaty foam.

"Faster; faster", it shouted in glee.

"Ah! that's what *I* like", cried Mevanwy Evans, clasping her hands. "No nasty books or lessons till to-morrow. *How* I wish there was no such thing as work", she added, with intense disgust.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stream. "No such thing as work. Ha! ha!"

Mevanwy glanced around. "Why, what an echo", she thought.

"Ha! ha!" re-echoed from every rill and runlet, pouring their share into the great river. Even the trees swayed with mirth and set all their leaves a-quiver with merriment, while a saucy woodpecker flying through the wood uttered a mocking shout: "No work, no work!"

"Dear me", said Mevanwy, slightly startled; and sitting on a boulder, "what a place for echoes".

"*Such* an amusing idea", bubbled an eddy at her feet.

"How deadly dull it would be", agreed a jolly little cascade, tumbling down a long slide and scattering a rainbow of foam.

"That *was* refreshing", said a tall male fern, bowing his graceful fronds to the stream.

"Well," thought Mevanwy, "this is odd. I never expected to hear water talk", she mused aloud.

"Haven't you?" rippled the water among the pebbles. "Then you don't know your poet: 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks'."

"Ah! that's clever", admitted the little girl, admiringly. "Still, I don't see why you laughed so. *You* don t work; it's all play with you."

"That depends how you look at it", chimed in the cascade, with another leap. "I help to turn Farmer Jones's chaff-cutter and churn the butter at two or three farms, and I enjoy the work immensely. I *like* active exercise; nothing bores me so much as dawdling over what there is to do. That's why I hate the dry, hot weather; it makes me so languid, I can hardly reach the top of the slide. Sometimes can't——"

"Still, we all need relaxation," commented the river, gravely. "For my part, I find my usual work sufficiently arduous without *too* many spates. I get quickly enough to the sea without all this overtime."

"But I don't see where the work comes in", Mevanwy said, a trifle resentfully. "If you had to sit in a stifling schoolroom and learn lessons and strum the piano when you wanted to be out in the sunshine, you *might* talk of work. I call it idle chatter."

"I chatter, chatter, on my way," sang the stream. "I'm afraid, my little friend, you have much to learn. If men were *wise*, all work should be as pleasant to them as ours is to us."

"But what work do you do?" queried the child.

"Oh!" shouted the cascade, "if you can't use your intel——"

"Wait a bit", interrupted a beautiful fall, whose waters fell with continuous music into a wide basin. "Look in my depths, little maid, and tell me what you see."

"Foam," she answered quickly, "and within the water I see dead leaves, twigs, earth, dark particles."

"Now we have it", said the fall. "You see a *part* of my work is to cleanse and purify. The work of the river goes on for ever; part of it is to bear away to the great river at the bottom, which flows to the sea, all the earth and rocky waste I bear in my bosom. The slower I move the less I carry seaward, for the less I wear away from the stones and rocks in my passage. In time all this mud and waste is laid down in layers, and this helps to build up fresh land."

"I suppose that is so", said the child reflectively. "I never thought of it just so before. I would like to know more of the river."

"Well," murmured the river, "follow up my course, higher and higher till you reach its source —the spot where I was born—just under yon dark mountain that men call Diphwys."

The child rose. "I'll go with Tray", she thought.

Up through the wood Mevanwy and the big collie pressed, keeping close to the river. Soon she came to a great overshot wheel, and many outbuildings, with wooden trays, and pipes for leading the water from a high fall.

"What is this?" she asked herself; then she read: "The Clogau gold mining works will resume operations shortly."

"That is one thing the stream does", she mused, as she glanced curiously at the big wheel.

"Yes," laughed the river, "I turn the wheel, and my power crushes the quartz. Men *will* have gold, though I would rather move the wheel that grinds corn into bread, as the river in the next valley does, or help to make the sheep's wool into flannel and cloth as my cousin does down at the factory, instead of polluting my water with cloudy refuse as I must."

Mevanwy went further till she reached a banked-up reservoir.

"Ah!" she reflected. "This is the sheep-washing place."

"No," answered the water, "that is higher up; *here* the waters are stored for the townspeople. What would they do in times of drought? We flow out in miles of long pipes to feed and wash the people, and keep their houses pure, and yield up the power by which their electricity is made.

"Oh!" gasped Mevanwy, overwhelmed.

Still she followed the stream until its windings led her through rich, marshy meadows on which the cattle were grazing; and here and there in the rock-strewn wilderness dyked fields gave promise of a bountiful harvest.

"Of course," she meditated, "all that is done by the river; if it were not for those dykes, the soil would be 'too hungry'."

She was now using her eyes and intelligence. Soon she came under the dark mountains at the head of the valley, where all around the ground is covered with moss and heather, and littered with the boulders and débris of thousands of years, that the frost, ice and rain had loosened from the summits of the hills. Down the dark side of the mountain she saw dancing rills empty themselves into a lake, the margin of which was spongy from bubbling springs; from this lake she saw that her own dear river took its rise.

"How silly of me", she thought, "to think that the river had nothing to do. There are hundreds of tasks it has to do."

"You're right there", sang a trout, leaping high in the air; "I should soon be nowhere if it wasn't for the stream. It brings me good food, I can tell you."

"Hear, hear", clucked a heron, diving after the trout; but he had seen her, and splashed beyond reach with a chuckle.

Mevanwy walked briskly back in the cool of the evening, feeling all the happier for her commune with the stream, and almost impatient for the next day, with its work and the lessons she had so foolishly wished to shirk. As she neared the cascade and the torrent she heard again the merry peal; but this time the sound was encouraging, not mocking as it had been in the morning when she had discontentedly wandered by its side.

MARY REED.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

Enemies of the Empire.

WHY is it that we English vilify those against whom we war, those whom we wish to destroy? Is it because we are like the attorney who, having no case, abuses his opponent? Whatever the reason, the fact remains. The Burman king Thebaw was said to be a drunkard, a despot, and a villain of the deepest dye, and out of kindness to his subjects we were obliged to wage war against them and him. But now we have Mr. H. Fielding—a man who has held a judicial appointment in Upper Burma for many years—telling us that Thebaw was neither a drunkard nor a despot. He was a strict Buddhist, and therefore abstained from the use of stimulants; and his rule, so far from being despotic, was tolerant to a fault. The Maharaja of Kashmir—a gentleman we found somewhat in our way—was alleged to be criminal and vicious, and we therefore compelled him to resign. There is strong evidence to show he was neither the one nor the other. The King of Benin was the most unutterable, bloodthirsty scoundrel that ever held power, and wound up a career of infamy by ordering the massacre of some Englishmen. On this account we went to war with his subjects, annexed the country, captured and deported the king. Enquiry proved that he had nothing to do with the massacre, and it has been said by some who met him years ago in Benin that he is a man of considerable acquirements and magnanimity. During the Ashanti war—undertaken to remove that stupendous villain King Prempeh—the newspapers spoke highly of that very superior King Samory, but since the French successes we observe that he is "the great slave-raider, who has been the curse of the Niger bend for the last fifteen years". From this we presume that if the French do not capture him we shall try our skill. Cetywayo, Lobengula, we also described as bad, wicked men. Then there is that Khalifa. We have been told that he is a most inhuman monster. In and out of Parliament the most crimson adjectives have been used to suggest the awful depths of his depravity. But there is Mr. W. S. Blunt writing to the *Times* to say that the misgovernment of the Khalifa has been "immensely exaggerated", and there is also the fact that tens of thousands of men fought with the utmost desperation, and thousands lost their lives in defence of their "hated" ruler. *All* these men cannot have been so vile as we have tried to make out. It is difficult in every case to know the exact truth, and where it concerns the individual only it is of less importance, but to go to war with a people whom we allege to be oppressed is an odd way of relieving their sufferings. Moreover, if we are a nation of knight-errants ready to tilt against all erring monarchs, why spare the Sultan? Even nearer home we might find people groaning under the exactions of an imperial despot. It is perhaps as well that our knight errantry is tempered with discretion.

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The Bench.

WE agree with the *Saturday Review*: "they order these things better in" Japan. In that progressive country a high judicia official has lately resigned because the members of the Bench and the Bar regarded him as unfit for the post. The *Saturday Review*

wishes "we could send three or four of our judges to Japan. . . . they evidently know what to do with bad judges, which unfortunately is more than we do here". We ourselves could suggest a few for an early shipment. It is true that there are some judges who attach due weight to their office as administrator of public justice, but on the other hand there are some who seem to look upon the Bench as a convenient platform from which to express their personal opinions without fear of contradiction. When such men try cases which turn upon a matter of opinion, we feel that if we know the judge, we know the verdict. This is not justice, nor is it calculated to inspire public confidence.

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Buddhist not Christian.

In the *New Age*, Mr. A. E. Fletcher has something to tell his readers about Christ and Buddha. He says the greatest teacher "before Christ was Gaudama, the Buddha," and later says of Buddha that, "his leading doctrines are Christian doctrines". This is an example of the curious twist Christianity so often seems to give to a man's intelligence. Because he does not like to acknowledge that Christ taught Buddhist doctrines, Mr. Fletcher coolly says that Buddha, "the greatest teacher who arose in the world *before* Christ," taught *Christian* doctrines! One might as well speak of, say, Euclid's Colenso instead of Colenso's Euclid. Christ taught what others had already taught, hence he taught *their* doctrines, not they *his*.

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"Taxes on Knowledge."

On October 2nd the *Weekly Times and Echo* commenced the publication of "A History of the Taxes on Knowledge", written by Mr. C. D. Collet, who probably knows more of the subject than any other living man. The story of the great struggle for an unstamped press, carried on from Anne to Victoria, is one of enormous interest; although, so rapidly do events move nowadays, that the younger generation—sick with a surfeit of halfpenny dailies and threepenny monthlies—is scarcely aware that there ever was a time when books were dear and knowledge a luxury. It is a matter for congratulation to thoughtful people that Mr. Collet is able, despite his four-score years, to give us such a succinct account of the struggle as we find in the instalments which have already appeared.

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Figures not Facts.

We find in the current report of the Howard Association—kindly sent us by the secretary—that the Association has been asked for information on homicidal crime and capital punishment. The information given is interesting, if not accurate. The year 1876 is contrasted with 1896, and shows 32 convictions and 22 executions in 1876 against 33 convictions and 20 executions in 1896; whence it is argued that capital crime shows a tendency to decrease in this country. If, however, Mr. Tallack had compared 1873 with 1893, he might equally have shown that capital crime tends to increase, for in 1873 there were 18 convictions and 11 executions, as against 28 convictions and 15 executions in 1893. It is altogether misleading to base any theory on a comparison of single years; the only way to arrive at approximate accuracy is to compare the average of several series of ten, or, better still, twenty years. Even here, if there is much variation in the leniency or severity of the penal laws or their administration, the conclusions arrived at are of doubtful value. As a matter of fact, the yearly average for each ten years for the past thirty years is as follows: 1867-1876, 23·3 convictions, 12·4 executions; 1877-1886, 28·2 convictions, 14·8 executions; 1887-1896, 26·5 convictions, 16 executions.

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Leased-out Convicts.

During the past year the Howard Association has made enquiries into the shocking system of leasing out convicts which seems to prevail in the Southern States of Americą. Georgia, Florida, and Virginia are said to be the worst sinners in this respect. We fear we do not know many reformers in the Southern States, otherwise we would ask some friend to send us reliable information as to working of this lease system.

RELIGION AND POLITICS IN THE SOUDAN.

If it were not for the pæans raised in the press over the victory of Omdurman, there would have been no room for anything but a sigh of relief over the end, bloody as it is, of a bad business. Mahdiism, the fortunes of which were virtually made by former British intervention in Egypt, had to be destroyed if the Soudan were not to be left much worse than we found it; and the terminable horrors of the conquest are preferable to the interminable horrors of the theocracy. But to read the jubilations of certain London newspapers over this last triumph of "the children of the northern sea"—such was one editor's poetic flight—was to wonder how much of British demoralisation was to be set against the gain of the stoppage of slavery and savagery in the Soudan. It is difficult to realise how civilised and professedly philanthropic men can find any cause for pride in the facile and wholesale slaughter of half-armed fanatics by magazine rifles and machine guns.

It is one more proof of the essential unchivalrousness of systematic warfare. All the heroism was on the side of the men of the desert. They are indeed formidable foes on anything like an equal footing; but in an assault on the open against a fairly equal force of drilled troops, scientifically armed and competently handled, they were simply food for powder, like the Zulus at Ulundi. General Kitchener probably would claim credit, if at all, much more for his masterly advance than for the final carnage. But to the philanthropist at home, daily indignant at the domestic horrors of "phossy jaw", the horrible *battue* in the desert is a provocative to prose poetry. Haply the plain man who reads is not so versatile in his emotions. Continental journalism, despite the heroics in question, found London surprisingly unexultant over the victory; and it is to be hoped that it stated the facts aright.

At the battle of Omdurman, an evil episode was terribly ended. The first accounts told of some six thousand Dervishes slain—and the next told of sixteen thousand. All of the figures seem to have been alike haphazard; but we do know that a Soudan battle means the necessary slaying of the enemy's wounded in cold blood, lest they in dying should slay the victors who pass among them. As one expert has put it, that is the price we pay for warfare with such a people—a people whose very women, after a victory, go on the battlefield to mutilate unspeakably the enemy's dead and wounded. Such was the civilisation of the latest seen theocracy; and such is the tribute of imitation that our soldiers have been forced to pay to it.

Average Christians are naturally not inclined to remark on the religious aspect of the case; but it remains for the scientific historian to note, as against the still customary talk about the ethical value of religion, especially monotheism, and the inspiring power of faith in God, that the followers of the Khalifa and the late Mahdi were the most God-fearing inhabitants of the planet. The one thing in which they and their leaders never failed was the punctual performance of their devotions. What has been destroyed at Omdurman is the last great movement, thus far, of militant fanaticism among the still fanatical races. An esteemed man of letters observed to me the other day that he believed in the advance of the Christian peoples because they are so rapidly becoming the Atheistic peoples. We shall doubtless hear that Sir Herbert Kitchener is in turn a deeply religious man, like all the American commanders on sea and land in the late war with Spain. But the Dervish host must emphatically be allowed the palm for piety, as compared with that of the "children of the northern sea"; and the Mahdi, who never missed prayers, even when dying of debauchery and gluttony, must be pronounced the most exemplary devotee of his age.

Let us not forget, however, that the reign of Mahdi-ism was in a manner created

by former British intervention. The Mahdi's prestige was mainly built up by the fact that he was fighting the "infidels", and that his great triumphs were won over Christians. What the British Government did was to interfere inadequately, sacrificing Hicks and letting Gordon sacrifice himself; and then to leave Mahdi-ism in possession of the field for thirteen years. Had there been no British occupation of Egypt to begin with, the Mahdi's movement might never have succeeded, might never have been begun; and though it may seem extravagant to say so, an unhampered Egyptian Government might have put it down long ago, were it only by playing off native factors against each other in a way that the self-confident Gordon never could compass. After the Mahdi's death there was open strife among the rival Khalifas. A little later, as Father Ohrwalder tells, a troop of three hundred Soudanese soldiers who had taken service with the Mahdi in the first flush of his triumph, and who found themselves much worse off than before, mutinied at El Obeid, defeated the thousands of Dervishes there twice over, killing five hundred; marched safely off with seven hundred more adherents under their own discipline; reached a mountain position at Golfan, killed Sherif Mahmud when he marched against them with eight thousand men, and routed his army. It was largely by means of other black troops of the same sort that the Mahdists had destroyed Hicks and captured Khartoum. With such material as that, with the help of the anti-Mahdist Arab tribes, above all with the alliance of the anti-Mahdi, who died at the height of his success in 1889, a government of the Turkish type might very well have put down the Khalifa ten years ago. Egyptian officers had indeed been as unlucky as poor Hicks in the earlier days of the movement; but their successors could have learned wisdom from disaster as our own officers have done. As it is, it has taken a long and costly campaign, with all the machinery of European warfare, to put down Mahdi-ism long after the movement had lost its original inspiration. In the meantime, the sphere to its power has been a scene of endless cruelty, massacre, famine, misery, and wholesale barbarisation.

For the present, and for some time to come, it may be hoped, the Soudan can breathe again. Barbarian credulity, indeed, is well-nigh invincible; and it would be foolish to conclude that we have seen the end of the phenomenon of Moslem crusading. But the sufferings of the Soudan have been enough to put it out of fashion for a generation; and in the meantime the business of the English authorities in Egypt is to put the Khedival Government in the way of maintaining itself against the Arab tribes. For this purpose its own black troops seem to be perfectly well qualified.

But no sooner is Mahdi-ism overthrown than there rises a new cloud on the horizon, well describable as no bigger than a man's hand. Barbarism is for the present beaten down; but civilisation, in the name of France, plants a new flag at Fashoda, and in an instant a hundred new possibilities of evil present themselves. France is doing in Africa just what our Imperialists would have us do in China—taking territory as against territory taken by other Powers: "putting her foot down" and insisting that a rival Power shall not be permitted to monopolise the African Continent. There are fools enough in both countries ready to fight on such an issue.

Thus far, the most solid ground for a hopeful view of the situation is the circumstance that for England the Soudan is really not worth holding. There is no trade to fight for; and no prospect of any considerable Soudanese commerce for many a year to come. Englishmen may thus for once take credit for a tolerably disinterested war; and it is devoutly to be hoped that they will find sufficient reward in that sensation. But it is impossible to feel sure that we are yet at the end of the chain of evils which began with our unwarranted interference in Egyptian affairs in the interests of British bondholders six-

teen years ago. So long as we are committed to supervising Egyptian politics, we remain within reach of sudden quarrel not only with barbarian Islam and barbarian Christian Abyssinia, but with colonising France. If from Omdurman forwards all is plain sailing, the "empire" will be rather luckier than it has exactly deserved to be. John M. Robertson.

INTEREST.

After about a century and a half of unquestioned acquiescence in the equitable nature of interest, as between payer and receiver, there has arisen in the present generation a spirit of revolt against what is looked upon by the new thinkers as an exaction—iniquitous, or, at least, inequitable in principle and injurious in practice. Ruskin may stand for a type of those who have arrived at this conclusion mainly on moral grounds (though Mr. Ruskin speaks of an economic justification of the position which satisfied him on the intellectual side), and perhaps the Socialists—and especially Mr. G. Bernard Shaw among them—may serve for the type of those who maintain the injustice of interest on scientific, *i.e.*, economic grounds.

Previous to the eighteenth century, and especially during the whole of the dark and Middle Ages, the whole matter was condemned on the authority of the Church —whose dictum was nominally based on Aristotle's crude declaration that money could not breed; and as a result, laws against usury were in force in the whole of Christendom, while it has always been looked on with dislike in the East. In the classic world it was at first tolerated and then universally accepted, the Romans being great dealers in capital and receivers of high rates of interest.

Two reasons may be advanced to explain the hatred of usurers and usury in the Middle Ages: first, a recollection or tradition of its disastrous consequences to the debtors, *i.e.*, the bulk of the people, under the Lower Empire, and, secondly, the fact that capital was then mainly in in the hands of the Jews—hated for other reasons, and therefore affording a ready outlet for the indignation generated by usurious charges for loans; though, in fact, these charges were fully justified by the very great risks run by the lenders. In the ancient world, however, interest so-called was very usually paid upon debts or loans of cash to enable liabilities to be met, and therefore is not quite on all fours with the interest combated by the moderns, which is a claimant, with land and labor, for a share of the product of their joint activity.

On the other hand, the Socialist condemnation, being Socialist, is to a large extent rejected by Individualists and by the great mass of non-thinkers to whom Socialism is a formless bogey more or less synonymous with anarchy and general plunder, and this very often without examination. But reformers ought to be above the influence of shibboleths and mere labels, and we may hope are willing to accept light and leading—if it prove itself such—even from Socialists. For these latter, as a party, stand for many reforms which are Socialistic in tendency, but which do not necessarily imply the acceptance of the special Socialist scheme of things, or even their fundamental positions, but which they advocate simply as reformers—and in the effort to get these carried all may fairly join with them.

The abolition of interest would be in one sense Socialistic; but not, therefore, necessarily Socialist. Indeed, inasmuch as it involves the abolition of a quasi-monopoly, it is even anti-Socialist at bottom, though inasmuch as it would curtail one form of individual activity or competition, it is also anti-Individualist.

Socialists even talk of *negative* interest, *i.e.*, of a payment *by* instead of *to* the owner of capital for the privilege of deferring consumption, and there is much to be said for this view.

The enquiry as to the legitimacy or morality of interest is, however, an important and far-reaching one, and it should

not be burked by a mere prejudice against those who for the present put it forward. The object of this paper is simply to raise the general question whether interest is equitable or not.

The orthodox account of interest, viz., that it is the reward of abstinence, is pretty well exploded in its application to present-day conditions. At any rate, the lender of capital, whether retired tradesman, mill-owner, or railway shareholder, is not notable among us for his abstinence; he has no conspicuous ambition to rival the mediæval ascetics. Indeed, it is not out of earnings, but for the most part out of profits that capital is accumulated, though of course profits are themselves primarily earnings of other people.

The text-books warn us that much is included in the payment popularly known as *interest*, which is really *insurance* against risk or *compensation* for the average loss sustained in the given business, and much of the money advanced upon "interest" is not strictly "capital" in the sense in which the word is commonly used in economics, that is, it is not borrowed to be used in the production of further wealth, but to pay debts or for other purposes. It is well to consider, for simplicity's sake, at first, only the case of economic "interest", *i.e.*, the payment for a loan of the means of production—upon what is strictly capital. Of course, also, money (the form in which capital commonly appears) is merely the representative of claim to the goods or food which is the real capital.

Bastiat's instance is as good as any, and may be cited—as given by Henry George in "Progress and Poverty".

James makes, or works, ten days for the money to buy a plane which will last the other 290 working days of the year. William proposes to borrow that plane now, and return to James twelve months hence a new plane. James objects, and says he must have not only a new plane, but a plank also, as interest, *and he gets it.* Why?

In the answer to that question lies the crux of the interest question. If James invented the plane or an improved and patented means of making it, the payment of the plank might be justified; but it would then be not interest, but increased wages for skill. How did James get the plane? If he worked ten whole days to make it, he must have had capital already which he lived on for that time, for, as Jevons truly says, capital in the last resort is always the store of food (or command of it) which enables the laborer to wait for the result of his work, and in that case it is not abstinence, but previous capital that gave him the plane. If we assume that he lived on half his earnings for the ten days and really "saved" the rest—by using it to buy the plane—the "fallacy of saving" will surely not deceive us to-day so far as to blind us to the fact that for every hour's pay he did not spend he was forcing some other worker to go idle, or a number of workers to compete for the lessened amount of work, and so to get less for their work. In that case his saving comes out of the pockets or stomachs of his fellows.

If, however, James only worked longer hours and got more wages in order to buy a plane, he was virtually employing some one to make that plane—which amounts to the same thing as working overtime to make it himself, and here again it is wages, which he has chosen to take in the form of a plane.

Should he use the plane himself he will largely increase his earnings, since he will do more and better work with a plane than without; and this is but a natural result of the law of increasing return to labor intensively applied, which holds up to a certain limit, and no one would grudge him the increase.

But only so long as other men had not and could not get planes themselves would this increased earning be possible. Competition under present arrangements would soon reduce the wage for man and plane to nearly the old rate of man without plane.

But would James lend his plane for *one* plank under such conditions as would give

him a large advantage by its use? No, he would use it himself, and would be justified in doing so; but his earning would not properly be interest at all, but of the nature of a monopoly profit, or the wages of inventive skill, and this would be true whether he used this plane, or loaned it for many planks and set to work to make others to be loaned in turn, so that this is not a case of interest on capital.

If, however, James, *having further capital* on which to live, now makes *another plane*, and lends that, *while using the first himself*, then the payment he gets on the second plane beyond the return of a new plane is really interest. But what will be its amount? The whole difference between unaided and plane-aided labor? In theory, yes. In practice, no; since the competition of capital will reduce it to the current rate for capital generally plus insurance against any special risk. But how is it that William will consent to pay any part of the produce of his labor, beyond the price or labor-cost of the plane to James, who could not use two planes himself?

William, in the case supposed, could also make a plane or "save" money enough to buy one, unless he were forbidden by a patent (*i.e.*, a monopoly in favor of inventive skill), and he would do so—at least there would be nothing to hinder his doing so. Why do not workmen, then, save the capital necessary to buy tools, and take advantage of the increased return to intensive labor? Because they are made to work to their utmost capacity for the bare living—by competition—and to hand over their savings (compulsory in their case) to the owners of the means of applying labor more intensively, that is, to the capitalists. This state of things is complicated in the actual state of society, but it comes back at bottom to the monopoly of capital, *i.e.*, the monopoly of the means of increased intensive production, in the hands of a relatively small number of private people, and *this monopoly is the main cause of interest.* The rate of interest is at first, and naturally, the difference between the returns to unaided and capital-aided labor, gradually reduced as society grows more capitalistic by the competition of capital, till it would, as true interest, finally disappear.

As it is, interest is generally the amount of other people's earnings (either those of his workmen or customers, or both) which go by the name of profits, which an employer, if he have insufficient capital of his own or none at all, is constrained to forego in order to induce other capitalists to give him the use of their "claim" or money. Interest is thus, in practice, the reward paid to A for the enforced abstinence of X, Y, and Z, etc.

But why do the other capitalists not use their money themselves? is a question that at once arises, and the answer brings us face to face with the first of two great assumptions, tacitly granted by most of us without thinking, which underlie the quiet acquiescence of modern times in the payment of interest. That assumption is *that an individual can use an unlimited, or at least, vastly large amount of capital himself*, and this is a support of the interest system which seems to have escaped the attention of writers on economics. Yet unless this is true, pretty nearly all the justification of interest falls to the ground. But its untruth is patent on examination.

To revert to the Bastiat illustration. Can James, having made a second plane or a saw in his play-time, use that too? No, of course not; and what is more, unless he can find a borrower (*i.e.*, a man who has not got, and cannot make or buy a plane for himself) James will get no interest on this "capital", or any increased wage by its use himself—*because he is already fully employed.* That is to say, true interest will only be paid (on capital in hand beyond the owner's capacity to profitably use himself) when other workers cannot also get access to the requisite capital to utilise their labor to the greatest advantage as the first man has done. This impossibility of access is the result of monopoly—the monopoly of capital, as above noted.

It becomes apparent, moreover, that though the amount of capital which can be successfully or profitably employed by an individual varies widely, yet in no case can it be very large; and the common expression that the mill-owner uses or employs all the capital required to run the mill is as loose and misleading as other popular expressions commonly are. And if the only form of interest on capital which is equitably allowable is that increased return which it gives to the labor of the man actually employing it, then all the justification for the exaction of interest by shareholders, debenture holders, mortgagees, or sleeping partners falls to the ground at once.

And this brings us to the second quite fallacious, as well as false assumption that forms the foundation of the present claim for interest. *That capital can be preserved intact without expenditure of further effort for an indefinite period or for ever.* This has been more often recognised, but it is still often, or usually, lost sight of in the practical consideration of this question.

If James, in the Bastiat case, makes his second plane with a view to using it at the end of the year when the first is worn out, not only will it return him no interest, but it will require further expenditure of effort in cleaning, oiling, etc., to keep it in fit condition for use when wanted. And this is true of all forms of capital in varying degrees. They will either deteriorate or waste unless care be given to their maintenance and preservation, and this is the one ground for negative interest. But when once the real capital—*i.e.*, the things needed—is lost sight of and only "claim" is recorded by figures in a book, the natural fact is forgotten and a false and factitious quality of indestructibility is given to capital.

To summarise the position reached, we may say, first, that there is under the existing system practically a monopoly of the means of production, or capital, which gives opportunity to its owners to enforce from workers, competing for its use, a perpetual fine, called interest, in addition to the restitution of the capital. *This stimulates aggregation.* Secondly, there is a general assumption that the owner of capital, however large in amount, could profitably employ it himself, and that consequently if he abstains from the use of it in favor of a third person he is entitled to some compensation—which is called interest. To the popular conscience *this appears to justify aggregation.* Thirdly, there is the further half-unconscious assumption that capital—*i.e.*, the real means of production—is really, like the money or figures in bankers' books, and on cheques, bills, bonds, etc., indestructible, and may therefore be fairly claimed from borrowers *intact* after even long periods of time. *This maintains aggregation.*

Without going into the grounds upon which interest has been defended (even by George), it may be seen at once that it operates to prevent many workers from employing their labor to its greatest advantage, and in so far, clearly, interest is detrimental to the public, and it is submitted that the above forms a strong and, to the writer at least, a convincing case against its justice. It is believed, too, that there is a large number of people who feel that interest, at least as at present levied, is an evil, and cannot make up their minds whether it is a necessary evil. The first question then is to settle, if possible, whether there is any economically sound basis for the claim to this tax on industry, which, since it enters into the price of all commodities, affects the pockets of every one of us, and this question, it is hoped, we may see discussed in these pages.

Alex. Singleton.

The Bedborough Prosecution.—The hearing was adjourned from last Sessions at Old Bailey until the October Sessions, which commence October 24th. It is expected to come on rather early in the list. The opportunity is taken to call a public meeting, which will be held in St. Martin's Town Hall on Tuesday, October 18th, at 8 p.m., to protest against this attack on the right of publication and discussion. Funds are still needed, and will be gladly received by the Hon. Treasurer to the Free Press Defence Committee, Mrs. Gladys Dawson, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, W.C.

RETICENCE AND PRURIENCE.

When Dean Swift declared that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas", he expressed what seems to me but a part truth, unless we accept the phrase "nice" in the strict sense of foolishly, or it may be morbidly, delicate and fastidious. For niceness as a qualitative can be correctly employed as the antithesis of nastiness, as a synonym for refinement of thinking and of speech upon those functions of the human body that we are now accustomed to describe as "the lower or animal"; and the man or woman who exhibits a scrupulous reserve in allusion to these offices, or refuses to even speak of them, is not conclusively, in every instance, convicted of the prudery which is so often the companion of prurience, or the mark that is worn to hide the leer of the satyr. The repugnance of many refined persons against the inevitable, and what seems to them more or less unpleasant phases of the processes of alimentation and generation, may be to a great extent innate and spontaneous, and therefore unfeigned, though it is palpable enough that the recoil, sometimes reaching the point of horror itself, is much more frequently the outcome of education from the earliest years of childhood. Such as imperfectly share this indifference or aversion to the discussion of that vast range of fundamental human questions comprised in the general term reproduction, and especially those who by temperament and habit cannot experience the repulsion nor readily tolerate the apathy, are prone to misjudge their neighbors who honestly assert that the corporal history of man appears to them a theme of subordinate importance and of feeblest interest compared with a hundred other wide subjects concerning the progress of humanity.

Undoubtedly a man may choose silence upon the cause of his being, and the nature of his passions, or he may at the most prefer to approach the subjects in a mist, and to discourse upon them in conventional half-phrases and reserves, without laying himself open to an accusation of prudishness. It is just as true that another type of man may practice and counsel the same measure of reticence among his associates, and yet secretly delight in the gratification of a prurient instinct, and maybe lead a private life of monstrous sensual degradation. Don Juan is sometimes the austerest of sexual moralists, and a prudery as stern as that of most respectable British matrons is to be met with among the women of the *demi-monde*. I have heard a woman with a purple past exclaim, "Indecent!" at the sight of a pair of boy and girl lovers sitting together with their arms around one another's waists. In like manner the habitually concupiscent, and those who appease auto-erotic desire in solitude, are often the promulgators of "purity" movements, and the loudest preachers of chastity.

There is a prudery that may be styled natural, and there is a prudery that is an acquired and simulated attitude of thought, and an impetus of personal conduct. To many of us it is difficult to discriminate betwixt the two orders of this prevalent state of mind. We find it hard to dissociate the first form from the hypocrisy that impels the latter and more specific manifestation. But I think that we should patiently endeavor to reason with, rather than reproach, those persons whose sensibilities are offended by plain speaking upon facts of physiology which they wish to ignore or choose to regard as questionable matter for common enquiry. There was a stage in the intellectual growth of the most intrepid thinker, when he dared not follow his thought to a startling conclusion, a time when sentiment and preconception aroused a shrinking from the handling of certain subjects akin to the horror of a sensitive medical student at the first witnessing of an autopsy or an operation. But a true and wide comprehension of human nature demands the study of things foul as well as those which are fair and lovely, and it is only a spurious refinement that shirks the duty of understanding the defecating processes

of the body, the sexual perversions which have grown with the spread of complex civilisations, and all those repellent matters that have to be reckoned with in their relation to the individual and collective life of mankind.

The river with its white lilies and clear, sparkling ripples is certainly more beautiful to contemplate than the black mire of the mountain whence its waters bubble, the ill-savored ooze of its bed, in which the fair floating weeds are rooted, and the town sewer which mingles its ordures with the current. Yet although a poetic person closes his senses to all impressions that militate in his imagination against the beauty and purity of the stream, the naturalist cannot neglect the facts of the muddy source, the decomposed vegetation of the slime, and the ugly creeping things within it, while the student of sanitation and the fisherman are concerned with the drain. Is it wise for the poet to chide the naturalist because he declares that the loveliest lilies spring from the blackest mud, to reprehend him because he is interested in aquatic larvæ and beetles? Can it be called social on the part of the poet that he sneers at the sewer investigator after shunning a responsibility that should be shared by everyone who roams by the river or uses it in any manner? He only is the poet and artist who duly heeds and values *all* that goes to the making of an idyl, who has learned the meaning and value of corruption and of degeneration in the scheme of nature, and trained his insight as the man of science educates his native curiosity.

We who wish to live well through knowledge must observe, handle, and examine. Is there any other way of wisdom? It may please you the more to dwell upon the rose-flush of a maiden's cheek. But am I æsthetically damned because I am also delighted in understanding the construction of the blood-vessels and the system of chylifaction? And are you the purer man or the nicer in feeling because you know nothing of the secrets of the womb whence you came forth? Can you honestly tell me that you will love your mother the less, and think less tenderly of the woman who bears your babes, and esteem humanity in the mass more lightly through ignorance or half-knowledge of the sexual organs, their functions, proper use, and their sway in the life history of men and women and of races?

This "central problem" of sex, as Mr. Havelock Ellis calls it, is one that is always with us; the most palpable, vital, and intimate interests are bound up with it. Once reverenced as holy, sex has become a word joined to shame, a subject associated with diseases, and abandoned to the exclusive examination of doctors, a theme dismissed with the pale dread of the prude, and among the coarse a source of more brutal jesting and sheer levity than any other topic. And we need not wonder. Will the man of ordinary mould speak sanely, openly, and decently of his body when he is still taught by implication that it is "a fuliginous sink", "vile", "animal", and "unclean"? We have lost the purity of simplicity of thought and speech upon emotions and acts as beautiful and natural as the singing of birds, and the blossoming of flowers; and when it is needful to speak of them, we bate our breath and hang our heads in shame.

Are not prurience and indecency the corollaries of the pruderies and reticences? Surround any subject with profound mystery, forbid it altogether, or at most permit its discussion amongst a few initiates, and you inevitably arouse that species of curiosity that expresses itself in a reaction of flippancy and vulgarity. The curiosity at its outset in childhood, so perfectly wholesome and normal, may become a habit of scientific enquiry, or it may reach the stage of putrescence as in the case of the pornographist or the maniac who discovers phallic signs in every familiar object, and a lascivious suggestiveness in the chaste speech of the innocent maiden. And here we have broadly the distinction between a healthy moral attitude of curiosity, and the demoralised, banal curiosity which we define

as prurient and morbid. The sane desire for enlightenment we do well to encourage by every judicious means; the insane habit of lewd-peering with a snigger should be in every way discountenanced and condemned. But to place a ban upon curiosity because the instinct is sometimes perverted, is surely the most egregious folly, nay, more than that, a veritable sin against human-kind. Shall we proscribe the Bible, and Shakespere, and Milton because a certain number of the community search the pages of these classics for the erotic passages which they contain?

Every good thing is abused, but the abuse does not affect the value of the thing itself. Our solemnly mysterious reticence engenders prurience, and aghast at prurience, we counsel still greater reticence, and even call in the aid of the police to assist us. There cannot be a surer method of perpetuating that which should be remedied and gradually destroyed. So childishly inadequate are our opinions upon this matter that we question the very motives of wise public teachers who bring sincerity as a sanative to scour our Augean stables, and the fire of truth to burn "the unclean straw" of our intellectual habits. We are in the main, for the present, unable to distinguish between the keen, open curiosity of dispassionate science and the drivelling uncleanness and the bawderies of the smoking room. The humanist enquirer who makes known to the earnest-minded the facts of the normal and abnormal sexual passion, with no other end in view save that of fostering nobler, purer living, finds himself classed with the miserable wastrels who pander to the horde of the prurient. At the very best such a teacher only escapes with an accusation of morbid curiosity and undue insistence upon his subject. For it is worth noting that whenever men and women enter this neglected field of sex, with the intent to carefully explore it in every corner, they are suspected by the onlookers of a sinister purpose or regarded as "morbid."

Such is the topsy-turveydom of the Philistine attitude to this question. Huber studied bees and ants throughout his life, Renan pursued lifelong researches in Christianity, Professor Owen concentrated his mind upon bones, Nettleship studies the eye. None of these investigators have been charged with morbidity because their intelligence has been devoted to a special study. It is only the specialist student of sexual science who is regarded as the victim of an obsession. And this fact, perhaps, more than any other, proves why we are still hampered in our search for light by the conflicting forces of reticence and prurience.

Geoffrey Mortimer.

JINGOISM IN THE SCHOOLS.

In another column will be found some suggestions made by a correspondent to all who desire International Peace. His final suggestion, "To 'get at' the schoolmaster," is a far more important one than may appear at first sight. In the schools our boys receive impressions which last them through life, which go directly to build up their characters. What is the impression they have been receiving this last week or so? An impression of the glory of victory, of indifference to wholesale slaughter; of the marvellous skill and bravery of our soldiers (especially of the Grenadier Guards, who, as a matter of fact, played but a small part in the taking of Omdurman), of contempt for our defeated adversaries; and, finally, of the extraordinary pre-eminence of the British nation on the field of battle. There was as much excitement in a school with which we are acquainted, on the day of the return of "Kitchener's Guards" as on Westminster Bridge itself. One of the masters delivered a discourse upon the Sirdar, my Lord Kitchener, and compared him with Cromwell! A holiday is even hinted at for the day of Kitchener's return, so that the boys may duly celebrate and remember that momentous event. One schoolmaster can in a single morning create such an epidemic love of fighting in his class as will defeat the whole previous efforts of the parents to instil a love of peace in their boys.

The editor of the *Awakener of India*, tells in the September number how he had recently witnessed a number of "rare feats" performed by Hindu jugglers. Some of them appear to have been rather gruesome, *e.g.*, "taking out a portion of bowels through the mouth", and taking out and replacing "an eyeball". Some spectators regarded these performances as inexplicable, but the editor questioned the performer pertinaciously, and after considerable perseverance on his part, the man "confessed to us that some feats were performed by mere habit and others were only tricks". Our enlightened and able contemporary adds, "It is very curious that many of our friends would not believe these performances to be natural, even after the confession of the performer himself. Such is the abnormal desire of the Hindu mind to believe in the supernatural." This desire is by no means limited to the Hindu, as our churches and chapels, spiritualistic and theosophical assemblies can testify.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

Magistrates do not put much faith in the reforming or deterrent influence of the prison. In sentencing the "Girdle Gang", the Chairman of the Sessions, Mr. McConnell, told the prisoners that as they would not come out of prison together they would not "be able to resume at once their combination for the injury of the public". From this we gather that Mr. McConnell was of opinion that the "gang" *would* resume operations at the earliest possible moment. In the mail robbery case, the Recorder expressed himself "at a loss to understand how a man who had been convicted could find himself in such a position on board a large liner". The Recorder evidently does not agree that punishment by the law should purge the offence; he seems to think that the fact of a conviction should hereafter be an inseperable bar to honest employment.

The Bishop of Melanesia (Cecil Wilson) thinks the aboriginal Papuans of his district are "ripe for Christianity". It is true they kill their children rather than take the trouble to bring them up, go head-hunting, offer human sacrifices, and so on. Notwithstanding this, he thinks they offer "promising ground for the seed of the Gospel", because they have no historical associations to offer "a real or lasting resistance to it". As these people are not supplied with a supreme god—worshipping only a number of little ones, ghosts of their fathers, and so on—Bishop Wilson considers the Christian God would stand a good chance. The missionary, like the traveller in tea, finds it difficult to gain customers amongst those who can say, "We are already supplied and have no wish to change, thank you".

The Bishops of Durham, Hereford, Exeter, Rochester, and Norwich pray, or ask the prayers of every true disciple of Christ, for the success of the Tsar's proposals. We shall watch with interest the result of the prayers of these five Bishops. The Bishops of Bath and Wells, Ripon, Gloucester, Wakefield, Winchester, and Sodor and Man, also express approval. Several put the peace proposals to the credit of Christianity. That they also claim an existence of upwards of eighteen hundred years for this same Christianity is a detail they would think unnecessary to dwell upon in this connection.

The *Truthseeker* (New York) proposes to bring out a new edition of Paine's "Age of Reason". Part I is to be printed from the "Newly discovered writings of Thomas Paine", concerning which Dr. Conway wrote an article in the *Athenæum* last August. The book was picked up many years ago in New York at a second hand book store by a city employee, who at length brought it to Mr. G. E. Macdonald, by whom it was passed on to Dr. Conway. It is supposed to be a copy of the missing first Paris edition printed in January, 1794.

The *New Age* draws attention to the light thrown upon the problem of Juvenile Offenders by the recent Prisons and Education Reports. From the former it appears that about one-eighth of the children of school-going age in this country do not appear on the books of any elementary school. From the latter we learn that 113,711 children between eleven and thirteen, belonging to the poorer classes, are unaccounted for on the school-registers. Mr. Macnamara the other day suggested that it was these children who escape school who furnish material for the modern "Hooligan".

Colonel Hutchinson, in his new book on the Tirah Campaign, speaks of the prevailing ignorance of the *causa belli*. He says, if you ask ten men what the war was all about, you will get ten different answers. For his own part, he ascribes it primarily to discontent arising out of the Durand (Boundary) Agreement of 1893, signed by the Amir; but finally and really, to our encroachment upon the country of the Afridis. This, our readers will remember, has been the view always taken by this magazine.

In commenting on a lecture delivered by Mr. A. E. Fletcher at Birmingham, the *Daily Argus* remarks that he "was very severe upon the Church dignitaries who returned thanks for the slaughter of the Arabs before Omdurman". The *Argus* adds that there was a young Wesleyan minister in Birmingham also who "thanked God on the Sunday following the battle for the 'news of victory'".

If the Patriotic Fund—originally subscribed to succor the multitude of widows and orphans resulting from our iniquitous war muddle in the Crimea—has been insufficient to grant assistance to several hundred of these widows, yet, the public will be interested to learn, £725 has been expended in allowances to retired members of the staff. "'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good."

At Keighley, on October 4, there was a grand muster of "conscientious objectors" at the police courts. Vaccination exemption certificates were claimed by 800 parents on behalf of nearly 2,000 children. Two courts were formed, and the parents dealt with in batches. We should like to see Mr. Mead or Mr. Plowden face to face with 800 objecting parents!

At the opening of the Clerkenwell Sessions, this month, the chairman lamented the increased and heavy calendars. There were ninety-nine persons sent for trial as compared with sixty-three at the corresponding period last year. It is somewhat reassuring to learn that the cases were not individually heavy.

Dr. A. R. Wallace on the one hand, and Dr. Francis Bond on the other, have succeeded in making Lord Grimthorpe a convert to anti-vaccination.

After forty-two years of struggle, Alderman Rawson has at last succeeded in inducing the Manchester City Council to try the experiment of Sunday music in the parks next spring.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner's Engagements: Oct. 23, Leicester (Secular Hall, 6.30 p.m.); Nov. 13, Birmingham (Bristol Street Board School, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.); Nov. 15, 16, Blackburn; Nov. 19, 20, 21, Stanley; Nov. 27, Glasgow; Dec. 1, Walthamstow Women's Liberal Association; 1899, Jan. 16, Borough Polytechnic.

Fund for purchasing open space in front of Mr. Bradlaugh's grave: M. A. M. (September 26) £2. Total received, £19 1s.

T. Cobb.—Pleased to have your letter and hear of your experiences at the Liberal Club. Mrs. Bonner always likes to know of those who remember.

H. Lees Sumner.—Thank you for papers.

A. G.—The final article by "B." on "Penal Reform" will appear next month.

Mr. J. M. Robertson writes:—"I seem to have more than my due share of controversy on my hands in these days; but I cannot let pass without correction Mr. Salt's comment in the September Reformer on my view of James Thomson's poetry. Mr. Salt quotes from me a passage beginning: 'It is arguable that', and treats it as='I argue that', proceeding to say that I afterwards 'qualified my assertion'. There was no 'assertion' to qualify. My phrase meant, as the whole context shows, 'It might be argued that . . .' The phrase 'we are led to think' is to be read literally as='we have a lead towards thinking'. The phrase which Mr. Salt calls a qualification begins with 'Yet', showing that the whole exposition is continuous, and not a clash of two substantive propositions; and it goes on to the conclusion that Thomson's 'whole performance, in retrospect, seems to set towards song." It would really be, in Mr. Salt's own words, 'impossible to judge more wrongly' than he has done in making out that I first made an 'assertion' and then contradicted it.

Received:—New Age—Independent Labour News and Directory — Newcastle Weekly Chronicle — Newcastle Daily Leader—Northampton Mercury—Secular News (Sept.)—Phrenological Journal — Workers' Republic — Liberator — Truthseeker (New York)—Boston Investigator — Indian Social Reformer — People's Newspaper (Rockhampton, Queensland)—Liberty Review — L'Humanité Nouvelle—Inquirer — Reynolds's — Literary Guide — Single Tax — Record (Watford) — Adult — Truth Seeker — L'Enclos — Labour Co-Partnership—St. Michael's Church and Parish Chronicle — Land and Labour — Birmingham Argus — Umpire—Manchester Guardian.

Books, etc., Received for Review.—The Teaching of Christ on Life and Conduct, by Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. (Sonnenschein).—Darlington's Handbook to London and Environs, by E. C. Cook and E. T. Cook, M.A., 2nd edition, enlarged (Darlington, Llangollen).—The Plan of an Ethical Sunday School, by W. L. Sheldon (S. B. Weston, Philadelphia).—Value, Price and Profits, by Karl Marx (Sonnenschein).—The Life of James Thomson (B.V.), by Henry S. Salt (A. and H. B. Bonner).—To-morrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform, by E. Howard (Sonnenschein).

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address — not necessarily for publication, but as some sort of guarantee of *bona fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor, Reformer, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Legal questions will be answered by the Solicitor who kindly gave his services to the *N. R.* (1891-3). Two penny stamps must be enclosed to cover postage to and from him.

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PERSONAL.

Now that the *University Magazine*—the most important of avowed Freethought periodicals recently brought out in England—has been compelled to cease publication, it has been suggested to us that we might help to fill the gap thus caused by increasing the size of the Reformer and raising the price to sixpence. At present we feel that our limited size is a great restriction on useful work; we are conscious that we do not do justice to our contributors, to our readers, or to the many subjects which stand urgently in need of free discussion. If we are given adequate support we are willing to make the experiment, but the support must be much more generally thorough than it is at the present time, for as matters now stand we bring out the Reformer at a monthly loss. We can promise our readers with the utmost confidence that no pressure, save that pressure before which all must give way—want of money—would ever induce us to suspend a publication once undertaken. We invite counsel and suggestion. So far, for a year and a half, we ourselves, and more than one of our most esteemed contributors, have given our services to this paper without a penny of reward; and we, in addition, are out of pocket. We are willing to go on without money payment in the hope that we are doing useful work, but when the pockets are empty it is impossible to find money as well as work.

We shall welcome any expression of opinion from our friends, and shall await such expression before making our final decision.

SOME GODS OF OUR FOREFATHERS;

OR, THE WORSHIP OF ASHTORETH IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

It is manifest to the student of history and antiquities that in the religion and customs of our forefathers in the British Isles, there are abundant traces of an Eastern Cultus, and that in certain customs of to-day, particularly in Ireland, we may perceive the remains of Oriental civilisation if not domination. Most scholars now admit that the Phœnicians traded with the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland some centuries before the birth of Christ, and many are disposed to credit these Hamitic (or Semitic) traders with the establishment of a colony or dominion upon the soil. The monolithic pillars and megalithic tombs (all dating back to this period) may or may not be traces of Phœnician art; but certain symbolic sculpture, certain rites and customs adopted from a primitive worship into the early Celtic Church, the "God save ye", and the "wake"—customs to be found nowhere else in Europe but in Spain, where Phœnician dominion is an historic fact—these I think to be worthy of careful and unbiassed attention.

Wherever Phœnicians established themselves for commercial purposes, places of worship were set up, and although so cosmopolitan a people must have been prone to worship many foreign gods, there were three deities to which they always accorded a prominent position. They are constantly mentioned in the Bible: Baal, Ashtoreth (Astarte), and Melkarth (Herakles). The worship of Baal under different synonyms seems to have been so universal among primitive peoples that the fact of Druidism being termed by historians "a species of Baal-worship" is of little if any value as evidence of a Phœnician cult, though the mode of worship carried on in the "high places" is curiously co-incidental with the Phœnician custom. As to the worship of Melkarth, even Professor Boyd Dawkins, who discredits the colonisation of any part of the British Isles by the Eastern traders, admits that the promontory of Herakles (Hartland Point) and the island of Herakleia (Lundy Island) probably owe their names to the worship of Herakles (Melkarth).

But traces of the worship of Astarte (Ashtoreth), "the abomination of the Phœnicians", seem to me far more convincing, nay, little short of undeniable. Astarte, we know, was the moon goddess, and her symbol was the Crescent, which, as we may see on the Hittite inscriptions in the British Museum, sometimes had combined with it the straight symbol, "Asherah", pointing to the phallic rites with which the worship of Astarte was often connected. Moreover, we know that her worship was by symbol rather than by image. Hence, we might hope to find traces of this special symbol in places where this worship was prevalent. These traces are not wanting.

The crescent, we read in the early ecclesiastical history, was used by the Celtic church and held in great veneration. One of the greatest sources of discord which resulted in the schism between the Saxo-Roman and the Celtic Church, was the difference of the tonsure, the Roman clergy shaving their heads in the form of a crown, their Celtic brethren in the shape of a crescent. Whence came this symbol, if not from a more ancient form of worship? It has been suggested that the Celts had it from the Greeks with their Christianity; but Greek conversion of the British Isles remains yet to be proved, and there is evidence that the crescent was a symbol used in Scotland and Ireland at least two hundred years before Christianity could have reached these shores. It is noticed particularly on the sculptured stones to be found in those two countries, and has been classed as a species of that peculiar art of the Prehistoric Iron Age in the British Isles, termed late or Neo-Celtic. Of all the symbols to be met with in Scotland alone, Stuart mentions that that of the crescent combined with the "straight symbol", or "sceptre", is by far the most

frequent, and they are generally found upon the pillar stones, although some exist upon the crosses, upon the bronze sheaths, and other ornaments and implements of about the same age. This art has been termed "peculiar" because among the Celts on the Continent, or among other peoples of Europe, it does not seem to have existed. The date of its introduction into the British Isles is also, singularly enough, correspondent to that at which Phœnician intercourse with Britain is believed to have taken place.

Another singular coincidence in the use of this symbol of the crescent is its association with the fish. Now we are told by eminent authorities that fish were consecrated to Astarte, and that they were forbidden to be eaten by her worshippers. May not this account for their combination with the symbols of the Phœnician goddess on this early British art, and, moreover, may it not also explain a curious custom observed by a people with abundance of fish at their very doors, a custom which we are told by Dion, and several other historians, was observed by the ancient Britons, namely, the abstinence from fish as an article of diet?

We read also in the early history of Britain that Boadicea, riding forth to meet the Roman invader, invoked Andate, goddess of Victory. Who this celebrity was is a matter of much discussion, but she seems to have been worshipped in much the same manner as Astarte, whose functions also she seems often to have enjoyed. Possibly also that idol mentioned in ancient Irish history as having been set up in Cavan by the Milesians, and which was destroyed by St. Patrick (it was named by some *Crom Cruach*, and by others "the idol of Zoroaster"), possibly, I say, that idol bore some relation to Astarte or some other "abomination" of the Phœnicians. Druidism shows several traces of the worship of this or some similiar goddess, as witness the mysteries performed in the groves, in contrast to that purer worship carried on before "high heaven" out upon the open hills, or on artificial mounds raised on plains and valleys.

So far, then, we have been dealing with the worship of a female deity. But our attention is also drawn to the worship of another idol in conjunction with Astarte, traces of which we believe are discernible in customs which have only died out during this century, if they are even now, in some remote places, altogether extinguished. Moloch, the Greek Kronos, and the later-Phœnician Baal was, we know, constantly worshipped in conjunction with Astarte, and the two probably became transformed afterwards into the epicene Mithra. The Druid custom of burning victims in osier-cages shaped like men was also a custom of the Moloch-worshipping Carthagenians, and the British priests were sometimes robed in black as were the priests of Saturn (the Roman Moloch). But the curious Beltane (Beltein) festival observed by the Scottish and Irish Celts, and in Cumberland and Lancashire also, affords another illustration of this ancient worship. This festival was observed by the Scotch generally on the 1st of May (old style); some of the Western districts, however, preferred St. Peter's Day (June 29). In Ireland there were two celebrations, one on the 1st of May, and the other on the 21st June. The ceremony differed slightly at the various places, but everywhere a tree was fired (as in the synonymous Syrian festival), and either cattle or human beings passed through the fire. At Callander, in Perthshire, the boys would go out on the moors, cut out a piece of ground in the shape of a table, and lighting a fire in the middle, sit round it and cook a cake, part of which was blackened. Drawing lots for the pieces of cake, the boy who drew the blackened part was compelled to leap through the fire three times. Games and dances were also indulged in at these festivals. Now, "passing through the fire" was a distinctive feature of the worship of Moloch, and "the cooking of cakes" a peculiar custom observed in the worship of Astarte. A picture of this festival seems to be

drawn by Jeremiah when referring to the spreading worship of Astarte among the Jews. He says, "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven."

The word *Beltane*, or *Beltein*, which has puzzled so many philologists and antiquaries, is surely connected with the Celtic deity Beltis, Beli, or Belinus, which Cæsar mistook for Apollo because it was a sun-deity, and had for its symbol the bull. It appears rather to have corresponded with Kronos or Saturn, and was identical with the Gaulish Cernunnos, which was worshipped in conjunction with a female deity, and sometimes in a triad. Now, by many authorities it has been denied that the Beltane fires owe their origin to the worship of Baal, their chief argument apparently being that *Bel* is not derived from the same root as *Baal*, there being an additional root letter in the latter. Thus Baal = בעל, Bel = בל. This is true. But on the other hand we learn that the relation of the Phœnician Ashtoreth to Baal was expressed by the feminine form Baalith, which the Greeks changed to *Baaltis* or *Belthes*, and which was identified with the deity Beltis, worshipped along the shores of the Mediterranean.

I have no hesitation in believing that the Beltane (or Beltein) fires may be traced back to the worship of a local representation of this deity, which was probably an embodiment of the Phœnician Astarte and Moloch (Baal) worshipped in its more savage aspects, under the form of a bull. This worship was probably replaced by a purer worship, the gentler symbols being retained for the worship of Mithra, which ultimately spread over the then known world. Of the relation of Mithra to the worship of Baal (Moloch) and Astarte I will not now speak, nor of the similar functions of the druidesses and the priestesses of Astarte, of the pillar stones and of the various other relics of Druidism strangely coincident with the Phœnician worship. That they deserve special attention will scarcely be contested. We cannot, it is true, produce the absolute facts required to prove *beyond a doubt* that Phœnician worship was once prevalent in the British Isles, but we may collect such evidences as the foregoing and ponder over them.

H. O. Newland.

A LETTER FROM MILDURA.

The following extract from a letter lately received from a friend in Mildura will not be without interest for many of our older readers. In spite of Mr. Latham's plain speaking, the myth started by "Georgina Bradley" and the philanthropic lady will doubtless have a long life and a merry one. Nevertheless, we suggest that Christians anxious to testify their disregard of the ninth commandment in this particular way will find it safer to do so in Mildura than in London. They probably will do this, for they fully recognise the advantage of keeping either the grave or the ocean between themselves and those they slander.

Mildura, Vic.,
2nd August, 1898.

Dear Madam,—. . . . I should like to take this opportunity to express my deep sense of obligation and devotion to your great father.

Brought up as a churchman and a conservative at one of the English public schools, I never thought of doubting the teachings of my clerical teachers until I left home at the age of 21. About a fortnight later, I entered into the half-way house of Dr. Strong of Melbourne, and within three months more I became an Atheist. This was eight years ago, and my enthusiasm has been continually increasing, and I am glad to say that my pernicious example has proved very contagious.

Some years ago I obtained at a sale, for the exorbitant (!) price of 4d. a year, the files of nearly ten complete years of the *National Reformer;* but I have not any indexes, and should be much obliged if you could obtain them for me. I have found in the pages of that journal a perfect liberal education, and the result of it has been a craving to get near a good library where I can study things at first hand. This desire I now hope to satisfy, as I have sold out of this Eden city, and hope in ten days to make the acquaintance of Mr. Symes in Melbourne.

As you are probably fairly case-hardened against the malice of pietists, a little experience of mine may interest you, and also give you a little information about your own shocking behavior on this side of the globe, which will be startling.

I had occasion to have some dealings with a well-known philanthropic lady, the Dr. Barnardo of the South, who had done a friend of mine a good turn. She heard that I was an Atheist, and attempted to show me the

error of my ways. Finding that I was a great admirer of your father, she informed me that she had "rescued" the daughter of the well-known Charles Bradley (*sic*), M.P. for Northampton, whom she found wandering about on the streets of Melbourne, deserted by the father of her child. This woman, Georgina (as far as I can remember) Bradley, was a highly educated lady, and our friend found her a situation and could produce her at any moment. She, Miss Bradley, attributed her downfall to the pernicious teachings of her father. This yarn was told me just about the time you brought out your book. I made a few enquiries, and then spoke out my mind very plainly—perhaps too much so, and I do not think the story will be repeated. . . .

Believe me, dear Madam,
Ever your devoted well-wisher,
JOHN LATHAM.

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner,
London.

OPEN COLUMN.

STATE PROTECTION OF ART AND LITERATURE.

THE early tendency of social science to regard all governmental interference with the affairs of life as wholly bad, has in more recent times been replaced by a doctrine which, so far as one can make out from the statements of the modern writers, appears to be the direct contrary. The subject of this paper is a case exactly in point. Buckle and Mr. Spencer both declared that art and literature could not be protected by the State without evil results to both. Mr. J. M. Robertson, on the contrary, regards the opinion of both writers on this point as antiquated; going even further in the case of Buckle, and flatly declaring his view to be the product of a good income, and not in any way the result of careful thought. Mr. Robertson proceeds to show that the arguments employed by Buckle end in self-contradiction, and this in a manner absolutely conclusive.

Yet, while admitting that Buckle makes out an extremely poor case against the principle of literary patronage, and while equally admitting that Mr. Robertson has exposed the weakness of his objections, it by no means follows that the soundness of the doctrine in question is established. Mr. Robertson merely showed that Buckle's plea was worthless, not that Buckle's case was in itself bad. To the present writer it appears that there are several objections much more valid than any advanced in the "History of Civilisation", and of a nature not in any way met by the arguments of those who, like Mr. Robertson, consider the point outside the limits of controversy.

"Patronage" may be exercised in one of two ways—(*a*) by a private individual, or (*b*) by the State. To the first of these there is not the remotest objection. If a wealthy man cares to keep a pet poet, a tame novelist, or a domesticated orchestra, that is his concern, nor has any outsider either the right or the power to interfere. Indeed, he who endeavored to do so would be little better than a lunatic; for it is one of the plainest and most obvious lessons of history that such patronage has worked great benefits in the past, and it is not to be doubted that it will continue to do so in the future. Such patronage was absolutely essential to early workers in art and literature; they had no public; they were poor; to whom then should they appeal but to the wealthy noble who admired their work? The history of Italian Art, of Spanish Poetry, is written in terms of private patronage. The utility of private patronage is admitted; my whole point is to show that it cannot be exercised with any degree of justice by a responsible government — that there is a fundamental distinction between the expenditure of a private fortune on such an object and the taxation of a people for the same reason. A government has not the right to enter upon a line of policy unless such policy is clearly for the advantage of all concerned. Education, for example, is such a policy—it is to A's manifest advantage that B's children should be educated. And, similarly, it is one thing to tax me in order that my neighbor's drains may be looked after, and quite another to force me to contribute towards the expense of the production of Mr. Meredith's next novel. Let us examine the question in detail.

Suppose it suggested that the State take upon itself to support the poet, the novelist, or the orchestra above alluded to in connection with a wealthy individual. Surely he who cares neither for poetry, nor fiction, nor music has a perfect right to protest vigorously against the appropriation of his money towards any of these things. For example, why should A, who is without any artistic inclination, be forced to contribute towards the expenses of a performance of Wagner's "Tristan" for the benefit of B and the rest? And the position is precisely the same should we suppose that A, instead of being devoid of the art faculty, derives higher satisfaction from Mr. Leno's "patter" than from Wagner's music. If it be replied that A and B are to help each other—that A is to provide Wagner for B, while B sees to it that A enjoys Mr. Leno in peace—I answer that such a scheme is impossible, that taste in these matters varies too much to admit of all-round protection. To take another example. C has developed in himself a huge admiration for (let us say) Spanish poetry, and desires to have cheap and good editions of all the poets of that country. D, on the contrary, could not give the name of a single Spanish poet, but considers that the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer ought to be published at one shilling per volume. Now, suppose D to request C, either

personally or through Parliament, to contribute to the projected cheap edition of the "Synthetic Philosophy", and also suppose C to assert his counter-right to an issue of his favorite poets. Too few people are interested in C's hobby to make it just to expend public moneys in any such manner. Yet, is more substantial justice done when it is said to C, "A majority wants Spencer—contribute towards this edition you must; as to your demand, we find you stand alone: the tax-collector will call the day after to-morrow"?

Again, how would Manchester regard taxation which was to be applied to the support of a revival of the Elizabethans at Glasgow? And what view would the inhabitants of Liverpool take when it was proposed to support a London theatre? To say that these are municipal, not national affairs, helps us not at all. Just as Manchester might like to see the revivals which are to be enjoyed by the citizens of Glasgow, so Liverpool might ardently desire to make the acquaintance of a London actor. Could loans be mutually arranged, or would the various municipal companies go on tour just as Mr. Irving and Mr. Tree do at present? If the last, why have a municipal theatre at all? If, however, neither scheme be feasible, and each town must rest content with its own talent, what becomes of small places which, while large enough to make them worth a week's visit from a first-rate company, would be totally unable to support such a company the year round?

Turning now to the special consideration of literary patronage, it will be seen that all the foregoing objections apply equally here. Some new ones arise also, or rather they assume greater importance in this connection. Will a Rationalist be taxed for some future re-issue of the "Foundations of Belief"? And will a Plymouth Brother be required to contribute towards a complete edition of the works of Mr. Bradlaugh? Are Miss Corelli's works to be issued in the future by the Queen's printers? Am I to pay a proportion of the expenses of Mr. Hall Caine's next "novel"? If not, what becomes of the principle of protection?

Of course, to all this it may be answered that such matters will be decided by a committee—that a fund will be placed at the disposal of certain gentlemen who will consider its due administration, deciding who are worthy. Very good; the choice rests on the committee, and the committee rests on——? This committee—who is to appoint it; of whom shall it consist; and what is to be our guarantee for the due carrying out of its duties? To go back to a former example; suppose there are before the committee alternate proposals *(a)* to republish the "Foundations of Belief", or *(b)* to issue an edition of Bradlaugh. The Rationalist section of the committee would have little hesitation in giving its vote for the Bradlaugh; while the Christian section would think—and, be it remembered, from its point of view, rightly think—that the "Foundations" would be better. What is the position? Are the Rationalists a majority? They prevail—an injustice to the Christians. Are the Christians a majority? They prevail—an injustice to the Rationalists. Are the parties equal? Nothing is done—the committee has proved useless.

It has been suggested that the proposal is to aid poor men, and not, except indirectly, to publish books—to provide pensions for literary men and artists, in order that they may be able to develop their talents unhampered by poverty or the necessity of earning a living outside their special line. But this only makes the case worse. All the objections above set forth apply with double force, while the expenditure involved would be something enormous. Certainly there would be no objection could it be shown that the result would be commercial success. But would it? The vanity of the hope will be recognised when it is remembered that those who most require protection are the men who employ their talents on unpopular work—writers on religion from the Rationalist standpoint, social scientists of the modern type, and so on. Their works are costly to prepare; they involve years of almost constant devotion; the men find it hard to live; and just exactly in these facts do we find the reason for the cry for protection so prevalent amongst them. If it be, as Mr. Robertson asserts, that Buckle's large income blinded him to the benefits of protection, then surely it is open to point out that *some* blindness may have resulted to Buckle's critics from their small ones.

Hector Munro.

LITERATURE.

POEMS. By Oliver Orchard. (London, Wilson and Macmillan, 1898.

The title of this brochure challenges criticism, and though after careful perusal we are left in doubt whether the author means us ever to take him seriously, we have no doubt that the title is a misnomer. Of poetry there is no trace, nor does the author ever betray any knowledge of what poetry is. He has a certain facility with words, now and then hits off a happy phrase, and once, at least, writes a good though simple line when speaking of Darwin's theory—

"That gave new eyes to all who wished to see."

The best of his work as here shown is simply metrical prose—prose, that is, in matter and manner—with an occasional jingle; but his favorite metre is distressing in his hands, and he very often falls into sheer bad verse and execrable rhythm, as thus:—

"How futilely those gallant men were hasting to their lethal fate."

And thus :—

"So ardently upon his cocktail mount raced on each bold dragoon."

He has, too, a constant trick of awkward inversion to force a rhyme, a flagrant example being the monumental line—

"But not their fast the men who broke his ranks had broken when";

While baldness can hardly go further than this :—

"That sword had oft been curious to know the reason why
It had been made."

Or this :—

"They did not see his signal meant that they were going wrong."

In the following choice couplet, from the same poem (?) as all the above, we have bathos *in excelsis*.

"They could but kill and kill and kill and then go back again,
They could not carry off the guns and so to stay was vain."

His rimes are on a level with his versification. In this same poem he rimes *bought* with *fort, otium* with *home*, and elsewhere *latifolia* with *appear*, and in one poem of twelve lines (p. 35) makes eight lines rime thus :— *are, mare; man, ascertain; regard, hoard; his, prize.*

But the reader has probably had enough, though perhaps the bulk is not quite equal to the above samples. The last poem in the booklet "To an Enquirer", answers a question that presents itself to a reader every minute during his perusal, "Why does he write ?"

The author says it is because he bought a rhyming dictionary, and one feels inclined to take him at his word for want of any other apparent inspiration; but if he means anything of what he there says, why, oh, why did he publish ?

THE LIFE OF JAMES THOMSON ("*B.V.*") By Henry S. Salt. Revised edition. (Bonner, 3s. 6d.)

All admirers of James Thomson—and surely there must be many amongst our readers—will welcome this cheap edition of the story of his life. There are many old subscribers to the *National Reformer* who will doubtless rejoice to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity to learn something of the inner life of the man whose pen charmed them in by-gone days, and those who loved Charles Bradlaugh may make acquaintance in these pages with one whom he loved to the end of his life, in spite of bitter differences and estrangements. Readers of poetry—and there are many to whom "B.V." and his poems are still unknown—can hardly need more than George Meredith's description of Thomson as

"a man of big heart, of such entire sincereness, that he wrote directly from the impression carved in him by his desolate experience of life,"

and of his book ("The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems"):

"I have found many pages no other English poet could have written. Nowhere is the verse feeble, nowhere is the expression insufficient; the majesty of the line has always its full coloring, and marches under a banner"—

to make them wish to know more of this "brave good man and true poet".

Of the labor bestowed by Mr. Salt upon this book we can only say that it has in truth been "a labor of love", carried through with conspicuous ability, with the utmost sympathy, and with painstaking care. All that Mr. Salt has been able to learn of Thomson that shall help us to appreciate the man and the poet, that he has given us.

The really excellent portrait forming the frontispiece is published for the first time from a crayon by Mr. Rowland Holyoake—kindly lent by Mr. Theodore R. Wright, a personal friend of Thomson's.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOK TO LONDON AND ENVIRONS. By Emily C. Cook and E. T. Cook, M.A. 2nd edition, enlarged, 5s. (Llangollen : Darlington and Co.)

It is not only the visitor to London who needs a "guide" of this kind; the Londoner himself is frequently—it may be excusably—a glaring ignoramus concerning anything beyond his daily route, and he probably only visits one or two of the "sights" or chief buildings when he entertains some visitor "from the country" who can and will use his eyes. The many associations (such as the South Place Natural History Society—or more familiarly "Ramblers") who organise visits to places of note in and around London, are doing much to lessen this ignorance and to induce or foster an intelligent interest in those townsmen who are capable of feeling it; but the majority of us know far too little of our great city and its history and associations.

Mrs. Cook's "Guide" is thorough, practical, and withal interesting, and is admirably suited to help the visitor and to inform the inhabitant. The present edition is brought up to date, and includes the Tate Gallery (with plan), Blackwall Tunnel, etc.; there are nine clearly printed maps (of which the street plans are in handy section-form) a number of plans—Houses of Parliament, museums and other public buildings, the Zoo, etc.—many excellent illustrations (by Herbert Railton and other artists), and an index. Mr. Cook (editor of the *Daily News*) is responsible for four chapters on the National Museums and Galleries, which form a valuable companion for the wanderer through those inexhaustible and feet-wearying collections. Well-printed and bound, and of handy size, the book of nearly 550 pp. (without advertisements) goes easily into the pocket, and is indisputably "good value".

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondents are requested to write as BRIEFLY *as possible; save in exceptional cases, letters which exceed* ONE COLUMN *in length cannot be inserted.)*

THE BIAS OF REFORM.

To the Editor.

I recently drew attention to what seemed to me a warping of the judgment shown at various times by writers in this journal—in common with many others—which I conceived to be due to the insidious effect of constant and strenuous advocacy of reform with its consequent continual attacks on existing arrangements and institutions.

Mr. Hobson's paper, in the September Reformer, "Is England a Free Trade Country?" with the main thesis of which I fully agree, shows to my mind several instances of this "bias of reform". As thus: He objects to the prohibition of the import of live cattle; but he goes beyond mere objection to say that while intended to assist the farmers, it would injure the graziers. Now, apart from the fact that these are often, perhaps usually, identical, the *intention* of the prohibition (I am not concerned with its probable *result*) is not to limit or reduce the number of cattle grazing—but simply to bring about a change of origin, viz., that British-bred cattle should be grazed instead of foreign-bred beasts—which could hardly affect the grazier as such. But further, it is stated that this prohibition is covered by "the demonstrably false pretence of preventing the entrance of disease". Now the falsity or truth is of course fairly arguable, but the use of the word *pretence* is, it seems to me, due to the bias of reform. It is not fair to impute to the supporters of prohibition any conscious deception in the matter at all; the motive was probably quite genuine and conscientious, and there are others equally so—*e.g.*, the desire to lessen or put an end to the sufferings of cattle in sea-transport.

Again, Mr. Hobson says that in the case of relief to the West Indies, there was no question of enabling them to meet "unfair" competition, but that it will only "bolster up an unsound business". The fact is surely quite notoriously the other way about. West Indian sugar growers are quite ready to meet beet sugar on its merits in fair competition, and make a good living at the business; but it is precisely the "unfair" competition of bounty-fed sugar from which they ask relief. Bounties are no less opposed to free trade than protective duties, and we should as properly refuse to profit by the plunder of Continental taxpayers as by any other form of robbery. "Sweated" sugar is no better than "sweated" clothes. But here again it is the effect of the bias of reform to which I would draw attention rather than the economic question.

Again, Mr. Hobson speaks of a policy of favoritism as applied to this question of relief to the West Indies. Now the point is that relief is granted to an industry to countervail in some measure the bounties. Other industries have not to contend against bounties—or, at least, he does not show that they have—so that there is no "favoritism" in the case, and the ready use of a word implying blame—of the existing Government, be it noted—is only another instance of the bias of reform.

Further on, Mr. Hobson speaks of "the dishonest sophistry of the Southern sympathies of Englishmen in the American Civil War". Why "dishonest" sophistry? The sympathies in question are capable of an explanation quite without imputing any "dishonesty" to those who showed them. Close business connection through the cotton trade, an unreasoning inclination to side with the losing and overmatched side, and admiration for the heroism and devotion of the South—albeit to a bad cause—with a dislike of the typical, self-assertive Yankees associated with the Northern cause—these are all compatible with perfect honesty.

I would submit that we do not rely upon "force" as a means of advancing industrial prosperity in India; that the belief that "trade follows the flag"—not as a dogma, but a mere statement of the tendency of things as observed hitherto—is conscientiously held; and that it is hardly fair to suggest, as Mr. Hobson does further on, that "a double dishonesty" lurks beneath the policy of open doors. But space prevents my dwelling upon these.

There are other points in the paper—such as prison-made goods, alien immigration, the reaction of India on English public life—on which I am moved to say somewhat, but these are not connected with the present subject—the bias of reform—*quantum suff.*

Rhathymos.

[We insert the above letter because not only have we no desire to avoid criticism, but rather would we court it—especially when we know, as we do in this case, that our critic is entirely friendly. Nevertheless, we think that in his anxiety to be just to adversaries Rhathymos is unjust to friends. From a careful perusal and reperusal of the letter, we gather that our critic of critics would have us believe that the unjustifiable imputation of motives is a "bias of reform". We have no doubt—and regret that it should be so—that reformers are sometimes guilty in this respect, but they by no means stand alone. The imputation by Christians and politicians of all sorts of vile and mercenary motives to Mr. Bradlaugh was not due to the bias of reform. The imputation of interested motives in the matter of the Tsar's rescript is not due to the bias of reform. The imputation of every possible motive save a "conscientious" one by the pro-vaccinist magistrate, to the objector who claims an exemption certificate, is not due to the bias of reform. The imputation cast by Lord Roberts on the *bonâ fides* of the Parsis has not the remotest connection with a desire to reform. And so we might go on for hundreds of cases. We are well aware that

two blacks do not make a white, but we would suggest that the defect is due to a perverse bias of human nature in opposition, rather than of reform. It is indeed a point for reformers to consider whether with a higher ethical standard they should not rise above such a defect. We may add that we make this comment on the general indictment; Mr. Hobson is quite able to answer for himself. —Ed.]

FABIANISM and NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

To the Editor.

In his rejoinder to my reply to his article on the above subject, which appeared in the last issue of the Reformer, Mr. Robertson makes a suggestion which I cannot allow to stand without qualification. Whether I am wrong on the point at issue does not much matter, but it hurts me that I should be suspected of "misrepresenting a dead man". Those who know my almost idolatrous love for the memory of Mr. Bradlaugh will know that nothing could induce me to be wilfully guilty of any such thing. Mr. Robertson, I am sure, feels this himself, but an outside reader would, perhaps, take another view of his words.

H. Snell.

THE QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

"H. G. D." has been "re-reading Mr. Robertson's excellent articles", and sends us an eloquent letter on this subject, of which we regret we can only find room for the concluding suggestions, which he puts as follows:

"(1) To spread the humanitarian argument;
(2) To urge the possibility of abolition of war and of arbitration;
(3) To show what we owe and may again owe to other nations; and
(4) To 'get at' the schoolmaster."

The Taxation of Land Values.—In answer to "A. J. M.'s" question, "why ground rents should be taxed and railway stock and debenture go free?" Mr. L. H. Berens writes: "Railway stock and debentures represent the whole of the property owned by railway companies, which may be divided into two parts: (*a*) land; (*b*) buildings, engines, rolling stock, and other products of human labor. . . . Briefly, I may say that to tax industry and the products of industry is directly to diminish the earnings of the industrial section of the community; whilst to tax land values is simply to appropriate for the common benefit of all that which is due to the presence and united activities of all. By this means, in short, the necessary public revenues could be raised without infringing on the rightful earnings of a single member of the community. But apart from these ethical considerations, which at the present time do not greatly influence our practical politicians, it may be well to point out: (*a*) that all taxes on the products of industry tend to discourage production, to increase prices, and thus artificially to increase scarcity and poverty; and (*b*) that all such taxes do *not* fall on the owners of such property, but are shifted, in enhanced prices, on to the ultimate consumers. . . . . The taxation of land values, on the other hand, falls directly on the holders of our national inheritance — whether railway companies or dukes—in exact proportion to the value of the privileges the community is allowing them to enjoy. Falling on all land according to its value, it would tend to break down land monopoly, to encourage production, and to promote a more equitable distribution."

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

I see the glimmer of the shrine,
I see the flickering shadows pass,
Thrown by the votive lamps that shine,
But yet I enter not. Alas!
A distant voice has reached my heart,
An unseen hand is leading me;
I stand where meet the roads that part
Myself from all I used to be.
I hear the strains I used to love,
Sung by the friends I used to know;
I linger, but they cannot move,
The voice is calling me—I go.
A deep abyss now gaps between
Me and that land of vain desire,
Dividing from that rest serene,
There flames an awful living fire.
But yet—I falter—yet *I know*
The rest is false, the peace a lie,
Each one must pass the fiery glow
Ere he can reach a destiny
More true, more stern, but better far
Than unreal visions of content,
Which vanish at that flaming bar
Where Pluto (Doubt) is president.

. . . .

I faintly hear the passing bell
For aspirations dead and gone,
And halting, try too soon to tell
The worth, or pain, that I have won.
I know not how the case may be,
Whether I walk towards dawn or night;
I only know, far off, I see
Upon this road a gleam of light.
Though joy and fear throb at my heart,
Sunshine, or shade, be o'er me thrown,
I tread the road that leads apart,
Which I must henceforth tread alone.

David Freeman.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

Private Clifford Thompson belongs to the 21st Lancers, who bore the brunt of the battle at Omdurman, and he has written a letter home which has been given to the public by one of our dailies. To judge from his letter and from the fact that he volunteered for the front, Private Thompson seems to be a brave young fellow. Nevertheless he has the usual egotistic ideas of the typical Christian. He says, "The hand of Providence watched over me during it all. . . . My troop were nearly cut up. My right and left hand men were cut down. I saw my friend on my right get a stab in the stomach. I went for the fellow who did it and pushed him through the brain-pan." Then, after telling that he himself was cut across the arm, in the hand, and on the head, and is in hospital, he continues, "Twenty-two were killed, and thirty-five wounded. Give my love to all at home, and thank God I am alive and well." Providence "watched over" Thompson and especially intervened to save him from the fate which befell his right and left hand comrades. Why should *he* have been specially chosen? Was he so much better or more useful a man than his twenty-two comrades who were killed? To answer "yes" is to speak ill of the defenceless dead; to answer "no" is to charge Providence with injustice.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[*Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.*]

South Place Ethical Society.—A Bazaar in aid of the Mortgage Redemption Fund will be held at the South Place Institute, South Place, Finsbury, E.C., on Wednesday, 16th November next, and the two following days. All who are able to assist with gifts of material and articles for sale are invited to communicate with the Hon. Secs.: Mrs. Newton Parker, 10 Tollington Park, N., and Mr. Wallis Mansford, 53, Aldersgate Street, E.C. The South Place Society, the centenary of which was reached five years ago—although the present building was first used in 1824—has this motto: "The object of the Society is the cultivation of a rational religious sentiment, the study of ethical principles, and the promotion of human welfare, in harmony with advancing knowledge." It is making a special effort to free itself from longstanding debt; this Bazaar is one of the means adopted to that desirable end, and while giving "good value" in itself—for there will be much to see and to hear—it will be worthy of hearty support on all counts.——Sunday Morning (11.15) Lectures: October 16th, J. Clarke, M.A., "Ethics of Self-Sacrifice"; 23rd, Henry Rawlings, M.A., "Evolution and Dissolution of Beliefs"; 30th, W. S. Godfrey, "Jingoism".——Monthly Soiree: Monday, November 7th, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s., or by series or season tickets.)——Free Sunday Popular Concerts: The 13th Season commenced on October 2nd. Doors open 6.40, concert 7; collection to defray expenses.

South Place Institute (South Place, Finsbury, E.C.).—Tuesday Lectures: A course of eight lectures on "The History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern", will be delivered by Mr. John M. Robertson, on Tuesday evenings, at 7.30, commencing October 18th. (*For particulars see advt. on cover, p.* 3.)——Sunday Afternoon Free Lectures: A course on "Our Cities and Municipalities" starts on October 16th, when the Mayor of Swansea will lecture on "Swansea"; on 23rd, the Mayor of West Ham will describe "West Ham, Past and Present" (Lantern); and on 30th, Alderman Mott will take "Leicester" (Lantern); Nov. 6th, C. M. Knowles, "Birmingham" (Lantern); 13th, J. E. Matthews, "The Port of London" (Lantern). All seats free; no collection. Doors open at 3.30; lecture at 4 o'clock. Organ Recital, 3.30 to 4.

South Place Discussion Society. — This Society holds meetings fortnightly during the winter months, for the discussion of social and ethical questions of general interest. Visitors are invited to the forthcoming discussions: Wednesday, October 26th, "The Report of the Committee on Money-Lending," opened by F. W. Read; Wednesday, November 9th, "The Bedborough Case," opened by Henry Seymour (editor of *The Adult*). Chair taken at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

South London Ethical Society (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Rd., S.E.).—Sunday Evening Lectures: On October 16th, 23rd, and 30th, Dr. Stanton Coit will lecture; subjects, Oct. 16th, "The Crusade against Ritualism"; 23rd, "America amongst the Nations; 30th, "Bismarck". (To be followed by Social Meeting.) Commence at 7 p.m. Admission free.——Sunday School, weekly, at 11.15 a.m.——Arrangements are being made to hold fortnightly Rambles to places of interest in and about London, on Saturday afternoons. The first will be held on October 22nd, and among other places Carlyle's House, the various Museums, Artists' Studios, etc., will be visited. The Reading Circle will be held at 55, Worlingham Road, East Dulwich, each Wednesday from Nov. 2nd, at 8. The open-air propaganda has proved highly successful, especially at Brockwell Park, where the greatest difficulty was first experienced.

West London Ethical Society. — Sunday morning meetings (11 o'clock) at Kensington Town Hall, High Street, Kensington, W. October 16th, Dr. Stanton Coit, "America amongst the Nations"; 23rd, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Bismarck"; 30th, Dr. Stanton Coit, "Peter the Great". Dr. Stanton Coit will lecture during November.

Freethought Federation.—The second annual meeting was held on Thursday, 6th October, at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate Street, Mr. George Ward in the chair. The printed report and accounts were adopted. The following were elected as committee for the ensuing year:—Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner, Miss Robins, and Mrs. Standring; Messrs. J. Anderson, A. Bonner, H. Courtney,

Chilperic Edwards, Touzeau Parris, E. Pounceby, E. C. Rae, G. Ward, and A. Wheeler. Mr. W. H. Reynolds was re-elected treasurer, and George Standring secretary. As an outcome of a suggestion made at the meeting, a Secularist Supper Club is in course of formation.—G. Standring, 7 and 9, Finsbury Street, E.C.

Regent's Park Freethought Society. — A very successful summer campaign, both in Regent's Park and Hyde Park, has been brought to a close with a determination to continue through the winter months as far as the elements will allow. Special thanks are due to Messrs. Rowney, Pack, Maitland, White, Papernow, Blanchard, and others.

Westminster Secular Society (Grosvenor Embankment. Sunday Mornings, at 11.30).—On October 2nd there was a debate between Messrs. R. P. Edwards and Sandover; subject, "Christian Ethics the Salvation of Humanity". Audience very large and orderly. Lecturers during the month, Messrs. Stanley Jones, Ramsey, White. October 23rd, Chilperic Edwards, "The Bible and the Monuments".

Kingsland (Ridley Road open-air station). — Messrs. S. E. Easton and W. Heaford lectured on the 18th and 25th September, to large audiences; both were subjected to gross and irrelevant interruption by the "Working Men's Christian Union". The balance-sheet shows a trifling deficit on the season. A meeting will be held on the first Sunday in each month at the Bradlaugh Club and Institute, 36 Newington Green Road, Ball's Pond, N., at 12.0 noon. Anyone willing to help in the work will be heartily welcome. Hon. sec., Wm. Simons, 12 Wolsey Rd., Mildmay Park, N.

Positivist Society (Newton Hall, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.).—The Sunday (7 p.m.) meetings were resumed on October 2nd, when Professor E. S. Beesly commenced a course of five lectures on "Feudal-Catholic Civilisation", which he is continuing on each Sunday in October. On the Sundays in November and December (not 25th), Mr. Frederic Harrison will lecture on "The Moral and Social Effects of Various Systems of Religion". A Social Meeting is held on the second Monday in each month, at 8 p.m., to which all persons interested in the work of the Hall are cordially invited. The next of these meetings will be on November 14th. Lectures and classes are held in connection with the Young Men's and Women's Guilds; programmes are obtainable at the Hall. Admission to all lectures and classes is free.

Fabian Society.—The demand for Tract 82 (Workmen's Compensation) continues, the 110th thousand being almost reached. Tract 85 (Liquor Licensing at Home and Abroad, 1d.), is now on sale; and No. 86 (The Municipalisation of the Drink Traffic) will shortly be ready. Messrs. H. Snell and S. D. Shallard are engaged on lecturing tours in the north, under the Hutchinson Trust.

Women's International Progressive Union (strictly Non-Party and Non-Sectarian).—October 24th, at 3.30, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E., 8 p.m., lecture by Miss Lingham, "Elbow Room". Admission free to men and women.

Women's Vegetarian Union.— October 19th, at 8 p.m., at *Review of Reviews* Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C., Mrs. McDouall will lecture on "Food—Physical and Mental". Discussion. Admission free to men and women. Fourth Tuesday in each month, at 3.30 p.m., Free Cookery Demonstration at 87, Praed Street, Edgware Road, W.

The Edinburgh Sunday Society.—Objects: To provide for the people, on Sundays, Sacred and Classical Music; Lectures on interesting subjects in Science, Literature, History and Art; and, generally, to promote the rational observance of the Sunday. Subscription, One Shilling or more yearly. October 16th, Prof. James Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.S., "Pre-Historic Scotland" (with Lantern); 23rd, Concert; 30th, Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., "Tennyson, with Personal Reminiscences and Dramatic Recitations"; November 6th, Concert; 13th, Viscount Montmorres, "Some Experiences of an Everyday Journalist" (with Lantern). Lectures in Operetta House, Chambers Street; Concerts in Drill Hall, Forrest Road. Doors open at 6.30, chair taken at 7. Admission, 3d., 6d., and 1s.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 9s.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE GREY GOOSE.

"Drat they geese; what can they be up to?" cried the farmer's wife impatiently, wiping her floury hands and running to the door.

A glance was sufficient.

"John, John," she called to her husband, "jes' see to they geese, will you? I can't think what ails 'em to chip into that little grey 'un the way they do." Farmer John hastened out of the barn, crossed the farm court, broom in hand, in pursuit of the cackling mob, who now dispersed in all directions, screeching, with flapping wings and outstretched necks, leaving the grey one for the time unmolested.

As the farmer drew near he saw by the wild fluttering of the little grey goose that it had been hurt. It flapped heavily along the ground, and when he raised it he saw that its leg hung limp.

"Here wife, this is a job for you," he shouted; and carrying the bird in laid it on the table.

A few splints of wood, some wool and twine, and the wounded limb was bound, and the grey goose put in safety under a wicker coop.

"It's all along o' mixin' wild things wi' tame, I reckon," said the farmer, running his hand through his hair. "I a'most wish I hadn't snared it; but I thought it 'ud tame down so as we could raise a crossbreed from th' eggs. They pink foots[1] make a fine sturdy stock, as good as 'stubble geese' at Michaelmas."

* * * * *

"All the time I've been here," grumbled the old fierce-eyed gander, "an' *that's* ever since I was th' size of those yellow goslings there, I've never been talked to in *this* way; and now," he screeched angrily, "to be called a 'grey lag' by that bit of a bird, is more 'n I'm going to stand."

Out shot his neck viciously as he half waddled

[1] Pink-footed grey goose is a common winter visitor to our coasts; smaller than the grey or lag goose from which the domesticated variety is bred.

half ran across to the coop where the wounded goose lay.

"Well! he's got his deserts now. That comes of interferin' with those that know better than he does," hotly chimed in a young gander, anxious to be on good terms with his senior.

"Ay, that he has," cackled a fat old goose, wagging her tail conceitedly. "Perhaps now he'll drop his talk of freedom, an' nonsense about flyin', an' th' rest of it, an' settle down to like what his betters like. What's good enough for they's good enough for ——."

"Hear, hear," interrupted a cackling chorus of approval. Fifty necks were proudly reared, and a hundred eyes flashed scorn upon the helpless bird in the corner of the yard.

"That'll do," tartly gobbled the fiery-eyed gander. "Enough of this," he added with a withering glare at the old goose, and the presumptuous gander. "When *your* opinion is wanted it shall be asked for. In *my* young days goslings were seen but not heard," he finished, with crushing emphasis.

The flock, used to his domineering, subsided into silence, with the exception of the humiliated gander, smarting under the snubbing given before the whole community.

"You dare to set your views against mine!" snorted the infuriated old gander. "Take care, you have an example before you."

"You're a tyrant; nothing better!" came from the bird in the coop. "It is such as you who enslave all free-minded web-feet and give the tribe a bad name. Yes," he went on, looking round at the gaggle, "to be called a 'goose' is to be called everything that is foolish and contemptible; but you all deserve no better till you free yourselves from the thraldom of a narrow-minded gander of no ideas like this. Till then you deserve to be termed 'geese'."

"Ya-a-h, Who-o-o," rent the air in piercing screams. The hero of a hundred fights beat his wings vainly against his enemy's ramparts. The thought that he should be goaded thus by a slip of a bird, young enough to be his great-grandson, was too much for the fiery old tartar to stomach. He glared at the invalid through the wattled bars, and vented his rage in long sibilant yonks.

"If I had you outside, we'd soon see whether you should dictate to me," he fumed.

"I'm only one against you all," answered Pink-foot, "and it is through your intolerance and roughness that I am here. But what have I done or said?" he queried.

"What done or said!" screamed the whole gaggle with one discordant cackle. "Why, you preached discontent; you urged us to use our wings to fly seaward or northward. You tell us there are things and ideas *we* know nothing of, as if anything could be better than the farmyard and the pond that our fathers, and our fathers' fathers were born and bred in! Ideas! What do *we* want with ideas?"

"Ah!" mused Pink-foot, "I did wrong, I see, to urge you to fly up in the freer air out of this tame country. I should have remembered that your wings, ay, and the wings of your fathers and mothers, were clipt long ago, and that love of the wild salt marshes and the ocean breeze, and the keen tooth of the North-easter had become stifled in you—had become hateful, frightful to you. Even then, *me* you might have left in peace. You might have listened and let me try my wings. Only my desire to taste again the salt air in that land where man's foot rarely treads, made me wish that *you* too should share that joyous liberty. I forgot; I am but a Pink-foot, and have not learned to love clipt wings."

"Now then! off with you!" exclaimed a man's angry voice; and Farmer John swept the skurrying geese before him with a hurtling shout, and flourished in their cackling rear a stout besom of birch twigs, while Towzer, the collie, assisted in the rout with joyful barks and rollicking humor. "Darn 'em," muttered the farmer irately, "if there's any peace wi' they nasty, jealous things. Any one 'ud hardly credit as how stupid, senseless things like geese 'ud be up to knowin' that this 'ere pink-webbed creetur was a rarer sort than what they be."

"It must be so," agreed his wife. "I lay its jealousy as is at the bottom of it."

"Well, well! They're very like human creeturs," philosophised the farmer, "an' so, as that be it, I reckon I'll move th' cause o' discontent into th' barn, alongside th' cows."

* * * * *

The Spring was in the air, and the sap was rising in the burgeoning trees; all things were awakening to life, love, and energy. A strange yearning and restlessness filled the breast of the wild goose, and the thought of wild, unfettered life set his heart thrilling with keen joy. One night, when the moon hung like a lamp in the horizon over the dewy fields spangled with cuckoo flower, a flock of webbed fowl passed overhead; high up they flew, yet not so high but that lonely Pink-foot caught the flute-like music of their vibrant wings.

"Away, away to the North," they sang to him, for they were of his tribe. Then Pink-foot, pulsating with a great enthusiasm, flung himself on to the stream. "Till my wings grow strong again", he thought, "I will swim. Come," and he persuaded the young gander—his sole convert—"Come, seek the wider world."

"Is it safe?" queried the young gander. "Does it go seawards?"

"I *know* it leads to the sea," answered Pink-foot joyously. "I feel it in my blood." So they twain set their faces northward, and travelled along the moon's pathway in search of the unknown sea.

Mary Reed.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . ; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

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NOTES.

Peace Precepts and War Practices.

AT a meeting to applaud the Tsar's proposal held at Exeter Hall the other day the Bishop of London said that we know that the English possess a "pacific disposition"; he was followed by Dr. Guinness Rogers, who expressed his belief that "the English people were essentially a peace-loving people". Apparently both Dr. Creighton and Dr. Guinness Rogers are in absolute ignorance of the history of their country for the last sixty years, and are unaware that scarcely a single year has passed but that our army has been actively engaged in some part of the world or other. The "pacific disposition" of the English applies only to their own native land; no people are more ready than they to wage war abroad—that is to say, if their inclinations are to be judged by their practices. But, it may be urged, these wars have been waged against the wishes of the people. In that case the people ought to have expressed their disapprova by turning out the Ministers responsible; instead, the people crowd the railway station to welcome the return of the successful General. It is not to be supposed that one person in a dozen of those who gathered at Victoria Station to greet the Sirdar the other day cared a fig for the justice of our quarrel with the Dervishes, or, indeed, understood anything at all about it. They were simply intoxicated with the glorious idea that the English arms had been triumphant—that, according to the Christian creed, the chosen English had despatched ten thousand unbelievers to eternal damnation!

But let us test the English love of peace in other ways. Is there a single newspaper which protests against all these preparations for war? Do they not, one and all, give day after day minute and exciting particulars of the work at the dockyards and elsewhere; tell us how men are working all Sunday, through the dinner hour, all night, to get this or that ship ready; how the coastguardsmen have been summoned; how the warships at Wei-hai-wei can be ready at an hour's notice—all without a single protest at these overt preparations for war, which are in themselves a threat? Has one public speaker, one daily paper, suggested that the difficulties between ourselves and France should be submitted to arbitration? No; the idea of arbitration is scouted as ridiculous—we are in the right, and we must "stand up" for our right. But people who are clearly in the right have no need to fear arbitration; it is only people whose rights are dubious who need hesitate. Then it is urged that, as every European country is anxious to have a finger in the Egyptian pie, they are all too interested in the matter to be able to arbitrate. We cannot believe this—we cannot believe that it would be impossible to find the requisite number of representative Europeans whose standard of morality is sufficiently high to enable them to put justice before selfish patriotism; but if that unhappily be so, there is still America. If there was the *will* to arbitrate, the way would soon be found.

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Last month we drew attention to the Jingoism in the schools. Since then we have learned that at a school in Lincoln the young girls were set to write an essay

on the battle of Omdurman. For this purpose they were recommended to read the newspapers with all their sickening details of the massacre, and told to note the enthusiasm of the welcome given to the Guards. At another school this month a cadet corps has been formed, and the boys are to be drilled by a color-sergeant in all the glory of "cap, belt, and gun"! Dr. Creighton could hardly cite these schools as a proof of our pacific disposition.

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More startling even than such indirect incitements to Jingoism to be found in the schools is the direct Jingoism lately expressed at the Woolwich Police Court. A man described as a painter was charged with begging. He explained that he was tramping to Woolwich to join the Royal Horse Artillery. "England", said the tramp, "is going to have a row with France, and I am going to have a go at them and be in it." Mr. Kennedy (the magistrate): "*I will take off my hat to a man who is going to serve his country. . . . . Go and enlist.*" Mr. Kennedy ought to be ashamed to use his position as a magistrate to pander to this lust of fighting. Whatever may be said of the ignorant tramp, the magistrate who acts in such a way disserves his country, and is unworthy the respect of decent sober people. Neither of them in the least bear out the belief of Dr. Guinness Rogers.

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The Protection of the Young.

"For the protection of the young and the unthinking, a law there must be" to put down such books as the recently prosecuted work by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Such is the opinion of the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Massingham does not suggest that the publisher of the translation of the memoirs of M. D'Artagnan, recently reviewed in his columns, should be prosecuted, although his reviewer expressly mentions that it is a book not written for "the young person". The contention that the publication of books is to be limited to those suited to the young and unthinking would be monstrous were it not absurd. Adults are to be kept in ignorance in order that the young and unthinking may not be enlightened! Mr. Massingham himself must be singularly "unthinking" if he does not know that the young are much more likely to be injured by the sporting news and the unpleasant details (with the accompanying "laughter" of counsel duly recorded) of breach of promise cases and divorce proceedings, than they are by a dry and serious volume full of scientific words, strange and meaningless to the unlearned. To find a daily paper solemnly advocating a Nursery Library for adults is really too incongruous!

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If "a law there must be" to protect the morals of the young, then it should go to the root of the matter, and take cognisance of the schools with their suggestive scripture lessons and their erotic classics. In a school we could name, the brutal story of Potiphar's wife on one occasion formed the subject of the religious instruction lesson for the boys of the first form, whose average age was 8 years and 9 months; and, as everyone knows, such books as Ovid's "Metamorphoses", with their glowing descriptions of the loves of the gods and the nymphs, are recognised works for use in preliminary examinations. If the impossible be possible, and the morals of the young can be safeguarded by the law, then a short Act should be run through Parliament making cant and hypocrisy a penal offence. If we could once purge the English character of hypocrisy, then we might indeed hope that one day we may become a truly great nation. As it is we often appear a very small one with our brazen prudery, our "sad countenances", and our "thank-God-we-are-not-as-other-men" attitude.

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How then *are* we to protect the young? To this we answer, by treating them with candor and openness; by avoiding mystery, pretence and prevarication. Sooner or later, young people have to

learn the nature of their own bodies, and when they are accustomed to be treated openly and candidly by their parents, it is to them they will come for information. But if in the early stages of their newly awakened interest in themselves they meet with evasion and deliberate falsehood, they will betake themselves to their partially enlightened companions and from them get partial knowledge. If young people are brought up in wholesome sanity and purity they become thinking, instead of "unthinking", they realise that life and life-giving is *not* a coarse jest, but is a serious matter upon which the welfare of men and women largely depends. Such young people—we speak deliberately—can read scientific works, classics such as Ovid, and the barbaric literature of the Bible without the least suspicion of injury to their morals. Unfortunately to-day these are few and far between.

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For God and Mammon!

Benin is in course of civilisation. A railway is to be laid from Sapelli to Benin City. Liverpool believes that when this is done great days are in store for Benin, and the city which but a year or two ago was a "charnel house of atrocious fetishism" bids fair to become "a centre of commercial activity and missionary enterprise". That phrase bears the true stamp of the British philanthropist. Commerce and Christianity! Trade and Tracts! We ought to have a new flag especially designed for the African continent depicting the rich man who can hardly enter the kingdom of heaven chanting the beatitudes from a railway station to a multitude of unclothed savages; this with the motto "Deus vobis nobis Plutus", would aptly represent the self-sacrificing spirit in which we undertake to Christianise the heathen and civilise the barbarian.

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Mr. G. B. Shaw and the Doctors.

On behalf of a very hard-working class of men, who would not be at all likely to take up the pen to defend themselves, we must protest against Mr. Bernard Shaw's description of the doctors of the poor, in his letter on "Blasphemy, and the Peculiar People", which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* last month. Every profession has its "failures and drunkards", but few can count amongst their numbers so many disinterested and self-sacrificing men as the medical profession. The work of the doctors of the poor makes heavy calls upon their sympathies, and as a rule these calls meet with a ready and generous response. The doctors are at the disposal of anyone who rings the surgery bell at any hour of the day or night; sleeping or waking they are, in an instant, ready to go forth, in all weathers, to usher a new life into the world, to soothe the pangs of one quitting it, to relieve pain. Infection is not permitted to have any terrors for them; drunken delirium must not disgust; irrespective of the disease, they unhesitatingly carry relief. Doctors of the rich have heavy fees, set hours for consultation, a carriage to protect them from the weather, chemists to make up their prescriptions; doctors of the poor make up their own drugs, expect fees such as a professional journalist would scorn, and get them—sometimes. Often—*how* often only the poor patients could say, for the doctor himself is silent—the fees are never paid at all. We have known several of these doctors of the poor, men of high intelligence, of wide reading, of skill and experience; men whose outgoings were constant, whose incomings were occasional, and we have wondered how they managed to live at all. We have known but one poor man's doctor who was unworthy of the profession to which he belonged.

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At the Guildhall.

When the Sirdar was counting up the profits and loss of the Soudan campaign at the Guildhall banquet the other night, he confined himself to reckoning up the pounds, shillings, and pence. Other people will reflect that we cannot have slain ten thousand men without having made thousands of women childless or husbandless; thousands of children orphans. What fearful

fate has fallen upon these hapless victims of our lust of Empire? Do none of our war-makers ever feel horror at being the authors of such far-reaching misery? The Imperialist Lord Rosebery said that this victory had "wiped out from the heart of Africa the bloodiest and most barbarous tyranny which has perhaps ever occurred in the history of mankind. (Cheers.)" The Imperialist Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham in January, 1896, said that the effect of the Ashanti war was to relieve a vast population "from the most bloody and barbarous tyranny which perhaps has ever existed in Africa. (Hear, hear.)" The words and applause are almost identical. It is fortunate for Lord Rosebery that his reputation — as an orator, at least — is established, otherwise he might have been suspected of studying Mr. Chamberlain's speeches for after-dinner uses. In any case the repetition of the excuse of blood and barbarism shows a remarkable paucity of imagination on the part both of speaker and audience.

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Mr. T. B. Potter.

It is with the utmost regret that we record the death of Mr. Thomas Bayly Potter, the last of the old Free-traders who did such good service to their country half a century ago. Since Cobden's death he has seemed to live in the love of Cobden's memory and for the purpose of keeping that memory green in the hearts of the people. A loyal, kindly friend, an honest and straightforward man, his loss will be felt as a personal grief by many.

LIBERALISM AND THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The "Bedborough case" has come and gone without making anything clear as to the right of free speech in England save that (1) the police can be privately moved to interfere with it at their own choice, in the interests of religious and other orthodoxy; and (2) that when they choose to do so they can count on the support of professed organs of Liberalism. I do not propose here to comment on the course of affairs in the trial, or the course adopted either by the defendant or by Mr. Havelock Ellis, the author of the work incriminated in the first instance. One does not feel entitled either to blame Mr. Bedborough for deciding to save his own skin or to deprecate Mr. Ellis's refusal, as "a student", to enter the witness-box, or otherwise to "fight" the question. All that one can fairly say on that head is, that henceforth nobody else publishing books or periodicals liable to the charge (however unjust) of "obscenity", can reasonably look to professed Freethinkers (or other general defenders of the right of reasonable free speech) to stand by them in any way if they are not prepared to fight matters to a finish.

But there remains the general or social aspect of the question, as it has been handled by the police and by certain "Liberal" newspapers; and on that it seems desirable to have a further expression of opinion. In the account of the closing of the trial, Mr. Mathew, the prosecuting counsel, is reported as saying that "as a matter of fact the prisoner had played a very small part in circulating, as a sub-agent, the wares of the Watford University Press"; that a warrant for the arrest of the controller of that establishment will be put in execution if he should return to England; that the magazine *The Adult* will in future be attentively watched by the police; and that Mr. Bedborough has mollified the police by abandoning his connection with the periodical in question.

Now *The Adult*, as I understand, was the property of Mr. Bedborough, and the only one of the "wares of the University Press" which there was any pretence of prosecuting was the work of Mr. Havelock Ellis on Sexual Inversion. The other wares of the University Press were (1) the *University Magazine;* (2) a book published by me and belonging entirely to me, entitled "The Saxon and the Celt"; (3) the book by me entitled "Montaigne and Shakspere", in which I retain my

author's rights; and several other books, which there has been no attempt to indict, including (4) one entitled "The Dynamics of Religion", "by M. W. Wiseman". I do not believe that the worst blockhead or fanatic in England would dream of prosecuting my books on "The Saxon and the Celt" and "Montaigne and Shakspere", though the police, who are paid to preserve public order, and who have of late conspicuously failed to do so in London, committed the outrage of stealing copies of these books when they arrested Mr. Bedborough for selling that of Mr. Ellis and *The Adult*. The books happened to be in Mr. Bedborough's hands for sale for the University Press: that was all.

But as it is just conceivable that the persons, whoever they may be, who instigated the Bedborough prosecution, may have yearned to prosecute the book entitled "The Dynamics of Religion", I desire thus publicly to state that I am the sole author of that work; that the publisher had suggested the experiment of issuing it under a pseudonym by way of getting for it more impartial criticism than it would receive if coming from a known freethinker; and that, as he paid for it, I agreed to try the experiment, turning the label "Mr. Worldly Wiseman" into the semblance of a real name. If that book is to be prosecuted, I desire to be the sole person charged; and I am ready to stand prosecution, though I have no expectation of the honor.

As the case now stands, then, the controller of the University Press is liable to arrest when there is no pretence of any charge against him save that he published the work of Mr. Havelock Ellis, for which there is, apparently, no intention of prosecuting Mr. Ellis himself. The police are aware, I believe, that if Mr. Ellis were punished for writing that book there would be an outburst of indignation from half of the scientific men even in hypocritical England: therefore they leave Mr. Ellis alone. But they keep up the menace against the publisher; and in this as well as in the rest of their procedure, I observe, they have the support of the *Daily Chronicle*. This last is the feature of the episode on which I am most concerned to comment.

The editor of that journal—for the article by its argument makes him morally responsible—published a leader on the conclusion of the case which set out as follows:—

"The result of the Bedborough case at the Old Bailey is so far satisfactory that the plea of guilty avoided that washing of dirty linen in public which is one of the mischiefs of police proceedings against improper literature. The book mainly incriminated was not even named in the proceedings, nor was the author of it. We will not name them either. We have looked at the book, and we have received the explanatory or exculpatory statements which have been freely issued to the Press. We give weight and credit to the protests of the writer as to his scientific *intentions*, and we notice that various scientific persons appear to have given him testimonials on that footing. But for our part we cannot take the view that the book has any scientific value whatever. The courts of the law and the criticism of the Press are the *responsible organs of public opinion* in such matters; and in the discharge of our duty to the public we feel bound to say that the book in question ought never to have been written or printed."

It seems to me to be the duty of those of us who care for the maintenance of scientific freedom in England to say in so many words that, so far as we have any part in "public opinion", we repudiate this despicable deliverance; and further that we regard it as a disgrace to Liberalism, to say nothing of its being a grossly incompetent pronouncement on the scientific question involved. It is in fact a typical expression of the national hypocrisy which makes possible the indictment and calumniation of Mr. Ellis's book.

It will be within the recollection of most readers that when Mr. Oscar Wilde was prosecuted for the kind of vice of which Mr. Ellis has made a pathological study, the London newspapers reported as much of the proceedings as they well could. The *Daily Chronicle* now writes:—

"No one will suspect us of any affection for prosecutions of this kind, which are at the best an evil. But for the protection of the young and the unthinking, a law there must be."

"The protection of the young and the un-

thinking" means, if anything at all, the preventing their reading about such matters. There was no thought at the time of the Wilde trial, however, of saving the young and the unthinking from reading the newspaper reports, published by the million, of all the nauseous details of that miserable case. Other papers published them; and the conscientious *Chronicle* was not the organ to be wilfully behindhand in its sales. I desire, accordingly, to publish my individual opinion that its attack on Mr. Ellis's book, besides being unintelligent to the last degree, is a perfectly insincere parade of concern for public propriety. And without any talk of "suspicion" I desire as an individual to avow that I consider a journal guilty of such an utterance to be further guilty of encouraging all manner of attacks on the proper freedom of the Press—of the press, that is, in the sense of a kind of literature of infinitely more value to human progress than our average newspapers.

Not the least striking feature in the *Chronicle's* performance is the claim that the courts of law and anonymous editorials are "the responsible organs of public opinion in such matters". Responsible in what way, and to whom? Observe the situation. This writer, in the ignoble manner of our English journalism, casts his insults and aspersions at the author of an indicted book without signing his name. The coward's castle of the "we" shields him from retaliation, save in so far as anyone might decide to hold Mr. Massingham personally responsible for all the editorials in his paper. At the same time he insolently dismisses the opinions of the "various scientific persons" who have testified their sense of the scientific value of Mr. Ellis's work. These "persons" *were* "responsible" for what they wrote; they signed their names to their letters, making themselves liable to direct and unpleasant challenge from stupid people. What is more, they were one and all intellectually entitled to hold and to express an opinion on the subject. Not one of them but was far better qualified to speak on it than any member of the editorial staff of the *Chronicle*. But the empty scribe who prates of his "responsibility" is free to insult them as he insults Mr. Ellis, and to inform the world of readers who call themselves Liberals that it is such as he and Sir John Bridge and the Recorder that express public opinion.

The whole episode really beggars comment. England, there is reason to believe, suffers more than any other of the leading civilised nations from the form of vice handled in Mr. Ellis's book. It is said to abound in the high-class public schools; it is chronically heard of at the universities. Mr. Ellis's book is the first attempt by an English author to put in the hand of doctors, teachers, and others, the knowledge requisite for a sane corrective treatment of the trouble, against which there is no other sort of provision beyond an occasional prosecution, duly reported in the daily newspapers, for the stimulation of the morbid curiosity of "the young and the unthinking". No sooner does the book appear, however, than the police, who know that the actual vice abounds under their noses, are moved to take the course of indicting the scientific study as an "obscene libel", and contrive so to manage matters that they cast a stigma on books which have nothing whatever to do with the subject, and to make impossible the further sale of a Freethought magazine issued by the publishers. Whereupon the *Daily Chronicle* pronounces that it is all very good, because "the law has less to do with motives than with effects", and "we" think Mr. Ellis's book "worthless as science"—"we", who know about as much of science, or the spirit thereof, as Abdul the Damned! And we are now close on the Twentieth Century.

John M. Robertson.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

Once more the circling year has brought the British Central Africa Report. This time it is Colonel Manning who indites it, not Mr. Sharpe, nor that other commissioner known to native speech as the "Mzungu Wamkulu—Josson". The re-

port contains no flourish of trumpets—the Protectorate is not one of the show-places of the Empire, and has neither gold mines nor diamonds to make a boom withal. True, the figures both of exports and imports have risen; but there has been an unusual number of deaths in the year, and the number of white residents is much about what it was. We know, too, from other sources that it is an anxious year for the settlers; the coffee crop just ripened has not, on the whole, done well—in some cases it is almost nil. The Nyasa country is not, and never has been, a land of promise for those who would make haste to be rich; it will, in the end, yield an ample return for the capital spent on it, but that return will not be speedy; the harvest, indeed, may not ripen within the lifetime of the sowers. There is nothing of the lottery grand prize about their investments; and happy are those who can be content with the day of small things, and, moreover, can afford to wait till even the small things begin to make their appearance.

Turning to another aspect of affairs, we find the administrators congratulating themselves that the "Angoni risings" have been successfully put down, and that the fighting force of the Protectorate is in such a perfect state. It would be still more satisfactory had there been no Angoni risings at all, as it is my firm conviction that there *need not have been*. In fact, there was no rising at all in "Chekusi's" case. He had a punitive expedition sent against him for exercising what must have appeared to him a perfectly lawful jurisdiction over his subjects. He was scarcely in the position of those native Indian rulers who know perfectly well by what tenure they hold their semblance of power, and that if they revert to their ancestral methods of enforcing their authority, it is at their own risk. Of the ultimate responsibility for the difficulties between chief and people, which is not such a simple matter as appears on the surface, I say nothing here.

Of course that "rising" does not belong to the present discussion, but Mpezeni's does—and so does that of last May, when Captain Pearce advanced to Mandala's village and found it deserted. Concerning these last it is not easy to say anything, so few particulars have found their way into the papers, and my own private sources of information appear to have been stricken with dumbness. But, perhaps, after all that has come and gone, it may be excusable to look with some suspicion on any doings wherein the Chartered Company—the British South Africa Company, of course—are concerned, and Mpezeni lives outside the Protectorate in the Company's territory, a vast region which, "on paper," reaches up northward to meet that same Congo State. It may, or may not hold possibilities of gold; at any rate, Mpezeni's people had plenty of cattle, which are none too plentiful in the Protectorate, and over 12,000 head were driven off by the Government troops. What was left for Mpezeni's people to live on we are not informed.

As for Mandala, speaking personally, I am still more in the dark as to the doings which brought the administrators down on him. I never met Mandala, and only know him by report as a swaggering, insolent young ruffian, usually at loggerheads with his brother, though they were sometimes friends, as on one occasion which I well remember, when Mandala gave orders for a *mwavi*-drinking, in order to ascertain the cause of Gomani's indisposition—a cause which, if reports were true, was probably not so very recondite after all. Mandala's wife, or one of them—the how-manyeth in order of acquisition I could not say, though she seems to have been advanced to the principal post—I knew well. She was Mbuya, daughter of Chipanga, headman of Nziza, at the foot of the Kirk Mountains—a bright, good-looking, very intelligent girl, who was for some time a pupil of the Mission school at Ntumbi Station. She had the Yao tribe-mark—the two rows of little cicatrised cuts across each temple; her mother being a Yao, a captive in one of Chekusi's raids

beyond Shire—and technically, I suppose a slave, though she would have been far from grateful to anyone who proposed to "liberate" her. Several of Mbuya's brothers and sisters attended school—indeed, one or two went to Blantyre as boarders—and all made rapid progress in reading and writing. Then, one day, Mbuya was "requisitioned" as Mandala's wife—as her elder brother had been to help herd Mandala's cattle—and was sent for to the Great Kraal among the hills. I subsequently heard that she was acting as "Mandala's private secretary"; and her influence might have been expected to contribute to the softening of his manners, as well as towards a better understanding with the Azungu at Zomba. One would like to know what has become of her.

This by the way. In our British Central African Protectorate we have a record as yet uncomplicated by long years of injustice, official misunderstanding and mismanagement, and heart-embittering wars which leave enduring race-hatreds behind them. I do not wish to import any sentimental views into our dealings with the natives. I do not hold a brief either for Mandala, or Makanjira, or Chikumbu of the Bad Heart (a native description), or any of the slaving chiefs who have been thorns in the sides of the administrators. But what we do want is justice—such a measure of firm, even-handed justice as many of our Indian officials have learned to exercise; and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that, with the best intentions, justice is impossible without knowledge and understanding—and these are not to be picked up haphazard in a few weeks, or a few months. Our new Protectorate has no trained administrative service; the higher posts may be well, even excellently filled, but it is hard on the inhabitants of an outlying district if they have to suffer (and such a thing might easily happen) for the misunderstandings of a young collector who is buying his experience. And I cannot help thinking there is sometimes a danger in the very anxiety of such men to do their duty. It is the fashion to laud vigor of action to such an extent that it almost seems as if it were meant that it hardly matters what a man does so long as he does something decisive. And to a man distracted by the perplexities of a half-understood condition of things, "when in doubt, hang a man", sometimes seems the safest maxim. Such a course of vigorous action commends itself to a certain cast of mind—to those who have read their Carlyle upside down—but from another point of view it looks sadly like a confession of weakness. One does not wish to underrate the difficulties of such a task, or the paralysing influence of a conscience in the wrong place, but greater difficulties have been grappled with successfully in India. The African native is not the inscrutable being some would make him out; he has no complicated religious and political traditions behind him; with a little goodwill and the capacity for taking pains, without which no result worth having was ever attained, an understanding should not be so difficult to arrive at. And, once more, nobly as the Sikh forces have done their work in the Protectorate, we would deprecate their employment except as a temporary measure. The sooner all necessary police work can be done by drilled natives—Mang'anja, Yao, Angoni, or Atonga, but all employed as far as possible among their own people—the better. The attempts already made in this direction seem to promise well; but of course a great deal of training and supervision is needed. Half-trained native police, for instance, ought never to be sent out armed with guns, and without any responsible superior officer, to collect taxes or requisition men to work at the *boma* in lieu of payment.

I have only space for a word or two on a very different matter—the botanical report—and for one point in this: the experiments made, fairly successful so far, with imported fibre-plants. But with two excellent fibre-plants already wild in the country, why import them? I have never been able to make out why the utility of the *sonkwe* (a species of *Hibiscus*, I believe)

and the *bwazi* (*securidaca longipedunculata*) has not been more fully recognised. The natives make very good string of both, but the bark of the bwazi especially (frequently mentioned by Livingstone) will make strong, even twine down to almost any fineness, as well as thicker cords, fishing nets, etc. It is a shrub that grows wild in great abundance, and might easily be cultivated. Another plant worth taking notice of, which grows half-wild about the Angoni gardens—though the Rver natives, I believe, grow it for their own use and for sale—is the oil-seed, known as *chitowi*. One kind grows wild in Natal, and is there called the foxglove—the flower, though not the leaf resembling that plant—but the colonists do not appear to pay any attention to it. The crushed seeds, after being pounded and boiled to extract the oil, yield excellent food for cattle, which has been successfully tried by settlers at Blantyre and elsewhere.

In conclusion, it may be doubted whether the Shire Highlands (not to mention the Lake country) can ever become a European colony in the sense that Cape Colony or Natal is one; but I believe it will always afford scope for a comparatively small number of men of rather special character and capacity, who will succeed in developing it through the agency of its native population and assist the latter to develop themselves.

A. WERNER.

PENAL REFORM.

[We wish to remind our readers that these papers do not pretend to deal with the subjects exhaustively, but are merely offered as suggestions for discussion.—ED.]

III. PUNISHMENT (*Concluded.*)

IN my last paper[1] I pointed out certain fundamental defects in our prison system, and suggested certain amendments. It is now my duty to discuss the other forms of punishment, viz., fines, flogging, and death.

Fines.—While the proportion of sentences of imprisonment was much greater sixty years ago than it is at the present day, the proportion of fines is now considerably higher. The substitution of fines for imprisonment has increased tremendously during that time; in 1836 there were only 2,051 fines per 100,000 sentences as against 20,253 in 1896. In theory, a money forfeit would appear to be a very convenient and effective punishment in slighter cases of wrong-doing. Let us see how it works out in actual practice. Take first, one of the commonest instances in which the magistrate imposes a fine: the man who is charged with being drunk and disorderly. Who pays the fine? It is seldom the culprit who pays; but in the majority of cases it is his greatest victim, his wife. She not only has to suffer from her husband's brutalities and obscene language, she not only has to go out to work to keep the home going during his fit of drinking, but when the climax comes and he falls into the hands of the police, she has to put her hand in her pocket, and the money she has so painfully earned to buy bread for her children, goes to pay her husband's forfeit. But she is not compelled to do this, some will say, she can let him suffer the alternative imprisonment. It is true that she is not legally compelled to pay the fine, but if she does not she will be disgraced in the eyes of her neighbors; and moreover, her husband will "take it out of her" on his release.

There are many other instances in which fines are imposed: *e.g.*, School Board, Vaccination, Sunday trading cases, and so on. A man is sentenced, say, to a fine of 40s. or a month's imprisonment. If he is a well-to-do man he has only to put his hand in his pocket, pay the fine, and think no more about it. The fine of 40s. may distress him no more than if the fine had been 40 farthings. But if the prisoner happens to be a poor laborer, 40s. may mean two weeks' wages. If with the help of friends he gets together this sum, not only he but his whole family are punished, because the money must ultimately be squeezed out of their already too scanty supply of food, clothing and shelter. As I pointed out in a previous paper, how-

[1] See REFORMER, June 15.

ever, it frequently happens that the forfeit money is not forthcoming; in that case the man must suffer the alternative sentence of a month's imprisonment. It is quite useless for him to offer part of the fine, even if he can make up as much as 35s. or 38s., if he cannot produce the exact amount to prison he must go. In prison, although possibly he may be a mere shiftless muddler, or even an undeniably decent man, he is treated as a criminal and his physique impoverished by the short sentence dietary—a dietary which, although greatly improved by the recent Prisons Act, still leaves much to be desired.

What is the remedy for this? It is difficult to say; but I will put briefly two suggestions which have been made and leave them open for discussion. It has been urged that magistrates should vary the fines according to the means of the prisoner. This suggestion is open to such strong objection as to make it, I think, impracticable. Except in the case of obvious poverty or obvious wealth, the assessment of fines to means would involve inquisitorial investigations into the means of each prisoner about to be fined, and these investigations would (1) increase the expenses of administration, (2) occupy much time, and (3) be deeply and justly resented.

Next, it has been suggested that fines might be paid by instalments; or where desirable the fines might be worked out entirely, or in part. The main difficulty here seems to be that of providing work for an uncertain number of workmen and the disposal of the products of their labor. It is a difficulty which I do not think should prove insuperable, notwithstanding that there has been a great outcry against prison-made goods on the part of those who have not sufficiently considered what the whole question involves.

Flogging.—This is a punishment which ought to be abolished at once, both from our laws and from our prisons. It has had a long trial and has proved utterly useless. Corporal punishment is not legal in Scotland, and is very rarely used in Ireland. England is the only country in Europe where it is part of the penal law. It is alleged that the "cat" put down garotting in London. Even Lord Norton says this, although he, above all men, should know that this is not true. When he, as Sir C. B. Adderley, brought in the Security from Violence Bill in 1863, it was fully shown in the course of the debate, and admitted by Lord Carnarvon, who moved the Bill in the House of Lords, that there had been great exaggeration as to the violence in the streets of London at the end of 1862, that the epidemic of garotting was then practically over, and that "the number of robberies with violence did not at that time exceed the usual amount". What was the "usual amount"? The Security [by flogging] from Violence Bill became law in 1863, at which date Lord Cranworth said that hitherto the number of cases of robbery with violence reported to the Police had been 28 or 30 in six months. If we turn to the Recorder's charge at the Sessions of the Criminal Court for the month of September, 1898, we shall find that for that *one month alone* there were twenty-two prisoners charged with robbery with violence. In the October sessions the number had increased to twenty-six. With these figures before one showing an increase from 60 per annum to 24 in a month, it is simple nonsense to speak of the cat as having put down garotters.

Besides the objection to flogging as a useless punishment, there is the further and all-important objection that it is necessarily degrading and brutalising to those who have to take part in it, and that in this way it tends to lower the moral tone of the community generally. This tendency is very noticeable in the dulness of the public conscience in regard to the use of the cat and the birch, and revengeful punishments generally. Moreover, legalised violence is in itself a powerful encouragement to lawless violence.

Death.—This, like flogging, is essentially a vindictive punishment; it, also, is de-

moralising to all those who have to take part in it. In its favor it is argued that it is (1) a deterrent; (2) economical; (3) necessary to satisfy the thirst for vengeance on the part of the public.

(1) The facts and figures supplied by an investigation into the practice of other European countries and the history of our own country absolutely disprove this allegation. There are seven or eight countries in Europe where the death penalty is not used, and there is no consequent increase in homicidal crime; there are other countries where executions are more or less frequent, but they cannot therefore show any falling off in the supply of murderers. In our own country, when death was the usual penalty for felony, condemned men were often fêted and treated as heroes and martyrs. A comparison of the average convictions and executions for the past thirty years given in the October issue of this journal (p. 202) does not offer any very convincing proof of the deterrent effect of the death penalty, quite the contrary.

(2) If we spent fewer millions on war, and a few hundreds of thousands less on the Established Church of England, we should not need to defend an unjustifiable punishment on the ground of economy. In any case it is a plea not worth considering, and betrays an anxiety to save a few pence at the expense of many pounds.

(3) That this argument should be brought forward advisedly and deliberately is, I think, a very serious matter. It is evidence of the deep-seated taint left in the community by the years of constant preaching of the Mosaic doctrine of retaliation bound up with the teachings of Christianity. When people learn to regard the criminal from the humane and scientific point of view, as distinguished from the Christian view of him of as fallen brother (!) who has disobeyed God's Commandments, the general desire for the vindictive punishment of criminals will be as utterly effaced as is the old-time desire for the vindictive punishment of lunatics.

The only alternative punishment which adequately meets the case of murderers is the absolutely indeterminate sentence; this I am convinced would prove effective both as a reformative and as a deterrent.

I have put the above points very briefly before the reader by way of suggestion for him to elaborate in discussion; but I shall be very pleased to answer any enquiry, or deal with any opposing argument which may occur to anyone.

In conclusion, I would say a word as to the charge often brought against such of us as condemn corporal and capital punishment, as sentimental persons who wish to make the prison a pleasant place and who pity the criminal rather than his victim. I most certainly would not make the prison a pleasant place. I would make it a place to be dreaded and shunned, more even than that product of our national philanthropy—the workhouse. I believe that this would be fully effected by the indeterminate sentence carefully administered. Loss of liberty, strict but enlightened discipline, hard work, all for an absolutely indefinite period—*i.e.*, until the prisoner had proved to the board of directors his fitness for release—would, I think, be much more dreaded by ordinary criminals than even the long, but *definite* period of ten years' penal servitude. If at the outset delinquents under-estimated the full meaning of such a sentence, they would learn better in the course of a few years.

As for pity, I do indeed pity the criminal; and I feel no shame in my compassion. Rather, I think, the shame is on those who, secure in their untempted plenty, shut their hearts against those who are less fortunate. That pity for the criminal should necessarily exclude, or even diminish, pity for his victim, is a possibility which exists only in the imagination of stupid or heartless people. B.

MR. YERBURGH who, at Liverpool on the 10th, urged that our trade outlets should be maintained "even at the cost of war", can hardly be described as "essentially a peace-loving man".

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

At the recent trial of the "Peculiar People" at the Central Criminal Court, we had an example of the manner in which the unanimity of the jury is obtained. As the jury were some time considering their verdict, Mr. Justice Bigham asked what was the difficulty, and was told there was one gentleman who was not agreed. "Oh!" said the judge, "you must bring him round. . . . Do not be very long, or else I shall have to send you away and get another jury." The jury almost immediately found the prisoners guilty of manslaughter. A majority verdict, such as is the practice in the Scotch courts, would save men from dishonoring themselves by yielding to the pressure of the judge or their fellow jurymen, and acquiescing in a verdict with which they do not agree. In the State of Louisiana the citizens are beginning to have their doubts about the value of the jury, and a recent enactment of the Constitutional Convention provides that a judge may try a case without a jury in criminal cases where the crime does not entail imprisonment with hard labor. In other cases a jury of five may be summoned, or when a full jury of twelve is required, a verdict is secured by the agreement of nine of the twelve. The new method is found to facilitate business and reduce expense.

It is announced that now that the rainy season is over, active operations against the Sierra Leone rebels are to be resumed. As far as Bai Bureh is concerned, the matter should be investigated before the expedition is allowed to proceed. Bai Bureh, chief of the Timinis, was an ally of ours, and he and his warriors have fought side by side with us in the punitive expeditions against slave-raiders. He protested against the hut tax, and said the people could not pay it; when formally called upon by Sir Frederick Cardew, he courteously declined in a letter published in the Sierra Leone papers. The Governor thereupon dispossessed him of his chieftainship and put a figurehead in his place. The Timinis rose in arms and put the nominee to death. All the towns in the Timini country have been destroyed, and the nation scattered, but Bai Bureh so far has escaped capture. Hence the present expedition. Bai Bureh has for some time past been pleading for a safe conduct in order to lay his case personally before her Majesty's Commissioner, and to the ordinary mind this seems a fair and simple thing to grant. At present, however, the authorities show every inclination to prefer Might to Right.

We hope that when Parliament meets aga n there will be some Irish member who will enquire into the dealings of the Irish Local Government Board with the Clogher Board of Guardians. On the death of the Clogher rate collector, the Board appointed his daughter to the post. She was perfectly qualified for the office and had actually done the work for some years past, in consequence of her father's prolonged illness. The Local Government Board refused to approve the appointment of Miss Macgill and ordered the Guardians to choose someone else—anyone, as long as he was a man. The Guardians were perfectly satisfied with Miss Macgill and determined to abide by their choice. The Local Government Board have therefore dismissed the Guardians by sealed order, and have themselves appointed two gentlemen to act as vice-guardians.

At Peterborough Wiliam Onions was recently charged with drunk and disorderly conduct and convicted, it is said, for the 1,oooth time. He writes temperance hymns, and spends the proceeds in getting drunk, so the report says. The Mayor sentenced Onion to 14 days' imprisonment, so that by the time this goes to press he will probably be in process of being charged again. It is to be hoped that the Habitual Inebriates' Act can be put in force in this case, for although it has yet to be seen whether the treatment under it will prove efficacious, it is quite certain that these repeated "14 days" can only result in undermining both the mind and the body of the prisoner and are besides a constant expense to the country. It would be interesting if we could get a return showing exactly how much such habitual offenders do cost the State.

"To taking the devil to Wheatsheaf Farm, 1s. 6d.; and fetching it back, 1s. 6d." This was an item in the accounts rendered by the sanitary inspector to the Urban Council of Beaconsfield, Bucks, in the month of October, 1898. We are further informed that these same accounts "occasioned some amusements"! The clergyman of the district ought to make investigations into the piety of a Council which can pay for the porterage of a devil—even if it be a sewage devil—with a laugh. This dealing with devils is hardly less reprehensible than the Birmingham trade in gods.

The recent inquest into the death of Mr. Harold Frederic shows how little Christians like to see a practical application of the Biblical teachings. When Mrs. Mills, the Christian scientist, was giving evidence, her answers were asseverations, in one form or another, of faith in the healing power of God. Yet at the end a juryman said flatly, "We can't get any sensible answers out of this witness. For an hour she has been talking nonsense."

The *South Place Magazine* for November has a stirring article by Dr. Conway on the "New Plan for Peace." Mr. J. H. Levy also continues his analysis of Dr. Sullivan's theory of "Mercenary Scheme of Morality", which he is quite welcome to claim as an "implication of theism", but which is entirely repudiated by those who have no *theos*. In his article Mr. Levy reproduces from the pages of the *National Reformer* his reply to Mr. Grant Allen's notable verses "On Prayer".

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER'S Engagements: Nov. 15, 16, Blackburn (Venetian Hall); Nov. 19-21, Stanley (19 and 21, Board School, at 7.30; 20, Co-operative Hall, at 8); Nov. 22, Stockton-on-Tees; Nov. 24, Paisley; Nov. 25, Motherwell (Lesser Town Hall); Nov. 27, Glasgow (Hall, 110 Brunswick Street, at 12 and 6.30); Dec. 1, Walthamstow Women's Liberal Association; 1899, Jan. 15, Chatham; Jan. 16, Borough Polytechnic.

MADAME VEIGELE.—As we publish on 15th, we can announce only the last item on your monthly programmes. The fixtures for first half of each month could appear in our issue dated previous month if sent in time (by 6th).

COST of open space measuring 12 ft. × 12 ft. in front of Mr. Bradlaugh's grave, £21 5s. Received: P. French, 5s., W. Palmer, 2s., C. Herbert, £1, J. Kenworthy (New Zealand), 10s. Total, £20 18s. This fund is now closed.

WATFORD.—Mr. Loosley, Newsagent, High Street, supplies the REFORMER.

J. KENWORTHY.—Thank you for your very kindly letter and good wishes. The enclosure has been distributed as you wished.

WE desire to draw attention to the effort being made by the South Place Ethical Society to clear the long-standing mortgage on their building—well known to our readers in London and elsewhere. The bazaar (referred to in "Societies and Their Work") is, we believe, the first held in this connexion. It has been arranged by thoroughly competent friends, who have spared no thought and labor, and we are sure it will be well worth visiting on all counts. We may perhaps mention that Mrs. J. M. Robertson will be in attendance at the "China and Glass" stall.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—From Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd.: The Evolution of Christianity, by Ramsden Balmforth (2s. 6d.). The Third Factor of Production, and other Essays, by A. J. Ogilvy; with Introductory Note by Dr. A. R. Wallace (2s. 6d.). Over Production and Crises, by Karl Rodbertus; with Introduction by J. B. Clark (2s. 6d.).

From the Twentieth Century Press: How it can be done; or, Constructive Socialism, by John Richardson, M.I.C.E. (2s. 6d.).

RECEIVED:—Northampton Daily Reporter—Northampton Mercury—Boston Investigator—Truthseeker (New York)—Personal Rights—Inquirer—Liberty Review—I. L. P. News—Single Tax—Indian Social Reformer—People's Newspaper (Queensland)—Bulletin Mensuel, Fédération Francaise de la Libre Pensée—Social Democrat—Agnostic Journal—Adult—L'Enclos—Newsagents' Chronicle—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Newcastle Daily News—Melbourne Argus—Awakener of India—Liberator—Lincoln Leader—Literary Guide—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Labour Co-Partnership—Eagle and Serpent—New Century Review.

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address—not necessarily for publication, but as some guarantee of *bona fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

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THE TWELVE TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

EVERY nation has its "fabulous history" which deals with what is alleged to have taken place before the commencement of its authentic history. At the present day none of our historians profess to know anything of the history of England previous to the landing of Julius Cæsar; and we have almost forgotten that we ever had a fabulous history of this country. Yet it is not so long since the mendacious inventions of Geoffrey of Monmouth were universally accepted, and his "British History" was warmly defended with precisely the same arguments as we find used to-day in defence of the corresponding writings of the Old Testament.

It is now tacitly admitted that the more or less authentic history of the Jews dates only from the death of Solomon and the division of the two kingdoms. But the scribes of Israel, nevertheless, profess to give us detailed accounts of the wonderful things which happened to their fathers at a still earlier period, though these accounts awaken suspicion by their miraculous nature, and by their frequent self-contradictions and anachronisms. Ancient Jewish legend comes to us in two documents; one, called the Hexateuch (that is the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua) which did not assume its present form until about the age of the Maccabees; and the other, comprising the present books of Judges, Samuel and Kings bringing down the Jewish history to the time of the Exile, and therefore obviously of later date than the Exile. The Books of Chronicles may be neglected, as they are merely a late religious rescension of the Books of Kings, whose only value is that they show the utterly unscrupulous way in which the Jews treated their history.

According to the Jewish legendary history, the Hebrews were originally divided into twelve tribes; and these twelve tribes invaded the land of Canaan, massacred the natives, and then settled in the country themselves. The Book of Joshua even

professes to give an elaborate account of the division of the country between these twelve tribes. Of course, an inhabitant of Palestine could easily give satisfactory boundary lines for any division of the country which might occur to him. But when we map out these divisions, and compare the later history, it appears that some parts of these territories were never occupied by the Children of Israel; but remained independent nationalities under the names of Philistines, Sidonians, Moabites, and Edomites. It is also a remarkable fact that while the tribal boundaries are fully and minutely described in the territory of Judea, and scarcely less so in Galilee, they are fragmentary and meagre within the bounds of Samaria; and the list does not include the famous Samaritan towns of Shechem, Thebez, Acrabbi, and others. No list of the cities of Ephraim and Manasseh is included in the topographical chapters of the Book of Joshua; nor any description of the northern limits of Manasseh; and only a very slight one of the southern border, where that tribe was contiguous to Ephraim. Consequently, on mature consideration, the details in Joshua are neither complete nor convincing. Furthermore, this tribal division appears to have been totally ignored by the Jewish rulers. Solomon is said to have appointed twelve officers to govern Palestine in 1 Kings iv, 7; but the districts they governed appear to have been quite independent of the alleged divisions settled by Joshua.

The twelve tribes of Israel were thirteen in number, and the following are the names which are generally enumerated:—

Asher	Levi
Benjamin	Manasseh
Dan	Naphtali
Ephraim	Reuben
Gad	Simeon
Issachar	Zebulon
Judah	

But the lists are not always identical. Thus in the "Blessing of Moses" (Deut. xxxiii) *Simeon* is omitted. In Rev. vii, 5-8, the tribe of *Dan* is omitted; and the genealogies of the same tribe have dropped out of 1 Chron. ii to xii. While in the Song of Deborah (Judges v) we have the following remarkable list of the tribes of Israel:—

Ephraim	Reuben
Benjamin	Gilead
Machir	Dan
Zebulon	Asher
Issachar	Naphtali

The tribes of *Machir* and *Gilead* are usually ignored, although in the genealogies they are forced into harmony with the legendary twelvefold division of the Israelites. The tribe of Gilead, at any rate, contributed two or three heroes to Jewish history; and it is clearly shown by Judges xii, 4 and 29, that the Gileadites were totally independent of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, notwithstanding the mendacious genealogies. Furthermore, we have glimpses of other tribal divisions, the most important of which was the *Kenite* Tribe (Judges i, 16). The Jewish hero, Caleb, was a *Kenizzite* (Num. xxxii, 12) though the Chronicler unscrupulously inserts him in the genealogies of Judah.

From whatever point of view we study it, we are forced to the conclusion that the "twelve tribes" were a purely imaginary conception, and this conception only becomes definite in the writings of a late period, so that while we find very little mention of the names of the tribes in Kings, these names are very frequent in Chronicles.

We are of course ignorant of the reasons which the framers of the Jewish legends had for choosing the twelve (or thirteen) names, usually associated with the twelve tribes. But in two cases the reason is obvious. The name of Judah was chosen because the kings of the southern kingdom took their origin from that tribe; and as the founder of the kingdom of Israel, Jeroboam I, was a member of the tribe of Ephraim (1 Kings xi, 26) we can well understand why Ephraim figures in the duodecimal list. It is significant that Judah does not occur

in the enumeration of the Song of Deborah. The author of that Song knows nothing of a Hebrew nation of homogeneous race. He speaks only of a nation called "Israel" (*i.e.* Warrior of El) of mixed blood, as shown by Judges v, 14.

Having attained the idea of the twelve tribes, it was inevitable that the legend-makers should proceed to derive their origin from the twelve sons of some Patriarch. That is what is invariably done in folk-history. And in Genesis we have a far from edifying account of the imaginary domestic relations of this patriarch; and we are gravely informed that each of the twelve sons took his name from some circumstance connected with his birth. These derivations however are merely very bad puns upon the individual names; and no philologist can accept them. They were not even satisfying to the Hebrews themselves, as we find totally different etymologies given for the same name. The meanings of these names, nevertheless, throw very little light upon any of the problems connected with the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

ASHER means "happy"; and the Beni Asher were in the "happy" condition of having no history, so that we know nothing about them.

GAD means "fortune". We learn, however, from Isaiah lxv, 11 (R.V.) that the Hebrews worshipped a deity named "*Gad*", or fortune. Thus the "Sons of Gad" need not have been descendants of a *man* named Fortune; but, from the analogy of similar names are more likely to have originally so styled themselves as adherents of the God Gad.

DAN means "Judge".

ISSACHAR is a word which it is impossible to explain. We do not even know its proper pronunciation because the Massoretic pointing does not agree with the consonants of the word.

MANASSEH, also, is impossible of explanation.

REUBEN is another word which cannot be explained. It is not certain, however, that this is its original form. Josephus wrote it as *Reubel;* and this is supported by the Old Syriac and the Arabic versions of the Bible. *Reubel* appears to mean "Behold Baal", and the alteration of the name at a later period may be due to the same causes as led to the substitution of *Bosheth* for *Baal* in other names.

Levi, again, is an enigma to Hebrew scholars. But among the Nabathean inscriptions brought to Europe by Professor Julius Euting, are three names accompanied by the title *Lawân;* and it has been shown pretty clearly by Dr. Mueller that *Lawân* meant "priest". Although in our method of writing there does not appear much resemblance between *Lawân* and *Levi*, they are really the same word. The Nabathean inscriptions are, of course, late in date; but they show that this Arabian dialect used as the ordinary name of a priest, the same word which in Hebrew had come to signify the whole priestly tribe. We learn from Judges xvii, 7, that at one period of Jewish history individuals belonging to any tribe might become Levites. The ordinary Hebrew word for priest was "*cohen*"; but in three places we have "*komer*" (as Hosea x, 5) which is the Aramaic name for a priest. It is unnecessary to remark that the earlier Hebrews knew nothing of any priestly *tribe*; that is any family of men singled out by birth for the priestly office; for not only do we find the kings exercising the priestly functions, but we find it expressly stated in 2 Samuel viii 18 that "David's sons were priests" (*cohanim*). Naturally, sons succeeded their fathers as priests, just the same as in any other profession; and we can well understand that in later times the son of a priest would be considered superior to the son of a layman for sacerdotal duties, so that at last we arrive at a hereditary caste of "*Beni Levi*" or "*Sons of the Priest*".

NAPHTALI simply means "wrestlers"; and this is supported by the regular plural form *Naphtalim* employed by Josephus and the Septuagint. The tribe can hardly have been descended from a Mr. Wrestlers. Tribes often give themselves titles derived

from weapons or warlike exercises, as the Kenites, or "spearmen" from *qayin*=a spear; and we may also instance the well-known derivations of the names Vandal, Lombard, Frank, and Saxon.

JUDAH, as Gesenius points out, means "celebrated" or "renowned"; so that the Judeans had the same opinion of themselves as the Aryan Slavonians, who derive their name from the Slavonic word *slava*—"renown".

SIMEON is difficult to explain in the Hebrew language; but among the places conquered in Palestine by the Egyptian king Thothmes III, as enumerated in his triumphal inscriptions at Karnak, we have the town "*Shmana*", which is as near to Simeon as they could get in Egyptian hieroglyphics. The town of Shimron (Joshua xi, 1) appears to be a mistake for *Shimeon*, for it appears in the Greek Septuagint as *Symoôn*. We thus have a double testimony to the fact that there was a town of Simeon in Canaan long before the establishment of the Jewish kingdoms. Consequently, the Beni Simeon would be the inhabitants of the district dependant upon the old Canaanitish city of Simeon; not the sons of any individual of that name.

ZEBULON is merely *Zebul*="habitation" with the strengthening suffix "*on*". We can hardly imagine that the tribe consisted of the sons of a Mr. Habitation; the name points to the "inhabitant" or settler of a given territory.

EPHRAIM is explained by Gesenius as "the double land". The dual *aim* was a favorite termination for Hebrew geographical names as *Misraim* = Egypt, and *Yerushalaim* = Jerusalem. As in the case of Zebulon, it is pretty obvious that *Beni Ephraim* did not originally mean the sons of an ancestor named Ephraim. It rather meant "the sons of the district", *i.e.*, the men of the country. This is supported by the fact that we often find the term Ephraimites written as *Ephrathi* (as in Judges xii, 4) instead of the more cumbersome dual form.

BENJAMIN is said to signify "Son of the Right Hand", a somewhat meaningless expression. We must remember that *Yamin* not only means right hand, but also the "South". It is the same word as *Yemen*, the *southern* district of Arabia. Thus *Benjamin* is really "Son of the South", or Southerner. Furthermore, *Ben* was no part of the original tribal name, for we find *Ish Yemini* = son of the south (2 Sam. xx, 4), *Eres Yemini*=land of the south (1 Sam. ix, 4), instead of "man of Benjamin" and "land of Benjamin". This title of *Yemini* or Southerner, corresponds exactly with the situation of the tribe in *southern* Palestine. We have already seen that the author of the Song of Deborah does not recognise Simeon or Judah as part of the Israelitish nation, and the omission of these districts will leave the land of Benjamin the most southerly of the territory of Israel. Therefore we see that the mythical patriarch Benjamin had his name derived from the title already earned by the tribe in virtue of its geographical position.

Thus the names of the "tribes of Israel" point rather to a rearrangement of the ancient inhabitants of the land of Canaan than to an invading nation; and the meanings of these names so far as they can be traced, totally refutes the patriarchal theory of the derivation of the tribes from the several sons of a common ancestor.

CHILPERIC.

AN ENLARGED "REFORMER".

WE have received a number of letters on the subject of the enlargement of the REFORMER under the circumstances alluded to in our last issue. Radical and Freethought friends who hold any opinion on this matter and have not yet communicated with us are asked to do so by December 1. We wish to announce our decision in the December issue and before finally deciding we should be glad to look at the matter from as many points of view as possible. It is beyond question that at the present moment freedom of thought, of press, of speech, needs all the support that can be given to it here. There is not only an

ebb in the activity of Freethinkers, but there is also a flow in the activity of the persecuting spirit, of the spirit of Jingoism and reaction. We adhere to the principles we laid down in the first number of the REFORMER, and with the aid of our present able and disinterested staff of contributors we are prepared to continue the advocacy of these principles unswervingly and unflinchingly. Want of sufficient funds to carry on the magazine is the only pressure to which we are open; a boycott does not touch us, since we have been practically boycotted from birth. The majority of the newsagents who supply the REFORMER now would, we believe, continue to supply it, however many warning letters they received from "A Christian" dated from "Scotland Yard".

Herewith are a few extracts from some of the letters which we have received.

W. S. G. writes: "I read your remarks under the heading of 'Personal' in this month's issue of the REFORMER with deep interest and no less concern. The struggle of the seriously and strenuously progressive magazines to keep alive, and the failure of one after another *in* that struggle—side by side with the inflated and unheard-of growth in the circulation of monthlies (notably 'threepenny's) whose only mission is to amuse—'gives one pause', and makes one wonder where progress is after all. But certainly you do well—as other tongues perforce fall dumb—to cry the louder while you can, and to ask those on whom the sustaining of your cry depends to rally more worthily to your aid. Such further help as *I* can give. . . . shall be fully at your service. If I were rich I would offer at once to share your financial burden, but that I cannot now do. You invite opinions. My own is that it would be eminently desirable that your next volume should be on a new and enlarged scale, picking up the threads dropped by the *Progressive Review* and the *University Magazine*, and affording an opportunity for the lights that therein shone to illumine the world again. Of course, to do this . . . , would mean great expense and risk, and could only be thought of seriously if a substantial response results from your appeal. But surely this *will* result! The reformers cannot be all dead, or asleep, or impecunious."

J. W. G. and a friend will take two copies each instead of one for twelve months if REFORMER is enlarged.

E. G. B. writes: "I should welcome the enlargement, always provided the matter was kept at its present high level."

H. E. S. says that he will be glad to continue the REFORMER at 6d. "All must regret that it is not a financial success. The *Notes* I read with most interest, and next to these Mr. Robertson's articles. I have derived much benefit from D.'s articles in the old *National Reformer*."

G. B.: "I think you would certainly succeed . . . . with such articles as Mortimer's magnificent impeachment of prudery. . . . ."

J. F. R.: "You ask for opinions; mine is that the enlargement is a good idea. . . . . I should think that all of those who now give 3d. for a little monthly Radicalism and Freethought will be willing to give 6d. for more. It will be worthier the cause, too. . . . . I should like some of the extra space given to extra notes on the news of the day . . . . which I am sure everyone reads first. This is not n disparagement of the longer articles, most of which are very good."

A. T. B. regrets financial loss, but thinks "any alteration in price should be to a lower figure, not a higher".

W. G., who has obtained for us a large number of subscribers, fears he may lose them if the price is raised. He will continue to subscribe himself and still do all he can to make the REFORMER a success. "I think", he adds, "Secularists in the country ought to rally round the REFORMER, seeing that there is an evident disposition to harass those who are publishing advanced literature."[1]

R. N. regrets the loss on the REFORMER and sends 5s. towards reducing it, which we shall be happy to expend in sending out copies of the new issue should the enlargement be determined upon. He adds, "I think it would be an excellent thing if something could be done to increase its importance, and if it is decided to make an attempt in the direction indicated," will assist by donation and subscription.

W. J.: "I should be very pleased if the REFORMER were increased in size as suggested." He would much like to see special courses of studies introduced such as we had during the last years of the *National Reformer*, or such as are put forward by the National Home Reading Union.

THE Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Wills have granted a writ of mandamus against the Stipendiary Magistrate of Sheffield for refusing to grant a certificate to a "conscientious objector" under clause 2 of the Vaccination Act.

THE St. Alban's Debating Society on Friday evening last discussed the following subject:—"Was the Influence of Charles Bradlaugh Mainly for Good?" The voting resulted as follows: Affirmative, 20; Negative, 4.

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[1] We are credibly informed that the Scotland Yard authorities have obtained a copy of every publication issued at 1 and 2 Took's Court and 28 Stonecutter Street during the last two years.—ED.

THE "WATCH STORY" AGAIN.

After a short respite this old story is making its appearance once more—at Northampton, of all places in the world. A Northampton friend sent me the *Reporter* for October 10, and in it I read an account of the Dallington Harvest Thanksgiving Service. At this service a sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Brookes, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, Northampton, in which he contended that "having made him with a free will, God even permitted men with their free will to defy Him—it was sinful, but it was real truth. The late Charles Bradlaugh, for instance, stood some years ago in the market place at Northampton and defied God to strike him dead in two minutes, and held his watch in his hand till the time passed. God could not stop Bradlaugh from defying him, but was it a pleasure to God to see him standing there? Yet he could not prevent Bradlaugh's defiance, as he gave him free will."

Having read this I looked carefully over the paper, but finding no protest or contradiction from the editor or from any inhabitant of Northampton, I myself wrote to Mr. Brookes, and the following correspondence ensued:—

"23 Streathbourne Road, S.W.
"October 13th, 1898.

"To the Rev. Charles Brookes,
"Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, Northampton.

"Sir,—In the account of the Dallington harvest festival published in the *Northampton Reporter* for October 10th, you are reported to have related the oft-contradicted 'watch story' of my father, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. Permit me to assure you that there is not a single word of truth in that story: it is a pure fabrication from beginning to end. It was told of Abner Kneeland before my father was born, and since that time has been told of most prominent Freethinkers, time and place being altered to suit the case. As far as it was told of him, my father repeatedly denied the story in the most emphatic and absolute manner possible; but notwithstanding his denials, this foolish calumny has proved such a favorite that it has always found persons ready to repeat it: occasionally even amongst gentlemen who, like yourself, occupy positions of responsibility. In the biography of my father published by Mr. Fisher Unwin I have quoted upwards of twenty variations of this tale.

"I feel convinced that in assisting to perpetuate so calumnious a story concerning a dead man you have done so in ignorance of its falsity; and that, now you have my unhesitating assurance that there is not a word of truth in it, you will take care to give it a contradiction as public as was that of your original assertion.

"Awaiting your reply,
"I am, Sir, yours obediently,
"H. Bradlaugh Bonner."

"St. Sepulchre's Vicarage, Northampton,
"October 14th, 1898.

"Dear Madam,—I was very pleased to receive your contradiction of the 'watch tale'. I have never heard it contradicted before, though I have often heard it, and several times spoken of it during the eight years I have been here. Of course, nothing is further from my wishes than to perpetuate an untruthful story of your father; and if you will allow me, I think I had better publish your letter in the paper that contained a short report of my sermon. Please let me hear if I may do this, and believe me that I am very sorry to have been so misled by false reports.

"Yours sincerely,
"Charles Brookes."

"23 Streathbourne Road, S.W.
"October 15th, 1898.

"To the Rev. C. Brookes.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your courteous reply. You are quite at liberty to use my letter. I shall be glad if you will take any means you think right and best to give the most effective contradiction possible to this monstrous story, which, I gather from your experience, is even more widely believed in than I had thought possible at this time. It is curious how ready people are to believe on hearsay things to a man's discredit. When a myth of this sort once has a start it is well-nigh impossible for the truth to overtake it. However, I hope your contradiction will check it in Northampton, at any rate.

"Yours sincerely,
"H. Bradlaugh Bonner."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'NORTHAMPTON REPORTER'.

"St. Sepulchre's Vicarage, Northampton.
"October 17th, 1898.

"Dear Sir,—I have Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner's permission to publish in your paper the enclosed letter. I replied to it by telling her that nothing could be further from my wishes than to help to perpetuate a false tale, and I thought the best way of contradicting it would be to publish her letter. I also told her that during the eight years I have been in Northamptonshire I have often heard the tale. Hoping you will be good enough to insert this of mine in one of your next issues,

"I remain, yours truly,
"Charles Brookes."

This was followed by my letter of the 13th, so that we may hope that for a little while, at least, there will be more hesitation in relating the story in Northamptonshire than there seems to have been during the last eight years.

Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

LITERATURE.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE. By H. Fielding. (Bentley and Son: 14s.).

This is a book no thinking man will lightly lay aside. It is one to be read and re-read, to be studied and pondered over, to be made the companion of our leisure, and to be consulted as a guide and helper when the mysteries of the universe threaten to overwhelm us, and our hearts throb with agony at the misery and suffering that everywhere surround us. For it is a work which must tend to enlighte our understanding, to enlarge and broaden our mental and spiritual horizon, to help and cheer our daily lives, and to make us more tolerant, more loving, more sympathetic and

more compassionate with all who share with us the burthen of that mystery of mysteries we call life. And yet withal it is a simple book, written in a simple manner, by a simple man; but a man whom we learn to love as we master the message he sends us. For in portraying with a tender, sympathetic hand the soul of a people he has learned to love, he all unconsciously lays open to our ken his own soul, the purity and tenderness of which command our reverence and our love.

Object and Keynote of the Work.

The object of the book is to give us some insight into the inner life, into the soul, of the people of Burma, but more especially as this has been shaped and determined by the precepts and example of their great teacher, Gautama the Buddha. The keynote of the whole work is struck in the opening chapter. Our author first points out that the outsider, the onlooker, can only judge of the value of any religion from the effects it has on the lives, on the thoughts and actions, of those who avow to accept it; that "the only guide to a man's faith, to his soul, is not any book or system he may profess to believe, but the real system that he follows." For, as he beautifully expresses it: "A belief is not a proposition to be assented to, and then put away and forgotten. It is always in our minds and for ever in our thoughts. It guides our every action and colors our whole life. It is not for a day, but for ever." "Forms and ceremonies", he adds, "that have no fruit in action are not marks of a living truth, but of a dead dogma. There is but little thought of form to him whose heart is full of the teachings of his Master, who has His words within his heart, and whose soul is full of His love. It is when beliefs die, and love has faded into indifference, that forms are necessary, for to the living no monument is needed, but to the dead. forms and ceremonies are but the tombs of dead truths, put up to their memory to recall to those who have never known them that they have lived and died long ago." The Burmese know nothing of mere forms and ceremonies. To them their religion is a living faith which colors their every thought, which moulds their character, and in conformity with which they constantly endeavor to shape their actions. "For", as Mr. Fielding concludes in his closing chapter, "the Burman's life and belief are one great whole". His life is founded on his religion; his religion could be deduced from his life. Is there any nation in Western Europe of which this could be said?

The Teachings of Buddha.

That which distinguishes Buddhism from all other religions is the fact that, as our author repeatedly emphasises, "to the supernatural Buddhism owes nothing at all. It is in its very essence opposed to all that goes beyond what we can see of earthly laws, and miracle is never used as evidence of the truth of any dogma or of any doctrine." And yet the Great Teacher was no philosopher in the current meaning of this much abused term. As Mr. Fielding puts it, "His was not an appeal to our reason, to our power of putting two and two together and making five of them; his teachings were no curious designs woven with words, the counters of his thoughts. He appealed to the heart, not to the brain; to our feelings, not to our power of arranging these feelings. He drew men to him by love and reverence, and held them to him for ever. Love and charity and compassion, endless compassion, are the foundations of his teachings; and his followers believe in him because they have seen in him the just man made perfect, and because he has shown to them the way in which all men may become even as he is."

To understand the teachings of Buddhism, to catch even but a glimpse of the inner meaning of its cardinal doctrine that "Life and death are one", we must bear in mind that to the Buddhist, as to the Brahmin, man's soul is eternal. To quote again from our author, "To the Buddhist the beginning as well as the end is out of our ken. Where we come from we cannot know, but certainly the soul that appears in each new-born babe is not a new thing. It has come from everlasting, and the present life is merely a scene in the endless drama of existence. A man's identity, the sum of good and evil tendencies, which is his soul, never dies, but endures for ever. Each body is but a case wherein the soul is enshrined for the time. And the state of that soul, whether good predominate in it or evil, is purely dependent on that soul's thoughts and actions in time past. . . . . And thus not only is a man the sum of his passions, his acts and his thoughts in past time, but he is in his daily life determining his future—what sort of a man he shall be. Every act, every thought, has its effect, not only upon the outer world, but upon the inner soul. If you follow after evil, it becomes in time a habit of your soul. If you follow after good, every good act is a beautifying touch to your own soul."

What may be regarded as the optimistic view of life; viz., that the world is a desirable one, and that it is worth while to live righteously as the only means of enjoying all the blessings life is capable of yielding, has been accepted only, as far as we are aware, by ancient Judaism—in which the only reward held out to the righteous were long life and a numerous progeny—and Mahommedanism. What may be regarded as the pessimistic view, that this is an evil world, and life on it inseparably connected with misery and suffering, has been accepted by all other religions and philosophies. This is the view accepted in its entirety by Buddhism. But Buddhism not only accepts this view, it also seeks to explain the evil, to trace it to its causes, and that with a view of ascertaining how it may be avoided. As our author expresses it, "Life suffers from a disease called misery. He

[man] would be free from it. Let us, then, says the Buddhist, first discover the cause of this misery, and so only can we discover how to cure it." And the Buddhist explanation and solution of this world-wide problem can be gathered from the following: "The reason, says Buddhism, why men are unhappy is that they are alive. Life and sorrow are inseparable, nay, they are one and the same thing. The mere fact of being alive is a misery. . . . But Buddhism acknowledges only one life—an existence that has come from the forever, that may extend to the forever. If this life is evil, then is all life evil, and happiness can live but in peace, in surcease from the troubles of this weary world. . . . To the Buddhist, then, the end to be obtained is the Great Peace, the mighty deliverance from all sorrow. He must strive after peace, on his own efforts depends success or failure."

The Way to the Great Peace.

This, too, may be told in Mr. Fielding's own expressive words: "How shall a man so think and so act that he shall come at length unto the Great Peace? And the answer of Buddhism to this question is here: good deeds and good thoughts, these are the gate wherein alone you may enter into the way. Be honorable and just, be kind and compassionate, truth-loving and averse to wrong—this is the beginning of the road that leads unto happiness. Do good to others not in order that they may do good to you, but because by doing so you may do good to your own soul. Give alms and be charitable, for these things are necessary to a man. Above all learn love and sympathy, try to feel as others feel, try to understand them, try to sympathise with them and love will come. . . . Be in love with all things, not only with your fellows but with the whole world, with every creature that walks the earth, with the birds in the air, with the insects in the grass. All life is akin to man; man's life is not apart from other life but of it, and if a man would make his heart perfect he must learn to sympathise with and understand all the great world about him. But he must always remember that he himself comes first. To make others just you must yourself be just, to make others happy you must yourself be happy first, to be loved you must first love. Consider your own soul to make it lovely; such is the teaching of Buddha."

"Buddhism, however, goes further than this. Honor and righteousness, truth and love are, it says, very beautiful things, but are only the beginning of the way; they are but the gate. In themselves they will never bring a man home to the Great Peace. . . . But when a man has so purified his heart by love, has so weaned himself from wickedness by good acts and deeds, then he shall have eyes to see the further way that he should go. Then shall appear to him the truth that it is indeed life that is the evil to be avoided; that life is sorrow, and that the man who would escape evil and sorrow must escape from life itself, not in death. The death of this life is but the commencement of another, just as if you dam a stream in one direction it will burst out in another. To take one's life now is to condemn one's self to longer and more miserable life hereafter. The end of misery lies in the Great Peace. A man must estrange himself from the world which is sorrow. Hating struggle and fight, he will learn to love peace, and so to discipline his soul that the world shall appear to him clearly to be the unrest which it is. Then when his heart is fixed upon the Great Peace, shall his soul come to it at last. Weary of the earth it shall come into the haven where there are no more storms, where there is no more struggle, but where reigns unutterable peace. It is not death, but the Great Peace."

Such briefly is the fundamental doctrine of Buddhism; and with infinite pains and loving tenderness Mr. Fielding traces the effects of these teachings on the thoughts and actions of the Burmese, amongst whom for years he has lived and worked. Most impartially does he compare their actions and their thoughts, as well as their conceptions of good and evil, with our own; seldom, however, to the advantage of the latter. Space forbids us from entering into this portion of his book. We can only hope that we have said enough to induce some few of our readers to read it for themselves, which was the sole object of this notice. In conclusion, however, we cannot refrain from indicating the attitude of Buddhism on one most important subject, which will, we think, still further enlighten our readers as to the intrinsic beauty, holiness and righteousness of its teachings.

War and Courage.

Of the potent influence of religion to inspire its votaries with almost superhuman courage, and to preach and to organise war and resistance, ample illustrations are to be found on almost every page of universal history. But though the Burmese have given abundant evidence that they are deficient neither in moral nor physical courage, their religion can never be used to justify, still less to glorify, war, either offensive or defensive. In common with other religions it accepts the great commandment, "Thou shalt not kill", and gives it, indeed, far wider application than any other religion. And Buddhism as accepted by the Burmese is not merely organised hypocrisy; to them its doctrines are not mere cant to be avowed or rejected as occasion may render personally or nationally advantageous. Buddhism has not one law for its followers and another law for those outside its ranks. Its laws are the same for all. "Thou shalt not kill"; "There is no good thing but peace, no sin like strife and war"; "Love each other and live in peace": such are the teachings of their Great Master. Hence though a Burman might defend war as necessary, or even extol it as patriotic, yet can he never

regard war, the killing of his fellow-creatures, as anything save as a crime. Some of them fought us in defence of their homes and of their freedom, and fought well; but all who did so realised that they were sinning, that their conduct was the very opposite to that which could alone lead them to the Great Peace. As Mr. Fielding expresses it;—"The law of the Buddha is against war—war of any kind at all—and there can be no exception. And so every Burman who fought against us knew that he was sinning. He did it with his eyes open; he could never imagine any exception in his favor. Never could he in his bivouac look at the stars, and imagine that any power looked down in approbation of his deeds. No one fought for him. Our bayonets and lances were no keys to open to him the gates of paradise; no monks could come and close his dying eyes with promises of rewards to come. He was sinning, and he must suffer long and terribly for this breach of the law of righteousness."

Hence it is that, "No ravished country has ever borne witness to the prowess of the followers of Buddha; no murdered men have poured out their blood on their hearthstones, killed in his name; no ruined women have cursed his name to high Heaven. He and his faith are clean of the stain of blood. He was the preacher of the Great Peace, of love, of charity, of compassion, and so clear is his teaching that it can never be misunderstood."

L. H. Berens.

GUYAU'S SKETCH OF MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF OBLIGATION OR SANCTION. Pages xii and 215. Translated by Gertrude Kapteyn from the second French edition. (London: Watts and Co., 1898. 3s. 6d. nett.)

Mrs. Kapteyn is to be congratulated on her admirable translation. The work appears to us calculated to be of service, partly as an introduction to secular ethics, and partly as a criticism upon some features in the various "naturalistic" systems of ethics; for Guyau, although a staunch evolutionist and secularist, is no blind follower of the great masters, but an independent thinker with supplementary corollaries and qualifications of his own.

Guyau opens with an Introduction, in which he demonstrates the absurdity of both an optimistic and a pessimistic theory of the world. His onslaught—on the optimists in particular, perhaps—is very refreshing; but one cannot entirely avoid the reflection that the discussion is barren and futile; for either optimism or pessimism, in the true etymological sense—*i.e.*, as asserting this to be the best conceivable or the worst conceivable world—is so preposterous that any person who seriously maintained either creed should at once be accorded a presentation to Hanwell. The *real* question is between *meliorism* and *peiorism;* and it is to be observed that Guyau confuses pessimism and pejorism together—a regrettable oversight (pp. 26 and 37). We should add that the remarks upon *immortality* in his section on optimism are excellent.

Guyau next emphasises the relativity of morality, attacking both the categorical imperative of Kant, and the neo-Kantian deification of, and blind faith in, "duty" as set forth by Renouvier and Secrétan; and concludes with a criticism of Fouillée's proposal to base morality upon doubt,[1] "as limitative and restrictive of egoism".

Passing now to the constructive part of the book, we find that Guyau conceives morality as the outcome of life itself, which to him is synonymous with *activity*. With the true evolutionary instinct, he expatiates on the large sphere of the unconscious, and, in conformity with modern psychology, seeks the explanation of the conscious in the unconscious. In his conception "*scientific* morality must be first individualistic. It should preoccupy itself with the destiny of society only in so far as it more or less includes that of the individual" (p. 72). The pursuit of pleasure is only at bottom the thirst for a larger intenser life of fuller activity, and "the moral ideal will be activity in all its variety of manifestations—at least, of those which do not contradict each other, or which do not produce a permanent loss of force" (pp. 75, 76)—a definition in close harmony with the general trend of evolutionary psychology.

The key to the next chapter is given in its title: that "the highest intensity of life has for its necessary correlative the greatest expansion"; and accordingly we find morality traced to the spontaneous overflowing, *e-motion*, of the individual. Guyau starts from the beginnings of reproduction in the overgrown protoplast that divides by fission; treats of *fecundity*, of intellect, sensibility, and will; and carries out his derivation of morality from sexuality by the happy comparison of charity with—

> "a mother holding out to her children her breast overflowing with milk. . . . . Charity is but one with fecundity; it is like a maternity too large to be confined within the family. The mother's breast needs life eager to empty it; the heart of the truly humane creature needs to be gentle and helpful to all. . . . There is, we believe, in the heart of individual life itself an evolution, corresponding to the evolution of social life, which makes the latter possible, and which is the cause of it instead of the result" (pp. 87, 88).

It is to be noted, by the way, that Guyau, in thus deriving society, through the family, from sexuality, is in diametrical opposition to Ribot, who explicitly denies that the social instinct can be so derived.[2] Nothing

[1] The chapter-titles "Morality of Faith" and "Morality of Doubt" suffer from the ambiguity attaching to our double sense, active and passive, of the English *of*. *Morality based on Doubt* seems to us preferable.

[2] "Psychology of the Emotions."

would please us better than to find Guyau demolishing Ribot's contention; but unfortunately he does not even mention it; and thus there is a serious omission in the very foundation of his system.

The remaining two chapters of this book, dealing with the sentiment of obligation, are so full of elements of controversy that it would be absurd for us to attempt any comment upon them in so rigidly limited a notice; but we may quote as their *leit-motif* the definition of duty as "a superabundance of life which demands to exercise, to impart, itself. . . . It is, above all, the sentiment of a *power*" (p. 91).

In Book II the author invokes the love of *risk* to partially explain self-sacrifice by disbelievers in immortality; and, carrying this principle into the regions of speculative thought, somewhat paradoxically eulogises the value of private metaphysical hypotheses as incentives to disinterested action; and he farther emphasises the value of action towards an ideal as tending to produce a belief in that ideal. But even after conceding to Guyau much that he here advances—and in so saying we do not admit the desirability of basing ethics, to however slight an extent, on private unprovable metaphysical ideals—we cannot avoid the reflection that there is here a certain beating of the air. It seems to us far simpler and far more satisfactory to appeal to *love* as the one and only sufficing motive-power to virtue; for, if a man really loves his fellows, he will spontaneously work for the good of others just as much in kind as, though less in degree than, a lover strives to render his mistress happy; and if a man be not thus impelled by love, then not all the ethical systems in the world will avail to produce true fruit from so barren a tree.

Guyau, in his chapters on "Obligation" (Book I, chaps. iii and iv), has rightly dwelt on the strong sociability of man; but we think that he has failed to sufficiently emphasise the all-importance of *love* as the one motive-power to right conduct. . . .

The third book, on "Sanction", is almost altogether admirable, and we find ourselves in very hearty accord therewith. It contains so lucid and so convincing an exposition of the essential immorality of all punishment, *except when required as a social safeguard*, that we could heartily wish this last book to be reprinted separately and utilised as an ethical lesson-book in the elementary schools—the children in which are at present systematically depraved by the grossly immoral doctrine of the churches, which teaches them to regard punishment as an *expiation*, a *paying-out*, a *retribution*, a *penance*, by which the account between man and man, or man and God, is "squared". Guyau's remarks once more vividly illustrate the fact that theistic morality is inevitably and essentially inferior to secular morality.

In conclusion, we feel bound to apologise to author and translator alike for even attempting to "review" a book of this calibre in the compass of a page.

F. H. PERRY-COSTE.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY. By RAMSDEN BALMFORTH. (Swan Sonnenschein, 1898. 2s. 6d.)

Here we have the publication in book form of a series of discourses ("lecture-sermons") delivered by Mr. Balmforth at Capetown upon the evolution of Christianity as seen from the Unitarian point of view. The discourses were well worth the publication, for the subject is treated in a most enlightened and interesting manner; and the style is clear and simple throughout. Naturally we do not always agree with Mr. Balmforth's conclusions, but we can applaud the broad and liberal spirit in which he writes. "We find good men", he says, "in every creed", and quotes the three Newmans who "all were good men, men of fine spirit," but of opposing beliefs. He goes on:

"I do not mean to say that beliefs are of no importance. They *are* of importance. . . . But I do say that we have no right to frame a metaphysical or a theological belief, proclaim it as infallible truth and cast people into outer darkness for not accepting it."

To accept Mr. Balmforth's definition of religion as "a continual striving after something higher", one has no need to be religious; the continual striving to bring nearer to mankind a better, higher, nobler life is the duty of every Atheist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondents are requested to write as BRIEFLY *as possible; save in exceptional cases, letters which exceed* ONE COLUMN *in length cannot be inserted.)*

THE EXILED ARABI PASHA.

TO THE EDITOR.

I solicit space in the REFORMER for the following letter sent to the editor of the *Co-operative News* under the above heading, but which was "crowded out":—

Sir,—As a regular reader of your journal, I regret to see in your "Notes of the Week" for September 17th that you speak of Arabi Pasha as "now happily an exile out of mischief's way". What was the mischief that Arabi Bey was exiled for? That of being brave enough to make a stand against his country being "sold to the English". He worked to inspire his countrymen to try "to secure by force of arms the liberties of the Egyptian people". In addressing the Egyptian soldiers at Cairo on one occasion, he said: "You have power in your hands, and united are invincible. But this power must only be used for the general good. You are at once the protectors of the weak and of the powerful; but you should only aid the latter while they remain within the limits of right and of justice." I confess, as a liberty-loving Briton, that I feel deeply

ashamed that the mighty Government of Britain has kept in exile, for nearly twenty years, the soldier patriot who uttered these words. Britain has allowed Dinuzulu to return to his countrymen. Why not allow Arabi Pasha to return to his?

Sept 20th. W. J. Gaines.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

South Place Ethical Society (South Place Institute, Finsbury, E.C.).—The Bazaar in aid of the Mortgage Redemption Fund will be opened on Wednesday, November 16th, at 3 p.m., by Mrs. C. E. Schwann. It will be open until 10 p.m., and again from 3 to 10 p.m. on Thursday, 17th, and Friday, 18th. Admission: Wednesday 1s., Thursday 6d., and Friday 3d.; or by Course ticket, 1s., covering the three days. It is hoped that the proceeds will be nearly or quite sufficient to clear what remains of the long-standing mortgage on the building. A friend has promised to add £200 if £300 be realised; and special efforts have been made to make a thorough all-round success.—— Sunday Morning Lectures (11.15).—On November 20th, J. A. Picton will lecture on "The Moral Ideal"; 27th, Herbert Burrows, "Puritanism, Protestantism, and Priesthood".

South Place Discussion Society.—This Society holds meetings fortnightly during the winter months, for the discussion of social and ethical questions of general interest. The following arrangements have been made: Wednesday, November 23rd, "The Economic Effects of a General Disarmament", opened by R. N. McDougall; Wednesday, December 7th, "Theos as a necessary postulate of Cosmos and Ethics", opened by Clarence H. Seyler. Chair taken at 7.30 p.m. Visitors invited. Further particulars of the hon. sec., Mrs. Maud Blake, 2, Laburnum Villas, South Park, Ilford.

South London Ethical Society (Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road, S.E.).—On November 20th and 27th, at 7 p.m., Dr. Stanton Coit will lecture on "Napoleon"; admission free. On November 27th, at 3.30, Birthday Celebration (Sixth Anniversary of the formation of the Society), Dr. Coit will preside, and Mr. F. J. Gould, Mr. J. Clarke, and several of the founders of the Society will speak; vocal and instrumental music. Sunday School, at 11.15 a.m.——The Discussion Society was re-opened on Sunday morning, November 6th, when Mr. J. Clarke, M.A., opened a discussion on "Dr. Sullivan's 'Ethics of Marriage'". On the 13th, Mr. J. M. Robertson lectured on "The Ethics of Certain Professions". Programme: Nov. 20th, "An Athenian Ethical Society", J. Oakesmith, M.A.; 27th, "The Aim of Education", H. H. Quilter; Dec. 4th, "Buddhism", Ellis Thurtell, M.A.; 11th, "Vivisection: its Moral Aspect", F. P. Walter; 18th, "Ethics of Socialism", Monsieur Leon. Subscription, 1s. per quarter. All readers of the Reformer cordially invited.——Rambles: Nov. 19th, Carlyle's House; Dec. 3rd, Goldsmiths' Hall.—— The Reading Circle was re-opened at 55, Worlingham Road, East Dulwich, on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, at 8 p.m. The subject is "Shelley: His Life, Writings, and Influence". Leader, H. O. Newland.

Personal Rights Association.—On Wednesday, December 7th, at 8 p.m., a lecture (to be followed by discussion) will be delivered in the Conference Room of the National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W., by W. Steadman Aldis, M.A. (late Prof. Mathematics, Auckland University), on "Democracy at the Antipodes". Chairman, J. H. Levy. Admission free. This is the third and last of a course of which the preceding lectures have been given by Mr. Alfred Milnes ("The Present and Future of the Vaccination Question") and Sir Rowland K. Wilson ("State Education").

Women's International Progressive Union.—The next meeting will be held at 330, Burdett Road, Limehouse (Mr. Eamonson's) on Nov. 28th, at 8 p.m., when Mr. W. T. W. Torrington will lecture on "Lunacy Laws". Discussion. Admission free to men and women. Particulars concerning the Union may be obtained at the office, 87, Praed Street, W.

Halifax Sunday Lecture Society.—Dr. Andrew Wilson, T. C. Hepworth, Prof. Flinders Petrie, and Arthur Diosy (Japan Society) were the first four lecturers this session. The next items are: November 20th, Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., "All About Animals"; 27th, Prof. John Milne, F.R.S., "Earthquakes"; December 4th, W. H. Shrubsole, F.G.S., F.R.M.S., "America's Wonderland"; 11th, W. J. P. Benson, F.R.G.S., etc., "The Black Forest and Bavarian Highlands"; 18th, Cecil Carus-Wilson, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., etc., "Ice and Glaciers". These are all illustrated by limelight. The lectures are delivered at the Grand Theatre at 7 p.m. (doors open 6.30); and the admission is by cheap Course Tickets, or by copper or silver "collection" (according to position).

The National Anti-Gambling League (Scotland) is directing attention to the necessity that has arisen for amending Clause No. 393 of the Burgh Police (Scotland) Act, 1892. In an appeal taken from a police magistrate's judgment, the Court of Session has decided that *two* men cannot be said to *assemble*, thus rendering the clause inoperative. *Clause as it stands at present:* "No. 393—If any two or more persons assemble together in any street or open place within the burgh for the purpose of engaging in lotteries, betting or gaming, each of such persons shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s." *Proposed Amended Clause:* "If any person or persons, in any street or place within the burgh, engage in a lottery or lotteries, or in betting or gaming, each of such persons shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s." The hon. sec. of the League is Mr. W. R. Bogle, 3, Victoria Drive, Mnt. Florida, Glasgow.

Norwich Philosophical Society.—At the October meeting an adjourned discussion of Mr. Spencer's definition of Liberalism and Toryism was concluded. There was a good attendance and interesting discussion, during which the Secretary (Mr. Hainsby) well summed up the services of Liberalism to religious liberty, education, freedom of speech and of action, free trade, anti-vaccination, etc. The following resolution was passed unanimously: "That; in the opinion of the members present, the real difference between Liberalism and Toryism is expressed in Mr. Spencer's definition, that in essence, Toryism stands for the control of the State versus the freedom of the individual; and in essence, Liberalism stands for the freedom of the individual versus the control of the State."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE STORY OF A CONGO CROW.

HIS biography begins—for we have no record of his earliest infancy—at a time when he could just manage to tumble about on a pair of long and ungainly legs, making wild attempts to scratch in the earth for ground-nuts, after the manner of his parents—attempts which usually resulted in sending him head over heels. The said parents were staid and sober birds, habited in quakerish grey, and only indulging—as if Nature were so repressed that it must needs burst out somewhere, and that in a wrong direction—in the frivolity of a stumpy scarlet tail. The subject of our memoir was, however, brown and downy—all of him, at least (and it was little enough), that was not beak and legs.

There were flocks upon flocks of grey parrots in the bush behind Ponta da Lenha. Early in the morning, just as the sun peeped up over the steaming, forested river banks, you could hear their sharp, shrill "*Jaco, Jaco,*" overhead, and see them flying across the stream by tens and dozens. They would feed all day in the forest on the other side or in the banana gardens of the native villages, strewing the ground with half-eaten fruit in their greedy, wasteful way. And when night fell they would go clamorously home, like rooks, across the water, and roost in the trees behind the English factory.

But one was destined never to cross the water with the rest. Not very far from the hollow tree which held the nest where he and his little sister kept one another warm there was a clearing, and in the clearing was a long, low house, with a grass-thatched roof. And this house was Lumingu's.

Lumingu was sitting under the eaves one evening plaiting a grass hat, while his wives were pounding ground-nuts in the open space before the house, and two or three children, with very little on, were playing about in the dust. And one of the women said:

"My husband, dost thou know that the boys have found a parrot's nest with young ones in it? It was too high for them, and they could not get it."

Lumingu looked up from his plaiting and called to the boys. "You—Mavimpi, Eyembe—you have found the nest of a *nkusu*. Where is it?"

A couple of shrill little voices answered volubly both at once, pointing eagerly in the direction of the tree.

"It is good. I will come and you shall show me," said Lumingu, going on with his work, as he turned to his wives again. "Yesterday I saw Affonso. He has just come from the white men's place at Banza Vivi. He says there are two young Mindeli there that will shortly come down here, for they are going away to Mputu in the big smoke-boat that comes to Banana."

The women did not comment on this, except by a deep-toned African grunt, as the heavy pestles rose and fell, and Lumingu went on:

"All these Mindeli buy things when they are going home—things of this country—that they may show them to their friends. They buy snuff-boxes and baskets and spears, and many of them buy birds and monkeys. They will give much cloth for a *nkusu*, that they may teach him to speak their tongue. And it may be they will give me beads for this hat."

Lumingu finished it off as he spoke, and deftly fastened off the ends of the grass. It was a very neat cap in three colors—black, red, and white—and he surveyed it approvingly.

"Perhaps they may want to buy *nkusus*. The great smoke-boat does not sail for Mputu till this moon is dead, and there may be time to tame them. will go and see the nest."

He stowed away the finished cap somewhere under the eaves, and went away with the children to inspect the tree. The old birds had not yet returned, and he climbed up to the hole and took out, one after another, the two downy, squeaking, leggy things, and put them back again.

"I will leave them yet three days, or it may be four. They are young yet. And thou, Mavimpi, tell no one of this nest, and come not near it thyself."

So Lumingu went back to his house, and began another smoking-cap, and kept a sharp look-out for news of the white men who were coming down to catch the Banana steamer. Also he set Mavimpi and Eyembe to split bamboo for cages. Thus it came to pass that in a few days more he might have been seen returning from that hollow tree, holding by the legs two squeaking brown birds, who were doing their best to bite him. Then he put them into the cages and fed them on pounded ground-nuts, and taught them to say "Papagay!" the Portuguese word for "parrot", which all the tame birds learn in those parts, as among English people they learn to say "Polly". By-and-bye their grey feathers began to come, and then they lost all their brown down and grew red tails, and were like the old birds, all except their eyes, which were black, with a soft grey ring round the edges. As they grew older this grey would turn yellow and get wider, as you may see for yourselves when you come across a grey parrot in a cage.

And by-and-bye the steamer came down the river, and there was an Englishman on board who was going home and wanted an African pet to take to his little sister. So when he saw Lumingu's boys with the two birds in a little bamboo cage he bought them both, because it seemed a pity to separate them, and he knew another little girl who would like one, too. He bought all Lumingu's caps, too, and sent him home in a great good humor, with the boys trotting behind him, while the two little *nkusus*—very lonely and strange—were on their way across the great water to their new home.

A. WERNER.

THE REFORMER.

"LET US FEEL THAT WE ARE ALIVE . . . .; NOT ON OUR KNEES, NOT CRINGING, NOT CREEPING, BUT WALKING ON OUR FEET, ERECT, UNFLINCHING. LET US AID EACH OTHER, AND GROW STRONG BY EACH OTHER'S HELP."—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

VOL. II. No. 22. DECEMBER 15, 1898. [MONTHLY (see page 261).

NOTES.

The Ways of God.

ONCE upon a time the son of a member of Parliament went to hear a Freethought lecture. He asked no questions at the conclusion, although the chairman invited questions. His way home was over a bleak hillside, and over this hillside the lecturer and friends had to go also. The lecturer and the M.P.'s son were introduced, but the lecturer was not greatly disposed to conversation on coming out of a warm room into a bitter north wind—the forerunner of the snow which fell a few hours later. The son of the member of Parliament, however, felt it incumbent upon him to argue on the subject of the lecture. "God's methods are not our methods," he said; but the lecturer was not profoundly impressed with the originality of this assertion. The M.P.'s son then continued: "Suppose two men were working in a pit and Providence killed one in order to bring the other to a sense of the hereafter, to prepare him to meet his Maker, then I should think that Providence was quite justified". "What!" exclaimed the lecturer, astonished to hear such a view of the "all-loving Father" put forward so calmly. "Do you mean to say that you would think an Almighty Providence justified in killing one man in order to save the soul of another?" "Yes," replied Mr. ——— deliberately. "An honorable *man* would not act in such a manner," returned the lecturer contemptuously, and pulled up the mufflings to keep out the north wind and to keep back further expression of the horror and indignation felt at hearing such a cold-blooded approval of wanton murder. Behind the mufflings the lecturer mentally congratulated the nation that at least the House of Commons is not a hereditary assembly.

.....

The Ways of Government.

IF the ways of God are difficult for ordinary mortals to understand, the ways of governments are sometimes hardly less so. Could anything be more tortuous than the policy of the Government in relation to the Soudan as represented to the public? In 1896 the official excuse for our advance in the Soudan was that we should help the Italians at Kassala if we threatened Dongola, but it has been asserted that months before the defeat of the Italians General Kitchener had been making preparations for this advance. In 1897 there were rumors of a further expedition, but these rumors were officially denied. In the House of Commons Sir Michael Hicks Beach said: "These rumors are as void of foundation as the rumors were last year". The rumors were true, the Government denials were false. But the English people only look at the success of the British arms; they close their eyes to the falseness under cover of which it was won.

.....

"Without pharisaism."

"WITHOUT any pharisaism," said Mr. Asquith at Lowestoft the other day, we may claim that wherever Englishmen have brought a subject population under their rule they have given them "as solid vivid realities, the ideas of order, justice, and humanity". This magniloquent utterance was duly applauded by the flattered Lowestoft Liberals. They perhaps forgot—with Mr. Asquith—that it is the alleged disorder in India that has given

the Government an excuse for the new Sedition Acts. They perhaps forgot—with Mr. Asquith—that in most of our dependencies there is one "justice" for the vanquished and another for the vanquishers; they perhaps forgot—with Mr. Asquith—the fate of the indentured Bechuanas and outraged Matabele girls. The "order, justice, and humanity" bestowed upon subject populations by Englishmen is so "solid" that sometimes it crushes the populations entirely out of existence. In Tasmania, for example, we do not seem to have preserved a single full-blooded Tasmanian aboriginal to profit by the civilisation we have so generously bestowed upon——whom? We feel on the horns of a dilemma—it is impossible to suggest ignorance to the learned President of the Lowestoft Liberals, and "pharisaism" he repudiates.

.....

"International unrest."

Mr. Balfour ascribes the international unrest of the times mainly to "the colonial appetite of nations dealing with the great undivided and unsettled parts of Africa", or else to the "European nations in rivalry as to who is to have the succession" to decaying and impotent States. At least here we can congratulate ourselves we are for once rid of "pharisaism". Instead of the usual story of the good kind European going to rescue the poor savage from "bloodiest and most barbarous tyrannies", Mr. Balfour says candidly that European nations are engaged in a greedy scramble for Africa, or are gathering in rivalry round the bedsides of the "sick men" of Turkey and China.

.....

Jingo Fallacies.

"Trade follows the flag," cries the Imperialist; but the statement made by Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., at the Mansion House on the 2nd inst., hardly supports this claim. Since 1891 we have added some hundreds of thousands of square miles to our "sphere of influence", as the phrase conveniently runs. Yet Sir A. Rollit says that between that time and the present our exports have *declined* some five per cent., while those o other nations, including the United States, Germany, Russia, and France, have in the same period *increased* twenty per cent.

.....

Sir Michael Hicks Beach tried to induce the credulous Edinburgh Conservatives to accept the threadbare fallacy that "there was no greater truth than this. If they wished for peace they ought to prepare for war." In other words, in order to prevent homicide, encourage the carrying of revolvers. If this is what Sir Michael Hicks Beach understands by a great truth, he might do worse than spend his vacation in a study of elementary ethical principles.

.....

Mr. Chamberlain and the Lords.

Mr. Chamberlain is trying to frighten timid Liberals. He hears what Lord George Hamilton calls "the only intelligible Radical cry", "Down with the House of Lords," and he sets himself not so much to defend the Lords, as to frighten the Radicals with the suggestion that that cry may lead to revolution. At Wakefield, speaking with a peer in the chair, he said that if we are going to reform or abolish the House of Lords, we must either get the House to commit suicide or we must have a revolution. The only thing that he could say in favor of the Lords was that they had thrown out the Home Rule Bill; this, however, was a service of such magnitude that it had "earned the undying gratitude" of the present generation. We know a few persons who do not feel any symptoms of this undying gratitude, but that may pass. Mr. Chamberlain certainly did credit the Peers with another virtue, and if he is accurate, then the people of this country know what they have to do. "It is perfectly certain", he said, "that they [the House of Lords] will never resist the will of the people when that will has been clearly, emphatically, and definitely announced." Let the people then announce, clearly, emphatically, and definitely, that it is their will that the Lords be discharged from their arduous legislative duties, and we have Mr. Chamberlain's word for it that they will forthwith make their bow and trouble us no more.

MR. LANG'S THEORY OF RELIGIOUS ORIGINS.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for November, in reply to an article by me, criticising his work "The Making of Religion", Mr. Andrew Lang makes the assertion that in certain passages I have ascribed to him a theory he does not hold. The essential passages in question are: (1) "The Divine Being, in Mr. Lang's theory, taught the Australian blacks to be unselfish"; (2) "On Mr. Lang's view, it is the supernormal perception that gives the savage his communistic ethic"; (3) "Savages [in Mr. Lang's opinion] probably got their God-idea by way of their supernormal perceptions"; (4) "Mr. Lang's theory of a *beginning* of religion through supernormal faculty is a mere upsetting of the evolution principle."

On these quotations, Mr. Lang writes that they are "baseless inventions" of mine, and that I give no reference to his book "for any one of them, because there is no reference to give". In another passage, referring to one of my comments, he writes: "I do not know where Mr. Robertson got his knowledge of my private attitude towards 'the propaganda of peace'," thus implying that I had not been proceeding, in that connection, on his published writings. There is little else in Mr. Lang's article that needs answering; but such charges as the above seem to call for notice; and as there are good editorial reasons against prolonging a controversy in such a review as the *Fortnightly*, I avail myself of the courtesy of the Editor of the REFORMER to put before those of its readers who may take an interest in the matter my version of the facts.

Mr. Lang's main defensive position is:—"How the God-idea arose I do not pretend to know—*I disclaim any theory*"; and he gives six references. Without comment on his other expressions, I append some score of the passages on which I proceeded, explaining first that the reason for their not being cited in my article was just their frequency, and my belief that the theory I read in them was further implied in the whole colligation of the book, in relation to its title. The reader is requested to note the cumulative effect.

"It is important, then, to trace, if possible, *the origin* of these two beliefs"—*i.e.*, "faith in God and in the Immortality of the Soul" (p. 51).

"We *can only theorise* and make more or less plausible conjectures as to the *first rudiments* of human *faith in God*. . . . ." (p. 53).

"We are obliged to guess, in considerable ignorance of the actual conditions, and this historical ignorance inevitably besets all anthropological speculation about the origin of religion" (p. 64).

"We cannot be certain, *a priori*, that the *earliest* man knew no more of supernormal or apparently supernormal experiences than we commonly do, or that these did not influence his thoughts *on religion*" (p. 65).

"I may seem to have *outrun already the limits of permissible hypothesis*. It may appear absurd to surmise that there can exist in man, savage or civilised, a faculty for acquiring *information not accessible by the known channels of sense*. . . . . But one may be permitted to quote the opinion of M. Charles Richet" as to such abnormal powers. "Instances tending to raise a presumption in favor of M. Richet's idea may now be sought in savage and civilised life" (p. 71).

"If it is" [*i.e.*, if supernormal knowledge be attainable] "we must obviously increase our list of the savage's reasons for believing in a soul: we must make his reasons include 'psychical' experiences; and there must be an X region to investigate" (p. 69).

"We have tried to show that the belief in *human souls* may be, in part at least, based on supernormal phenomena which Materialism disregards" (p. 160).

"Has *fetishism* one of its origins in the actual field of supernormal experience in the X region? This question *we do not propose to answer*, as the evidence, though practically universal, may be said to rest on imposture and illusion. But we can at least give a sketch of the nature of the evidence" (p. 161).

"No more than any other theory, nay, *less than some other theories*, can it [the prevalent theory of Materialism] account for the *psychical facts* which, at the lowest, we may not honestly leave out of the reckoning. We have *therefore* no more to say about the supernormal aspects of the *origins* of religion" (p. 172).

"We wish . . . . to show that the [normal plain man's] *idea of God* . . . . occurs rudely but recognisably in the lowest known grades of savagery, and *therefore* cannot arise from the *later* speculation of men comparatively civilised and advanced, on the original datum of ghosts" (p. 175).

[The truism here can be seriously taken only as pointing to some proposition a little more significant.]

"The savage 'lives in terror of the souls of the dead as harmful spirits'. This might yield a Devil; it *would not* yield a God who 'makes for righteousness'" (p. 177).

"It is as easy, almost, for me to believe that they [the 'lowest savages'] 'were not left without a witness' as to believe that this God of theirs was evolved out of the maleficent ghost of a dirty mischievous medicine-man" (p. 185).

"It is *part of* my theory that the more popular ghost-worship . . . . invaded the possibly older religion of the Supreme Father" (p. 206).

"Come from what germ he may, Jehovah or Allah *does not* come from a ghost" (p. 208).

[Thus, while frequently asserting that we cannot have historical knowledge as to religious origins, Mr. Lang claims a positive knowledge that a certain supposed process *did not* happen.]

"They [the Andamanese] have not only a PROFOUNDLY PHILOSOPHICAL *religion*, but an excessively absurd *mythology* . . . ." (p. 211).

"Among the Yao, as among the Australian Kurnai, the central secret lesson of religion is the lesson of our Lord" (p. 235).

"By what *curious but uniform freak* of savage logic is he [the high God] regarded as prior to men, and, though a Ghost, prior to death?" (p. 236).

"Clearly this [non-sacrifice to the High God] does not point to the recent but to the remote development of the higher ideas. . . . We shall next see how this view, the opposite of the anthropological theory, works when applied to other races" (p. 229).

[It should be explained that by "*the* anthropological theory" Mr. Lang seems to mean, not the theory of evolution, but the particular "ghost theory" of Mr. Spencer, though that is repudiated by a large number of contemporary anthropologists.]

"Least of all can such a God be 'the creation of the priests that minister to him', when . . . . this God is ministered to by no priest" (p. 273).

[Again an empty truism, unless the words be taken in some such significant sense as was understood by me.]

"This pedigree cannot indeed be historically traced, but it presents none of the logical difficulties inherent in the animistic pedigree" (*ibid*).

"That in this God 'we have our being' *in so far as somewhat of ours may escape at moments from the bonds of Time and the manacles of Space, the earlier part of this treatise is intended to suggest*, as a thing by no means necessarily beyond a reasonable man's power to conceive" (pp. 292-3).

"We *know* that Israel had, in an early age, the conception of the moral Eternal; we *know* that at an early age that conception was contaminated" (and later greatly purified.) "Why matters went thus in Israel and not elsewhere we *know* not, *except* that such was the will of God in the mysterious education of the world" (p. 295).

[Mr. Lang had just before (p. 289) asserted that the Supreme Being of the lowest savages when first met is "on a higher plane by far than the gods of Greeks and Semites in their *earliest known* characters". Compare again p. 312; and p. 309 as to the "moral Supreme Being whom Israel *must* have known in extremely remote ages, unless" etc.]

"Whence came the moral element in Jehovah? One may surmise that it was the survival of the primitive *divinely sanctioned* ethics of the ancient savage ancestors of the Israelites. . . . In the *counsels of eternity, Israel was chosen* to keep burning . . . . that flame," etc. (p. 315).

"It appears, then, if our general suggestion meets with any acceptance, that *what occurred in the development of Hebrew religion was precisely what the Bible tells us did occur*" (p. 316).

". . . . Christianity last . . . . *ended* the long, intricate, and mysterious theological education of humanity. *Such is our theory*, which does not, to us, *appear to lack evidence*, nor to be inconsistent (as the anthropological theory is apparently inconsistent) with the hypothesis of evolution" (p. 329).

"I am perfectly aware that the 'superstitiousness' of the earlier part of this essay [as to supernormal phenomena] must injure any effect which the argument of the latter part might possibly produce on critical opinion. *Yet that argument in no way depends on what we think about the phenomena*—normal, supernormal, or illusory—on which the *theory of ghost, soul, or spirit* may have been based. It exhibits religion as probably *beginning* in a kind of Theism"—*i.e.*, the superior kind bejore specified (p. 334).

Now, if all these passages do not imply (1) that Mr. Lang advances a theory while professing to disclaim any theory; and (2) that the primordial Theism for which he contends was supernormal in origin—what *do* they mean? What is meant by his challenge as to the alternative of a "curious but uniform freak of savage logic"? When he argues that the *earliest* man, whose religion he suggests was pure Theism, *was* influenced in his religion by his supernormal powers, what idea did he mean to convey? When he approximates Hebrew origins to those of the "earliest" man in general, what are we to understand by his proposition that the Hebrew development was precisely as the Bible describes it? Where he says the ethic of the Yao is the ethic of "Our Lord", are we to understand that he uses the latter

expression without suggesting anything supernormal? When he says "we can only theorise" about Theistic origins, is it his intention to put no theory; and when he disclaims a theory as to the supernormal factor in Fetishism, is it by way of proving that it is precisely to Fetishism his supernormal data apply? When he writes about a relation to God "in so far as somewhat of ours may escape at moments from the bonds of Time and the miracles of Space", and refers us back for the argument to the first part of his book, what is he driving at?

Mr. Lang in his reply explicitly declares that he associates the rise not of the God-idea but of Animism with the supernormal. See now to what chaos he reduces his book. The exposition was unsystematic as I read it; but then Mr. Lang is never systematic; and it was useless to chafe on that score. But he is now committed, in terms of his book and of his explanation, to the following set of theories, all the while "disclaiming any theory". (1) The *beginning* of all religion, among the *earliest* men, was an elevated ethical Theism, and nothing more. (2) As the lowest savages seem to have supernormal powers, there is a presumption that the earliest had them, and that they "influenced their thoughts" on religion. (3) But their supernormal powers, all the same, had nothing to do with their ethical Theism. (4) That Theism, in the terms of the case, had not been led up to by any lower forms of religion; all the same, it was attained in a strictly normal (or supernatural?) way. (5) What the supernormal powers did was to aid in the evolution of Animism; though in one part of his book Mr. Lang expressly declined to say so. (6) But the Animism, *ex hypothesi*, came *much later* than the Theism (and, *quaere*, in some tribes has never arrived at all, despite their supernormal powers?), though (p. 331) "this belief too was *necessary to religion*", as regards the soul-idea. (7) Thus the supernormal powers "influenced" primordial Theistic thought *without any effect;* but served much later to *corrupt* the same thought by encouraging Animism, and at the same time "elevating man's conception of his own nature". For all this we have now chapter and verse.

Again, in "gladly" accepting one "correction" from me, Mr. Lang reduces the orginal position to simple vacuity. It now stands thus: *If* the higher Theism came last in evolution, and were further "the latest doctrine in *universal* acceptance", "*then*, of course, it *ought* to be the newest, and therefore the most fashionable and potent" sort of religion. Quite so. As for his remark, again, that one of his sentences ought to have warned me against my interpretation, I have only to point out, firstly, that Mr. Lang now misquotes his own book, and, secondly, that the passage has exactly the reverse of the signification he now ascribes to it. He wrote that people might reply to him that if Theism was not attained on the lines of the ghost theory, it might have been reached "in some *equally illogical* way" (pp. 208-9), not "some other *natural* way", as he now puts it in quotation marks. But how could anyone reasonably infer from either expression that Mr. Lang meant to imply that *he* thought the real process had been at all scientifically analogous to that set forth in the theory he discarded?

The argument is now so hopelessly contradictory that I can attach no final purport whatever to Mr. Lang's account of the probable origin of religion. I have to note, however, that he misquotes *me* as having attributed to him a belief in a "supernatural" origin for the God-idea where I wrote "supernormal" (*Fortnightly*, p. 732); and, further, that in his book he actually professes "scientific nescience" as against "the cocksureness of popular science" when he is reiterating just such current propositions about the "counsels of eternity" as Mr. Arnold used to deride. His way of "disclaiming any theory" thus fails to convey any normal meaning. Let the interested reader compare the pages to which he refers with my citations, and judge between us. In some of them I

find no relevant passage whatever. In one (p. 208) occurs a relevant sentence which I have cited above, also this:—"Our conception of God descends *not* from ghosts *but* from the Supreme Beings of non-ancestor-worshipping peoples"—a proposition which may in Mr. Lang's opinion stand for "scientific nescience", but which is really a definite claim of knowledge up to a certain point, as is the proposition on page 273 about the "primitive undifferentiated . . . . Being of such creeds as the Australian." On page 293 Mr. Lang does say that we "possess no *positive evidence*" as to how a higher God-idea was reached; but these very words, in their context, have the distinct force of suggesting a theory that only needs positive evidence to make it a demonstration. On page 321 of his book he expressly says: "Our existing evidence will hardly support *any* theory of religion". Then the theory as to Animism, to which he now says he *does* stand, is no more a "theory", in terms of the rest of his argument, than that deduced by me from his whole book. Finally, when speaking (p. 331) of "the belief, how attained we *know* not," in an ethical Omnipotence, Mr. Lang adds the footnote: "The hypothesis of St. Paul seems not the most unsatisfactory"; so that once more his "we know not" has merely its literal force, and rather suggests than denies that he offers a "theory". So, too, his reiteration, in reply to me, that nobody knows *historically* what came first, is wholly beside the case, for he ends by avowing the *theory* that the God-idea came before Animism, and was blended with Animism later. It was his ostensible *theory* that I was discussing; and my general contention that it is incompatible with the evolution theory will be found to apply to his final position, so far as that is intelligible.

It remains to meet Mr. Lang's insinuation that I made a guess at his "private attitude" on peace propaganda and social ethics. I have only to refer the candid reader to some half-a-dozen of his public utterances—*e.g.* the poems in the section "Deeds of Men" in his "Grass of Parnassus"; certain passages in his "Life of Sir Stafford Northcote (ed. 1891, p. 347); and in particular an extremely explicit passage in his "Letters to Dead Authors", deriding the Arbitration Society (ed. 1886, p. 72). On the device of charging me with touching on "private attitude" in the face of such published deliverances as these, I say nothing, beyond pointing out that it may throw some light on the other reply above dealt with.

It may be well that in conclusion I should meet Mr. Lang's last disclaimer: "I do not know where I have said that 'modern science verifies the Gospel miracles'". Mr. Lang's words in his book were:—"Our contempt for the Gospels as 'myths' must slowly die, as 'miracle' after 'miracle' is brought within the realm of acknowledged law" (p. 25). The Gospel miracles oftenest spoken of as myths are the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection and Ascension. As Mr. Lang apparently means to suggest that these narratives are made more credible by the discoveries of modern science, he goes even further, it seems to me, than my words broadly represented him as going.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

REACTION.

IT must, I think, be confessed that recent events, not merely in England but even in Europe generally, do not give that certain indication of progress which any real reformer would wish. Indeed at times the stagnation and even reaction are disheartening. Could anything, for instance, well be worse than the recent war-ebullition in England in which, apparently, almost every public man of note and every newspaper, irrespective of politics, more or less joined? Really the outburst over Fashoda—some swamp the position of which not one in ten thousand was aware of till a month or two ago, and about which not one in a hundred thousand has

the slightest rational interest—takes away one's breath. Here we had the so-called Liberal leaders entering into competition with the Tory leaders as to who could swagger the loudest and who turn out the most grandiloquent periods. Trade was disturbed, bad feeling was aroused, money was lavishly spent, and inconvenience and loss occasioned in a hundred ways. Yet no organised protest was made. I except, of course, the words of sense uttered by gentlemen like Prof. Beesly, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. Hyndman, and a few others. But these have been but as voices crying in the wilderness. It may be that no one takes all this bluster quite at its face-value, that in an age of cheap newspapers and cheaper politicians there are a good many things said which everybody discounts and nobody really believes. Yet the danger—and even apart from the danger the unseemliness of it all—cannot be under-estimated. The impulse given to brutality of all kinds, the abominable national conceit and self-glorification, the idea that war (the killing of one's neighbors) is a good and even noble thing, and that it makes for national vigor—all this must leave an after-math of evil which cannot be contemplated with equanimity by anyone who values national progress.

Then take the extraordinary exhibition of primitive feeling and thinking of which the English Church is at present, and for some time has been, an exhibition. I do not now speak of the elemental errors and follies which are frequently dealt with in these and kindred pages. But does it not seem a grotesque thing that at this time of day there should be raging a desperately serious wrangle, not over the truth or falsehood of the doctrines of this Church, but—over its "ritual"? According to he newspapers, numbers of people are vigorously engaged in determining—mainly it would seem by the aid of physical violence—the sanctification which resides in lighted candles, and the holiness which consists (or does not consist) in the "length of a surplice". The contest ove brass ornaments forms a not unfitting counterpart to a threatened war about an African morass.

There are many other ways in which this reactionary wave can be felt. It is hardly too much to say that the recent press prosecution would scarcely have been attempted five or six years ago. Attempted to-day it succeeds, and receives not merely the approval of the known reactionary press, but of professedly progressive organs like the *Daily Chronicle*, which, as mentioned in last month's REFORMER, suggests that the way to protect the "young and the unthinking" is—not by educating them and making them think—but by reducing, as far as possible by police measures, the old and the thinking to a common level of ignorance.

Perhaps in some respects the worst of these reactions is the Jingoism of which the war-fever was one manifestation, and which has now become the accepted gospel with apparently all who aspire to public favor. As Mr. Labouchere has recently said, both parties now "dispute for the spoils of office by adopting a policy which, not many years ago, was confined to the music halls". There is a general rush to lay tribute on the altar of the "new imperialism" one of the high-sounding disguises of the old Jingoism. It seems almost idle to declaim against the folly. Newspaper editors will sneer down the critic and shout for more battleships. It may be pointed out, as Mr. Hobson incidentally did in these columns recently, that apart from all questions of humanitarianism or progress, even from the point of view of the narrowest commercialism, the thing is insane, that, say, the amount of trade that would be lost by an Anglo-French war, not to count the other losses, would probably be far more than the trade that would be done with the whole Nile Valley in ten years. To gain a small customer we make a certain enemy of a very large one. The truism seems to pass unheeded the newspaper warriors not to be convinced.

It would be interesting to discuss the

exact causes of these waves of feeling, why one decade should be more or less progressive, and the next more or less reactionary. But there is an obvious reflection, applicable all round, which forces itself on any observer of the recent war-scare. It is that these reactions are often more superficial than one would be off-hand led to suppose. A few unscrupulous pressmen, a lavish use of big type, a minute chronicling of everything calculated to inflame opinion, and an exaggeration of quite ordinary incidents—and lo, you have a "nation" howling for war! But it must not be forgotten that behind these babblers are thousands of more or less sane and peaceful people who simply look on and remain silent—but whose silence is often mistaken for approval. Newspaper opinion is in fact a most treacherous guide.

Now whatever be the philosophical conclusion to which all this leads, the practical conclusion it must be admitted is neither very novel or very abstruse. It is simply that those who really value progress should no longer remain silent and allow the reactionaries to figure as the national exponents. It is proverbial that empty vessels make the most sound. That I suppose is almost a natural law and will always be the case. The unthinking will therefore shout the loudest, and I do not suggest that they should be countered with their own weapons. It would be neither practicable nor dignified for Rationalists and Progressives to put forth their ideas in snippet-paragraphs and gaudy cartoons. The paraphernalia of sensationalism lends itself naturally to flippancy and empty-headedness. But those who value sanity can speak out and make themselves felt. And they can thereby show that everyone is not intellectually asleep, that at least there are a few not yet mentally intoxicated. I therefore plead for greater activity amongst democrats and reformers, and I think that the incidents at which I have glanced make the necessity for that action the more imperative. The time has surely come for a real democratic concentration and a democratic advance.

Frederick Ryan.

MORBID FICTION.

Anyone who wastes his time in reading the moralisations of the minor reviewers of English poetry and fiction must have noticed the insistence with which the imputation of morbidity is alleged against most of our conspicuous and progressive writers of the school of latter-day realism. "Morbid" is, in fact, the cant-phrase, the perpetual formula employed by certain critics in the attempt to invalidate much of the best work of the more capable and strenuous novelists. The adjective can be synonimised with such singular facility, and distorted into so great a number of misapplications, that it is indeed invaluable to a class of literary Philistines who scribble their eighty or a hundred lines of "book-notice" upon a psychological novel that affronts their archaic sense of the artistic proprieties, or jars their nerves with its problems, and the presentation of aspects of life from which they fain would shrink behind rose-colored window panes.

"The theme is decidedly morbid, and we cannot imagine why any novelist should choose to pry, etc." Such is the deliverance by way of exordium or conclusion of "the very able review", which directs the choice of books for the British papa and his family of grown-up daughters. It would seem that the true office and prime aim of the ordinary book-noticer is to teach the artist how to represent human nature and human passions from an eye-to-eye point of view with the immutably normal, sane, and finely perspicacious middle-class British papa. Select your subjects, circumscribe your outlook, stultify your æsthetic conscience, trim your opinions, borrow from the bathos of mawkish spinsters, divorce sex-passion from love, and in all your methods comply with the canon of the very able reviewer, and you will have achieved a real success

in that species of bad book which is beyond repoach of realism, morbidity, and unfitness for a position upon the shelves of a respectable cheesemonger's library.

But what is this "morbidity"? One very able critic whispers of "the sly settee" or the breach of chastity; another cites me the intemperance of Kate, in "A Mummer's Wife"; a third sighs with Mr. Christie Murray over Mr. Thomas Hardy's analysis of an ill-recognised and, as some would urge, an almost common phase of feminine indifference to physical expressions of love, as revealed in the minute and skilful portraiture of Sue Bridehead, in "Jude the Obscure". No more instances are needed; those adduced suggest that this quality of morbidness is just the woof threaded in the warp of the fabric of human life. This so-called "morbid" woof is as much a part of the whole great vestment as are the interwoven strands that we describe as "normal" or "healthy". I cannot conceive an artist who would deny this essential interweaving of the threads. All the works of genius testify to this truth, and it is unnecessary to affirm that the greatest masters have consistently recognised the dramatic values of lust, madness, disease, repellent vices, and even perversions of the sexual impulse.

The very able reviewer is apt to bewilder us with his hard and fast definitions. Let us, however, grant him that incontinence is "a morbid subject". He asks why an author should make a study of it. What *good* does it do? Is it not immoral?

Most of us have heard these questions scores of times. Well, if the enquiry must be ethical—and in most respectable families it is upon no other basis—I would first ask: "What good does such a tale as 'Treasure Island' do to us?" I purposely select one of those romances free from the charge of morbidity. Speaking for myself, in all humility, yet truthfully, I find that extremely engaging fiction decidedly gruesome. No novel of adventure that I have ever read is packed more full of dire horror, cruelty, and bloody crime. I know not whether the account of the truculent doings of a crew of ruffians, pledged to "drink and the devil", is to the edification of youth. At any rate, I have never heard of a proscription of this "Newgate Calendar Afloat" on the plea that it "can do no good". On the contrary, the book is commended as an admirable story for all good boys. No one questions its morality. It is a perfectly "safe" book.

The fact is, these gory chronicles are dear to the very British soul of the British papa. They stimulate and recreate his mind, just as cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and badger-drawing braced and diverted his beefy fathers. Without hesitation he places stirring narratives of blood-letting, treachery, rapine, and ferocity into the hands of his children. For this I am not entitled to blame him. But I would point out the rank inconsistency of following the very able reviewer's advice, and banning certain other and more earnest books because they are "morbid". If his daughter's pudency is in peril of besmirching through the reading of "Jude the Obscure" or "Evelyn Innes", then I say that from his own standpoint he must wilfully endanger his son's morals by giving him fascinating stories of violent crime, nigger-shooting, and highway robbery.

But it is an error to suppose that the very able reviewer and his intelligent readers have not drawn the broadest distinction betwixt such trifling misdemeanors as homicide, perfidy, lying, and theft, and infractions of the established codes regulating the relations of men and women. We may begin to see now the true guise of this recoil from "morbidity" in fiction. The repulsion appears to be definable, in most instances, as a pretty equal admixture of unreason and unconscious hypocrisy. For example, no harm can come from gloating upon the thrilling and ensanguined page of the adventure story; but modesty is immediately imperilled by a peep into "La Terre". The one is perfectly wholesome, the other unwholesome. It is not morbid

to relate in vivid language how a British hero of romance gouged out the eyes of an Arab. The gentle reader is healthfully stimulated by the graphic recital. But it is extremely prurient and abnormal to wish to know what Sue Bridehead thought about the passion which is said to be woman's whole existence. Such are the ethical and artistic standards of the persons who write to the libraries protesting against the introduction of such books as "A Drama in Muslin" and "The Woman Who Did". I doubt if our venerable characteristic cant goes to greater lengths in any other direction than in this question of æsthetics. And the grisly humor of it is that we are so severely unconscious that it is cant.

One literary review at least, the *Outlook*, lately selected a trio of morbid horror tales by three very popular and reputedly healthy writers, and reprehended this heaping of foul and sanguinary crime upon crime as a feast to regale the imagination of the young. But such criticism is rarely directed upon novels of this class. The allegation of pandering to the depraved and perverse minds is reserved for the writers of serious psychological fiction.

It would be absurdly arbitrary and narrow to exclude murder, mutiny, and burglary as motives for stories. But is it not just as preposterous to reprobate the artistic handling of those problems, phases, and situations of the human drama which are of equal or even wider significance? By all means let us be catholic. The idyllic theme and method are often admirable; the work of the romancist may be honest and good; and so also may be the analytical or the naturalistic modes of fiction. There is surely space for all the gallery.

It will, however, be granted by most that the idyllist is always more eager to charm his readers than to offer them an uncompromising, life-like study; while to the romance writer the story is usually of first importance, and the characterisation of secondary interest. Generally speaking, then, these authors profess to provide simple amusement. Undoubtedly their object is meritorious. Who would quarrel with them if they do their best? We sadly need enjoyment in these dul days.

But there must always exist a considerable proportion of novel readers who ask for something besides mild titillation of the brain; who hunger for a more robust mental fare. This order cannot be perenially content with pretty episodes of dairymaids and lambkins, and idylls of fanciful city alleys; with the unravelling of tangled plot and counter-plot, of and with consolatory passages describing men and life as the writers think they ought to be, or as they are not, and as they have never been in the flesh and the world. No doubt the primary demand of these readers is for gratification; but it is the fine delight that comes of being convinced that although the subject may be harrowing, morbid, or unpleasant, the performance is honest, vital, satisfying to the intellect, consistent with the evidence of cultivated observation, and in accord with the deeper experiences of existence.

This more critical class of readers esteems the art of the novelist in proportion to its stimulus to reflection, and inasmuch as it aims at the severest standards of literary taste. And it is just these readers who discern mental and moral degeneration in very much of the popular and "healthy" fiction which is commended as "quite safe for family perusal". They are nauseated by the spurious notions of patriotism set forth in swashbuckling military and naval romances; repelled at the gross counterfeits of humanity, dangled like puppets on wires for the delectation of the unobservant and the shallow, who read simply to kill time; bored by the pages of platitude that pass for exhortations to righteousness among the unreasoning and the extra-moral; and impelled to wonder whether the authors of certain conventional domestic love tales actually believe that young men and women—even supposing that they do happen to live in Brixton—can be as unimpassioned as eels and as innocent as turtle-doves.

Geoffrey Mortimer.

THE MONUMENT TO MATHILDE BLIND.

The ceremony of unveiling the beautiful monument, erected to the memory of Mathilde Blind, by her friends Dr. and Mrs. Ludwig Mond, took place at St. Pancras Cemetery on December 1st. The monument, which has been magnificently executed by Mr. Edward Lantéri, is of Carrara marble, and is in the form of a Greek Stele. On either side are three-quarter life-size figures of Poetry and Philosophy, while above, in the centre, is a life-size medallion portrait of the poetess. Behind a bronze grating is a niche containing the funeral urn. The inscription is of the simplest nature—the date of birth and death, 1841-1896, and the name, Mathilde Blind. At the base is the epitaph, "Death is the Mercy of Eternity".

Letters were read from several friends who were unable to be present; Dr. Moncure Conway, who is at present in Paris, sent the following characteristic words to Dr. and Mrs. Mond:—

"I am grateful for your invitation, but, alas, cannot be with you on December 1st, and must content myself in my solitude among those millions with devoting that day to writing about Mathilde Blind in the Reminiscence I am preparing for publication.

"The unveiling will be that of a symbol of the real monument in each of our hearts, and my monument of her was built up by herself in the thirty years of our unbroken friendship. It bears the inscription of a personality never to be forgotten, and she has reminded me of a word uttered by Goethe: 'The annihilation of such a soul as Herder's cannot be thought of, Nature is not so prodigal of her jewels.'

"How vividly she remains before me as she sat at her literary task, or when, animated by some discussion, her high principles shone equally through her denials and her agreements.

"By wide and profound study, assimilated by close reasoning and sincere thinking, Mathilde had built up for herself a purely human religion, in which she was so softly inflexible while so sympathetic with all self-truthful minds. With the humility that easily submitted to the judgment of others in practical affairs, she had that self-reserve which lives by self-control, and was in constant communion with her best thought, her highest sentiment and aim.

"But ah! it would take me very long to say all I feel and think about this noble woman, this fine poet, this loyal friend. I honor all who honor her. You who shall surround her memorial, know well that to have enjoyed her friendship is a memory to be forever treasured. I am old enough to have many of those treasures of friendship that can now be laid up in tombs, and in common with you I shall regard the monument as a memorial of our friendship as well as a tribute to the genius of Mathilde."

Dr. Mond expressed the thanks of himself and Mrs. Mond to the artist who had carried out the work with such untiring devotion and skill, and trusted that all would accept it as a worthy memorial of one who in life loved all that was noble, beautiful, and grand.

After the unveiling of the monument by Mr. Lantéri, Dr. Garnet, of the British Museum, paid an eloquent tribute to the genius and personal charm of Mathilde Blind, and then Mrs. Mond (through her son, Mr. Allen Mond) told how two years ago she stood with her friend by Shelley's grave in Rome, and plucked the branch of laurel which served as model for the wreath she that day hung upon her friend's tomb in the English land she loved so well.

"May the wreath", she said, "wrought in the semblance of the evergreen bay, prove an emblem of the enduring affection in which Mathilde Blind will live in the hearts of her old friends, and in the hearts of the new friends she will gain in each succeeding generation by the works she has left to posterity."

Louisa Samson.

The Worthlessness and Evanescence of Theological Literature.—The Rev. T. L. Papillon, of Chelmsford, in an article "Among My Books" in a recent number of *Literature*, says: "I turn to my theological shelves. There, amid much of permanent value and (I hope) profit, how much is forgettable and forgotten! What useless, not to say unseemly, controversies are recalled by the mere titles of the books! what zealous championship of 'lost causes and impossible beliefs'! what fierce denunciations of heresies that have since passed into orthodoxy! what melancholy forgetfulness of Christian charity! I name no names; 'twere better not. One can but echo the poet's wish:

> 'Oh yet we trust that somehow Good
> Will be the final goal of Ill,'

and that even the inspirations of *odium theologicum* may have their part in the disentanglement of truth."

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

DEATH has been busy during the last month. Dr. Philip Brown of Blaydon-on-Tyne has just died at the age of 76. Probably Dr. Brown's name will be unknown to most of the present generation outside his own neighborhood, but thirty or forty years ago he was an active worker in the Radical and Freethought causes. Lord Henley too has gone. He will be remembered by our readers chiefly from the fact that it was his seat Mr. Bradlaugh tried to win when he fought his first Parliamentary election fight at Northampton. He seems to have been a kindly gentleman and a good townsman. His last public act was to join with another magistrate in signing the vaccination exemption certificates at Daventry. Owing to the obstinacy of one of the Daventry magistrates, Mr. Hibbert, there was a deadlock at Daventry, and applicants were refused their certificates. At length one applicant pointed out that the signatures of two magistrates only were required. The magistrates examined the Act and then Lord Henley, himself a pro-vaccinist, said that if another magistrate would sign, he would be quite willing. Mr. Hibbert was wrath, but the applicant went away smiling.

THE *Lancet* for November 19th, in an article on the Bedborough case, says: "When Mr. Havelock Ellis's book was sent to us for review we did not review it, and our reason for this neglect of the work of the editor of the 'Contemporary Science Series' was not connected with its theme, or wholly with its presentment. Mr. Havelock Ellis's book is written in a purely dispassionate and scientific style, and the only exception we take to the treatment is that we consider some of his quotations unnecessary because a scientific public is already familiar with the originals, and some of them are useless, being drawn from tainted sources. . . . . What constitutes indecent literature? Is a book indecent because it deals with an indecent subject? Surely there is no reasonable person who will say 'Yes'. A book written wholly in a spirit of scientific enquiry cannot possibly be included under the head of indecent literature. But such a book may become indecent if offered for sale to the general public with a wrong motive. . . . . The moral of the story for scientific writers . . . . . is—be careful about the publisher."

MAJOR H. FINN, Commander of the A Squadron of the Lancers, should avail himself of the assistance of the regimental schoolmaster when he has to write a letter which may come under the public eye. In one recently written to the father of a soldier who was killed at Omdurman, he says: "Our foes gave short shrift, and it is, we think, some considerable consolation to feel that our gallant comrades were spared suffering. As the papers have reported, the dervishes were quickly driven off. Theirs was a glorious end. This thought is with us, while we deeply regret the loss the regiment has sustained." Does Major Finn mean that the dervishes met with "a glorious end"? That is what he says. But if, as we presume, it was the gallant comrades who had the glorious end, and that a glorious end is the soldiers' desideratum, then why these deep regrets?

THE President of the Rangoon Municipality can hardly be surpassed in his reading of the new Indian Sedition Acts. It is reported that when the members of the municipality hesitated to subscribe for triumphal arches, luncheon, and so on, on the occasion of Lord Elgin's visit to Burma, he said that to decline to subscribe would be sedition. The native members thereupon hastened to vote as much money as he wanted. Money obtained in this way is neither more nor less than blackmail.

WE congratulate Thetford on having gained the services of Mr. Stephen Oldman, Jun., C.C., as Mayor to the borough. Mr. Oldman is a well-known Liberal, and is always found to the front as a persistent advocate of reform. He is the son of Mr. S. Oldman, J.P., described as the "Grand Old Man" of Thetford, and one whose name is well known to many of the older generation far beyond the boundaries of his own town.

A PAMPHLET is being circulated in Victoria to show that the increase of cancer is to be ascribed to vaccination. In Victoria, vaccination is compulsory and re-vaccination is frequent. According to medical authority the mortality from cancer in Victoria is getting larger, and in this respect the colony has the worst record in Australasia. The object of the pamphlet is to prove that *post hoc* here means *propter hoc*.

THE correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, referring to the arrest of the native mendicant of Patiala, who was discovered eating an exhumed corpse, says that this revolting practice is by no means unique, and that religion is at the root of it. Religion seems to be at the root of a number of horrid things, but surely few more horrid than this.

THE *Torch*, in reproducing some of the correspondence between the Rev. Charles Brookes and Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, says that the watch story "lie has been a mighty traveller". The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* notes the latest revival of the myth, which it says "takes a lot of killing".

ON the 5th the Fellows and Associates of the Royal Institute of British Architects mustered in force to discuss the election of a lady as Associate of the Institute. The lady, Miss E. M. Charles, was elected after considerable discussion by 51 votes to 16, and is therefore the first woman A.R.I.B.A.

THE French Senate has adopted a resolution abolishing public executions in France, and it is believed that the Chamber of Deputies will ratify this decision.

POOR "Jane Cakebread" is dead. At last she has ceased to wander betwixt public-house and police court; at last she is at rest.

NOTICE.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE REFORMER.

CHANGE OF FORM AND PRICE.

Commencing with the next issue, dated January 15th, 1899, THE REFORMER will consist of 56 to 64 pp. Demy 8vo., and will be priced at 6d. The Annual Subscription will be 7/- post free (or 3/6 for 6 months); and in current subscriptions two copies of the Old Series will be represented by one of the New, and renewals will fall due proportionately earlier.

In the January number, among other contributions, Mr. J. M. Robertson will criticise "Andrew Lang on Miracles", Chilperic will write on "The Premier Prophet", Ernest Newman will deal with "Nietzsche Once More", and Geoffrey Mortimer will write the Children's Story.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER'S Engagements: Jan. 15, Chatham; Jan. 16, Borough Polytechnic; Feb., Accrington*; April 16, Chatham; April 23, Birmingham.

***The opening of Parliament. During February a special political meeting is to be held at the Town Hall, Accrington.**

MR. J. M. ROBERTSON'S Lecture Engagements: Dec. 18, South London Ethical Society, 7 p.m.; 1899—Jan. 8, South Place Institute, 11.15 a.m.; South London Ethical Society, 7 p.m.; Jan. 22, South Place Institute, 11.15 a.m.; Evening, Chatham; Jan. 29, Birmingham; Feb. 12, West London Ethical Society, 11 a.m.; March 5, Glasgow.

MRS. W. P.—We are anxious to avoid any appeal to the public for funds to carry on this magazine. We want something which is often more difficult to get than money, that is a little help on the part of individual friends of advanced thought to persistently bring the magazine to the notice of others, and thus to establish it on a self-supporting basis, the only basis which is absolutely durable.

J. W. G.—You must not expect more than it is in the power of human beings to do. Mr. Bonner has a most exacting business that requires all the time he can give to it, and unless Mrs. Bonner gives up her sleeping hours as well as her waking ones, she really does not see how she can do more. There is always a limit—however willing one may be.

ROBERT TANNER.—Letters for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the writer's name and full address, not for publication, but as evidence of *bonâ fides*.

THE many friends of Mr. Edward Truelove will regret to hear that there is no improvement in his health. His breath is very troublesome and at present he is keeping to his bedroom. Those who know his devoted daughter, Miss Truelove, will not need to be told that the patient is in good hands. All will join in wishing that the new year may bring a renewal of health to this veteran worker in good causes.

JUST as we go to press we receive a letter from a valued friend and contributor saying: "It is a pleasure to learn that the REFORMER is to be increased. . . . The reading of it gives me so much pleasure—I am so cordially in sympathy with your aims. . . ."

C. C.—We are afraid that no such amalgamation is possible. The journals represent not merely different points of view, but in some cases they are actually opposed. Diversity of opinion is a natural consequence of heresy and individual thought; the thoughtless and the orthodox are more easily driven into one fold.

W. DAY.—Your questions have been mislaid. We will find them and reply next month.

SEVERAL review notices stand over owing to pressure on our space.

K. B. RAÏS, Yezd.—Your kind letter has given us much pleasure, specially in its reference to Mr. Bradlaugh. We will gladly send catalogues.

W. P. BALL.—We thought the first paragraph explained the position.

W. W.—Thanks for your letter. You will see we have noticed the pamphlet. We wish you health and prosperity in your new home.

R.—You were crowded out last month, but we now take both together.

W. HARE.—Too late for our last issue. Such notices should arrive not later than 7th.

"JACIEM."—We are not able to use the criticism. MS. can be returned on receipt of postage.

WICKHAM, Gt. Suffolk Street, Borough, supplies the REFORMER.

RECEIVED, PERIODICALS, ETC.—Beverley Recorder—Personal Rights—Liberty Review—New Age—Truthseeker (New York)—Boston Investigator—I.L.P. News—Northampton Mercury—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Social Democrat—Inquirer—Eastern Evening News—People's Newspaper (Rockhampton, Queensland)—L'Humanité Nouvelle—Municipal Reformer—Awakener of India—Southampton Times—Labour Co-Partnership—Adult—Truth Seeker—New Century Review—Eagle and Serpent—Torch—Consett Chronicle.

RECEIVED, BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.—Les Livres d'or de la Science: La Vie d'un Théatre, by Paul Ginisty (Schleicher Frères, Paris)—How to read the Hand, by S. T. A. (Fowler and Co.)—Cancer a Result of Vaccination, by Esculapius Peripateticus (Melbourne)—Do you believe the Bible is the inspired Word of God? by G. D. B. (Watts and Co.)—Japanese Notions of European Political Economy, by T. Makato (Philadelphia)—Ye Gospel according to St. Simon, by Unitheos (Reeves).

The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on the Editor and Publishers of the Paper. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles the writers alone are morally responsible. All opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language.

*** Letters for insertion must be brief and to the point. They must be accompanied by the writer's name and address—not necessarily for publication, but as some guarantee of *bonâ fides*. Anonymous letters are destroyed unnoticed.

All literary communications should be sent to the Editor REFORMER, 1 & 2 Took's Court, London, E.C., and all business communications to A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, at the same address. Unaccepted MSS. will be returned if accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage. All letters requiring direct reply must be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

NEW SERIES.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES:—Whole Page, 42*s.*; ½-page, 22*s.*; ¼-page, 12*s.*; per inch, 7*s.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—12 months, 7*s.*; 6 months, 3*s.* 6*d.*; 3 months, 1*s.* 10*d.* Prepaid, post free.

Single copies 6d. (postage 1½d.).

Remittances to A. Bonner, 1 & 2 Took's Court, E.C.

AN ENLARGED "REFORMER."

WITH the January issue the REFORMER will be increased in size and price and will appear in a new form. We have come to this decision in accordance with the opinion expressed so overwhelmingly in favor of enlargement. In the extracts from letters addressed to us published in the November and present issue will be found the views of every one opposed to the increase in price, but a selection only from those in its favor. We have carefully considered the objection —so forcibly urged by our newsagent friend—that we should lose some old readers; but to set against this threatened loss we have had not only the promise of new readers, but new names have been taken and new subscriptions actually sent in. We may say that the increase of price is not suggested in the idea of making a profit—we fear that the world is still too young to make it possible to carry on heretical work by press or platform at a profit—we simply desire to make the magazine self-supporting: the only durable and independent basis on which it can be carried on. When the civilised world has got over its kindergarten stage, its love of Tit-Bits, of Big Budgets, and Jokes, its scraps and snippets of dubious information, its love of the marvellous, then plain truth and sober common sense may get a chance of a general hearing. Now we must be content if we find here and there a one who asks for something more serious than the mass of that literature sold weekly from Messrs. Smith and Sons' bookstalls. We are not blind to the fact that there are serious magazines, but these are equally serious in price; they are also more or less orthodox, and are written for the special public able to buy them.

We have been asked to publish the Editor's name. Hitherto we have thought this unnecessary, because with such a paper as the REFORMER, served by men and women admittedly of conspicuous ability amongst English writers, the Editor's individuality has been of very minor importance. The Editor has simply been the means of bringing together the writers and readers, and is the required legally responsible person. However, the position has been variously misconstrued and the editorship wrongly assigned; the point, therefore, is under consideration.

We hope to give the new issue a fair and reasonable trial, and we look forward to being able to announce that this trial has ended in success. Friends sometimes ask what they can do to help bring about this success. We think if they read the correspondence given below they will find some hints, one or other of which may serve as a guide according to means or opportunity.

We find that in some country districts the newsagents are very late in supplying the REFORMER—in one case actually a month late, although it has always been on sale at our offices by the 15th of each month. To avoid this, we suggest that where there are a dozen or more constant readers, one amongst these should make himself the centre of distribution. This has been done with the best results in one or two cases. The copies are supplied direct from our office at trade price to one person, who undertakes to convey them to the retail customers.

S. A. G. writes: "I think the idea of making the REFORMER a 6d. magazine is a very good one, if at the same time its present character is in the main retained. I should not like to lose the short chatty paragraphs nor the personal touches, they add to the attractiveness of the magazine. Also if it is to be in some sense the organ of persons holding a more or less clearly defined set of opinions, you will need to retain the correspondence columns and the other means for readers to communicate with the editor such as are not usually associated with monthly magazines. It is a shame to us if such a magazine cannot pay contributors, publishers, and editor." He offers increased support.

H. D. will continue to subscribe to the REFORMER in whatever form or price published, but "seeing that you are already boycotted, would suggest that you make it even more 'free' than at present".

E. A. G. likes the idea of enlargement and for a year will take an extra copy to give away to any likely reader. "As a result of a distribution of specimen copies of the REFORMER (brought down by Mr. Newland) in Brockwell Park, on a Sunday afternoon some

weeks ago, on the following Sunday several enquiries were made as to where it could be obtained."

W. L. would always continue to take the REFORMER, whatever the price. "I like its serious tone . . . . flippancy in matters religious—however foolish we may think the religion to be—is I am sure a mistake; it nearly always offends and never convinces. This I never meet with in the REFORMER, hence I shall be glad to see it enlarged and will do all I can to further its sale, especially as such evil times have fallen on some other publications."

W. H. G. welcomes the idea of enlargement of the REFORMER. "It is indeed '*facile princeps*' among all reform monthlies."

R. P. will "certainly support by annual subscription for one or two copies your venture of a 6d. magazine of Freethought on the lines of the REFORMER, but not necessarily supersessory of the REFORMER in its present form. I think in view of the indubitable unscrupulousness of methods by which our and other nominally freedom-loving governments are ready to adopt for the suppression of opinions, individuals, or organisations of which they in arbitrary manners may disapprove; and especially in view of the whole procedure in this painful and odious Bedborough case, your endeavor should be more and more in the political groove. Another great object should be to effect unification amongst all classes of Freethinkers. It is preposterous that the Atheist should try to make points against the Agnostic, or that the Pantheist or Unitarian should endeavor to score against the others. It is quite sufficient bond of union amongst all Freethinkers that they in common absolutely deny the existence of any such deity as Christians would have us believe in; that we do not believe in any supernatural at all, and that we do not reckon possible any future personal existence. Let all show a common front to the common enemy, and neither Church nor Government will meddle with us unless for overt acts hurtful to the common weal. I congratulate you upon having hitherto maintained so high a standard of literary merit and such a high ethical aim. I trust you will be able to maintain both."

H. H. thinks the REFORMER "should be supported by all Radicals and Freethinkers, if only for its noble condemnation of imperialism, cant, and hypocrisy. There are very few publications of so healthy a tone, and I shall be glad to continue it at 6d., for I should be sorry to miss it. If it is enlarged I should like more space given to the doings of the Freethought party."

V. B. offers suggestions as to style and contents, and objects to a reduction in price as suggested by a correspondent: "there are already cheap Freethought prints weekly and monthly".

G. M. will subscribe to an enlarged REFORMER and will endeavor to get new subscribers. He likes the paper so well that he is saving his copies for binding.

J. M. G. will be glad to see an enlargement, and offers increased support.

E. S. has been "pleased to notice the almost unanimous opinion of your subscribers for an enlarged REFORMER", and he also offers increased support.

H. L. J. J. does "not see any reason why the REFORMER should not be as great a success at 6d. as it is at 3d., remembering that 3d. a month to even a comparatively poor man is not a very serious additional amount to save. Personally I shall endeavor to secure for your discreetly-outspoken paper still wider support, even at 6d."

A. A. writes: "Now that the *University Magazine* has gone under, I, for one, feel more strongly the necessity upon all Freethinkers to keep alive your excellent little journal. I have not, unfortunately, the proselytising spirit, and fear I can do nothing to directly promote its circulation, but I shall be pleased to double my subscription (*i.e.*, pay for two copies), placing the additional copy at your disposal. I trust you will see your way to enlarge the REFORMER, and you ought to find no difficulty in increasing the price to 6d. In these reactionary days it seems to me to be of the most serious importance that your paper should be maintained."

W. S. H.: "I am delighted with the monthly intellectual treat such as is offered in the REFORMER, and would willingly pay sixpence for it just as it is. If you make the change suggested I will pay for two copies monthly—one to be sent to me and the other to any free public library that will accept a copy. . . . I do not think you could make any headway by lowering the price, because those who look for cheapness mainly are not those who would care for high-class thought and care such as we get in the REFORMER. Neither do I think any approximation to the popular taste such as . . . would be any help. I think it should be viewed as select, strenuous, and elevated thought and feeling, and paid for well accordingly."

G. L. will continue her own subscription, and has not only obtained one new subscriber to the enlarged REFORMER, but hopes to get yet another.

E. G. H. much desires to see a larger magazine, and will take two copies of the REFORMER next year instead of one, whether it be enlarged or not.

A Persian friend writes from Persia that he has been a subscriber from the first issue, and "I intend to remain a subscriber to the end of my life or the REFORMER's career".

H. O. N. says: "I certainly think something should be done when several Progressive magazines are dying through the reactionary and indifferent spirit of the age. If you decide on the new venture, I will take two copies in addition to those I have."

P. R. D. thinks an enlargement "eminently

desirable for the benefit of studious people", but is doubtful about an increased price. He adds, however, that he will do all he can to assist "by getting newsagents to put copies in their windows for sale, and, if not sold, take them off their hands at the end of the month".

A. J. M. thinks it would be a mistake to raise the price to 6d., but earnestly wishes success "whatever course is taken".

W. P. is in favor, "not for an enlargement of size and price, but for a reduction of both price and size, and a weekly issue". [Under present circumstances a weekly issue is out of the question.—ED.]

A friend and newsagent writes: "I have delayed replying to your invitation for suggestions anent enlargement of the REFORMER to twice its present price, because I wished to canvass my customers and give the result at the same time. Result of canvass is three to two in favor of the suggested enlargement, which means there would be a drop of two-fifths. . . . When I consider the immense difficulty there is in getting people—especially the young portion of the community—to read any serious paper at all, and the still greater difficulty to read anything so solid and advanced as the REFORMER, I cannot help thinking it would be a fatal step to carry out the suggestion. I have done all I can to push the REFORMER, yet I have only one customer for it under forty years of age. Then nearly all of them are in several movements, and I know it is a heavy strain with most of them to keep them all going. And you know 'it was the last straw which broke the camel's back'. I therefore much question if those who have promised would be able to continue the extra long. I had six customers for the *Progressive*—at once they dropped to one for the *University*. You have experienced the birth and collapse of several 6d. journals, which did not die from lack of ability or determination to carry them on. Let their fate be your guide, bearing in mind that then the multitude were far more leavened with earnestness than is the case now. Should you ultimately determine to make the suggested alteration I will do all I can for it."

Mrs. P. thinks an increase in price would decrease the sale, as working men and women could not then afford to take it. It takes long for such a paper to become known, and she did not know of it until Mrs. Bonner's visit to Leicester in the spring.

A. B. F. suggests a weekly issue, but in default will support the 6d. magazine.

C. B. S. thinks there ought to be a weekly, and suggests an amalgamation of four monthlies. [We fear the result would surpass his expectations, as each has a distinctly different editorial policy.] Anyway he will support the REFORMER.

A very good way to help make known the new issue of the REFORMER would be to send to the publishers postage (1½d. per copy) and addresses to which specimen copies might be sent—or the postage only, and the publishers would supply addresses.

THE EVOLUTION OF A RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

ON September 30th, 1751, there was born near Boston, Massachusetts, Elhanan Winchester, the eldest son of a mechanic, who at the age of twenty became a Calvinist preacher, holding the opinion that the elect only would be saved. A lady hearer having replied that "she beheld an infinite fulness in Christ for all mankind", gradually his views were modified, and Winchester soon became convinced that ultimately all mankind would be saved. On coming to London, which he reached on September 21st, 1787, Winchester, the erstwhile leading Baptist preacher in Philadelphia, preached in Blackfields, Southwark; in Moorfields, in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road; at Mr. Thwaite's chapel, Southwark; Petticoat Lane, Glasshouse Yard Chapel; and in the evenings at a Baptist Chapel in Worship Street, which afterwards became Unitarian. Then Winchester's followers gathered round him at the Parliament Court Chapel, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate, where the Society of which this brief sketch deals was organised on February 14th, 1793, under the name of "The Philadelphians"—loving brothers. Winchester, who held strictly to the Bible, returned to America in May, 1794, dying at Hartford, Connecticut, on April 18th, 1797. William Vidler, the Society's second minister, was previously a Baptist preacher at Battle, Sussex, being converted to Universalism by Winchester in 1792. He delivered his first sermon at Parliament Court Chapel on February 9th, 1794, continuing however to preach part of each year at Battle. Though previously entertaining (1797) doubts about the atonement, and holding a disbelief in hell, he retained his Trinitarianism till 1802. A communion open to all the congregation was instituted in 1808, and about that time the Society was admitted to the Assembly of General Baptists. Concerning the still neglected subject of cruelty to animals, Mr. Vidler wrote as early as 1801 as follows: "Cock-fighting and bull-baiting yet continue, and we fear that the practice of pinning the cockchaffer among children is yet frequent. Parents and tutors of youth ought to discourage everything of the kind; from cruelty to animals the transition is very natural to cruelty to our own

species." In 1810, the Society, which had hitherto used Winchester's hymns, adopted Dr. Aspland's (Unitarian). Mr. Vidler died on August 23rd, 1816.

On the 16th of December the Rev. W. J. Fox, invited by the congregation at Parliament Court to succeed Mr. Vidler, accepted the ministry, adding: "May the Author of all good enable me to so discharge the duties as to serve the cause of genuine Christianity". In 1819 the Society formally joined the Unitarian Association, and in 1824 (February 1st) the present chapel was opened. In the following year the British and Foreign Unitarian Association was started from South Place, Mr. Fox being its first Foreign Secretary. About 1837 the Society was excluded from the Association. In 1841 and 1842 were introduced Mr. Fox's "Hymns and Anthems" in place of the hymn-book of Dr. Aspland then in use. In 1833 the Sacrament had been discontinued. In 1840, the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee", was written by a member of the Society, Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, whose sister, Miss Eliza Flower, composed the music to many of the hymns still used by the congregation. These gifted ladies died in 1846 and 1848 respectively. It should have been mentioned previously that the trust-deed, enrolled in 1825, described the chapel "as a place for the public religious worship of One God, even the Father, and for instruction in the Christian religion as professed by the said Society, at such times, according to such forms, and under such regulations as are now adopted, or shall from time to time be adopted by the said Society".

The story of Mr. Fox's ministry, which is being written by his able daughter and secretary, Mrs. Bridell Fox, and which will be found to embrace much of the religious and political history of his times, need not here be dwelt upon. In 1817, on entering his ministry, he had declared: "I believe in the duty of free enquiry, and in the right of religious liberty". On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the Society Mr. Fox commenced his discourse with the self-same words, and concluded it as follows: "For humanity I am grateful, joyful in what God has done for them. For myself, he has given me life, love, hope, immortality. Blessed be His name." Associated with Cobden, Bright, Villiers, Ashworth, and others in the great struggle which ended in the overthrow of the Corn Laws, and indeed in most of the reform movements of the day, Mr. Fox assisted to start the *Westminster Review*, writing its first article; he also contributed for many years, and edited from 1831 to 1836, the *Monthly Repository*, being succeeded in the editorship by Richard H. Horne, who gave the reins in the following year to Leigh Hunt. In 1840 Rev. Philip Harwood (who afterwards became editor of the *Saturday Review*) was appointed coadjutor to Mr. Fox, but resigned in the next year. Owing to Harwood's lectures on the "Leben Jesu", of Strauss, Miss Brabant (afterwards Mrs. Call), was induced to begin the translation of that work—completed by Marian Evans (George Eliot). In 1849 Rev. Newenham Travers, who had recently left the Church, was appointed an assistant minister, but had to resign at the end of the following year. In 1851 his successor was chosen in the person of Rev. Henry Ierson, well remembered by the present writer. Mr. Ierson was practically the sole preacher, since Mr. Fox only lectured fourteen times in 1851 and 1852, having ceased to lecture entirely in the latter year. In 1858 Rev. Henry N. Barnett succeeded Mr. Ierson, resigning five years later.

It was in 1863 that Mr. Moncure D. Conway gave his first discourse, and in 1865 became the permanent minister, In 1869 prayers from the pulpit were given up. From 1868 to 1880, first at St. Paul's Road Chapel, Camden Square, and afterwards at the Athenæum, Camden Road, Mr. Conway held Sunday evening services. In 1884 Dr. Andrew Wilson acted as colleague to Mr. Conway. In 1885 Mr. Conway returned for a while to America, the platform being occupied for some years by Dr. Stanton Coit, now minister of the West London Ethical Society; but in 1892 Dr. Conway again became the Society's leader, only leaving in June, 1897, in consequence of the serious illness of Mrs. Conway, who died on the following Christmas Day. In the preface to that interesting little volume which deals with the "Centenary of the South Place Society", Dr. Conway thus recalls the successive stages of development through which the community—meeting first in Parliament Court Chapel, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate, since 1824 in South Place, Finsbury, E.C., and now entering on its second century — has

passed: "Under its successive names—'Philadelphians,' 'Universalists,' 'Society of Religious Dissenters,' 'South Place Unitarian Society,' 'The South Place Society,' 'The Free Religious Society,' 'The South Place Ethical Society'—is traceable a constant endeavor to study carefully, and keep abreast of, the growing knowledge of the world, at whatever cost to traditional prejudices or opinions; to do this in a spirit of tolerance no less than of sincerity. As our Society grew from no theological creed, and has never adopted any opinion that could fetter its members, the religious or philosophical theories taught in it must necessarily vary with the teachers it employs; but beneath these variations there has been steadily developed the spirit of a human religion: potential in its first minister's Universalism, it now prevails in the benevolent, educational, and artistic efforts which during the week extend the services of the Society to large numbers who have no connection with it as a Chapel, and no knowledge of its religious teachings. The Society possesses, indeed, no machinery of propagandism for any peculiar tenets. For those who knock, its doors are open."

The present position of the Society is well summed up in the following motto, which heads all its literature:—"The object of the Society is the cultivation of a rational religious sentiment, the study of ethical principles, and the promotion of human welfare in harmony with advancing knowledge."

J. R. Carter.

MY JOURNEY NORTH.

Despite drizzle at Birmingham, fog and rain at Blackburn, snow and ice at Stanley, snow at Stockton, rain at Paisley, rain at Motherwell, and a biting north wind followed by snow at Glasgow, my journey North has had the happiest results. 'Tis true that the bills announcing my lectures at Blackburn did not arrive until after the first lecture, and that consequently the audience was particularly select, but of the few who were present, several—having seen the announcement in these columns—came from considerable distances. It is also true that, returning to Manchester late at night, I was turned out at Bolton for half an hour's reflection—enlivened by a gratuitous performance from "Little Tich" and company, who were also waiting for a train at Bolton—the result of which was a heavy cold which kept me in bed all the next day. It is also true that at Stockton the interest in Parliament, and myself as its "lightning artist," was at a low ebb. But having once disposed of these unpleasant truths, only pleasant ones remain. Everywhere, without exception, I found the kindest of kind friends—my father's name was a key which unlocked many a warm heart. At Birmingham the audiences were very good, at Stanley better, and at my third visit to Glasgow the best I have yet had there. At Paisley the attendance was fair, but anything that may have been lacking in numbers was more than made up in interest, and the "heckling" I received was a foretaste of what may happen to my grand-daughter when she presents herself as a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of the future. At Motherwell the audience was good and the attention gratifying in the extreme, but still more gratifying to me personally was it to mark the prevailing note of affection to my father in the talk of the friends who remained to help us to pass the time while waiting for the train back to Glasgow. One friend bought a copy of the Biography and of my father's Speeches "as a memento of the occasion". But surely in no place is my father's memory held more dear than in the mining villages of which Stanley is the centre. In more than one miner's house you may see a portrait of him in oil which has cost its owner many a pound of hard-earned money.

At Stanley I had a new experience—here, for the first time in my brief lecturing life, I addressed an audience the majority of whom were opposed to me. I had not contemplated this possibility—had not, in fact, given the matter a thought—but on the first night I had hardly been speaking five minutes when I was conscious of the hostility massed before me. The sensation was like an unexpected dash of cold water—a shock at first, bracing afterwards. Questions followed the lecture, some of which I confess somewhat embarrassed me by their folly—it is so difficult to convince a man who calmly argues that because "fast" means "go quickly", and "standstill", therefore "fear" means "love". A course of reasoning on these lines will probably bring that man to the Durham equiva-

lent of Colney Hatch, and it requires an alienist to properly deal with his arguments. However, all passed off well—the discussion was adjourned to the street, and carried on in groups without further assistance from the lecturer; and on the next evening a still larger audience assembled in the fine Co-operative Hall. The *Consett Chronicle* noticed the proceedings at some length and in kindly fashion; the Paisley paper gave half a column to the Paisley lecture, and the *Daily Record* a paragraph to those at Glasgow.

I left home on the 12th November and —travelling or lecturing every day save two—returned on the 28th, a little tired as to body, but aglow with the thought that I had made some new friends and had exchanged personal greetings once again with many whom time and adversity have tried and proved. My next journey North will probably take place in September, 1899. The end of November is too late in the year; it needs a very robust frame to enjoy a succession of cross-country railway journeys in rain and fog, alternating with snow and a freezing north-east wind.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

LITERATURE.

TO-MORROW: A PEACEFUL PATH TO REAL REFORM. By E. HOWARD. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

Though there is but little actually new to social reformers in this interesting book, Mr. Howard deserves the thanks of all workers in and sympathisers with the cause of improvement for collecting and focussing the effects of a number of fairly drastic reforms, each of which has its special advocates, upon a single and concrete experiment.

His project is a taking one; it is nothing less than rebuilding all our cities—or at least all those above, say, 15,000 population—on new sites and under ideal conditions, economic, sanitary, and social. A "large order" truly, but yet it is shown to be at least not impossible, granting one or two large *ifs*.

The most novel portion of his plan is the use of the mobility of the human worker—*if* he can be induced to utilise it—to at once take away a large part of the present value of town land and other fixed values, which of course depend upon the continued location upon the given area of an industrious population. This he believes would, by reducing rents, place a lever of tremendous power in the hands of the people to move "vested interests" to do a great deal to ameliorate the condition of life in the partially deserted towns of the present type, which would threaten the landlords with the total extinction of their rents unless they bestirred themselves to some purpose. At the same time he would employ this same mobility of labor to create—this time for themselves through their municipalities — new urban ground values—on spots where they should settle, and the author shows not a little ingenuity in devising means to induce a movement of population, and in showing in his hypothetical city the financial results and possibilites of his scheme in a given case.

All this is good so far as it goes, though we cannot resist the feeling that there is a certain futility in working out schemes of the kind in detail. The elaboration of the scheme in the concrete must have cost a vast amount of pains which seems to be in great measure wasted, since in all probability the actual conditions would in no case allow of any close approximation to the plan actually here laid down. Still a concrete case has its value, especially for minds of a certain class, which are too little interested to realise the particular effects of principles and conclusions enunciated in a general exposition. Yet these minds, or many of them, must be won before any such social movement can get itself realised.

But as we said, there are numerous *ifs*, and they are not little ones. The following among other questions must all be answered in the affirmative before Mr. Howard's scheme can be pronounced feasible. Could capitalists be found—large or small, individual or collective —to buy agricultural land in England on 4 per cent. *debentures* issued to the full amount of the purchase money (*i.e.*, with no margin of security) for the purpose of an experimental city? Have like ventures in the past proved so successful as to attract capital to such investment, especially when no ulterior "profit" beyond 4 per cent. is in prospect? We fear the capitalist is not usually a philanthropist, nor is the philanthropist often a capitalist. Could suitable areas be obtained, in more than a few cases at least, without unduly raising the price? Could money, again, be raised for the building of such a city without a margin, and a large one, of security to the lenders? Could a commercial corporation enforce obedience to its various rules, and would not the settlers soon dominate the corporation and its trustees? If all men were moral and orderly the scheme might be found to work—but are they in fact?

Again, Mr. Howard seems wholly to ignore the fact that the growth and location of towns is decided largely by physical conditions of convenience for water, raw material, fuel, transport and the like, and he seems to think that a city can be made to grow almost anywhere. But attempts in that direction—as Saltaire — have not been conspicuously successful. Moreover it seems needful to have brickfields, large farms, gardens or

allotments, fruit farms, etc., round each town—but nature has not in our latitudes arranged her soils, drainage system, and shelters so as to admit of this desirable but difficult combination very frequently—and, once more, what if his town should be a great success and want to expand say to twice his ideal size? He seems to make no provision for this, while he has allotted with remarkable accuracy the area for "factories and warehouses" as if they were precisely calculable. Again, would it be pleasant for Garden City to have a ring of factories—including, say, soap works, chemical manure works, and others of an odorous nature—all round its residential and park areas so as to ensure a choice variety of scents no matter which way the wind blew?

Dozens of such questions occur, but the book remains an interesting and valuable contribution to social literature. Probably its most valuable teaching is the insistence on the necessity of both individualistic and socialistic effort. Increasing numbers of those who do not care to throw themselves into partizan polemics, social or political, are coming to recognise as inevitable the spread of collective action, and to see that a large field is open for the operation of that principle with beneficial results, and they believe that they will be in a better position to check its abuse by welcoming its efforts in congenial spheres, and showing cause why it should be limited to these than by an uncompromising hostility to every extension of its operation all along the line. Mr. Howard at least makes out a strong case for collective control of urban areas, and his book is besides eminently readable.

THE TEACHING OF CHRIST ON LIFE AND CONDUCT. By SOPHIE BRYANT, D.Sc. (Swan Sonnenschein, 1898, 2s. 6d.)

In her preface Mrs. Bryant tells us that the purpose of this book is to concentrate attention upon the practical aspect of Christ's teaching, and that it has its origin in a course of lessons which she gives each year to one of the senior classes of the North London Collegiate School for Girls. We should rather like to examine this class at the year's end, for it is difficult to imagine anything more vague, indefinite, and contradictory than the book. It is needless to say that it entirely fails in the specific purpose for which it was written, since it would be impossible to put Christ's teaching into practice. The celebrated Bishop who said that no modern state founded on the Sermon on the Mount could stand a month, had a truer appreciation of the practical value of Christ's teaching than Mrs. Bryant seems to have. In these lessons—presented as an aid to teachers and students—she shows no trace of the scientific mind we expect to find in her. She puts contradictory passages side by side without any apparent consciousness of their contradiction, and illustrates her theme with quotations from Christ which are often singularly irrelevant. However much the present volume may be welcomed by the uncritical orthodox, it will certainly not enhance Mrs. Bryant's reputation amongst serious and thoughtful educationalists.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Edited by HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. (A. and H. B. Bonner, 1 and 2 Took's Court, E.C. 2s. 6d.)

The need of stories for our young ones which shall be quite free from theologic reference has been felt by many parents. Here is a capital collection which admirably meets this want and supplies not only genuine entertainment, but, in a natural and unobtrusive fashion, considerable information. Of the thirteen stories, etc., seven have in whole or in part appeared in these columns, and the others, which form the bulk of the book, are now printed for the first time. Miss Werner's African stories, with the accurate "local color" gained from her observant residence in Central Africa, will certainly be welcomed; Lieut.-Colonel Bingham—whose life and adventures as Commissioner of Forests and Naturalist in Burma would provide matter for many stories, and whose contributions to "Our Corner" may be remembered by some of our readers—is represented by "Frog Folk in Burma"; Geoffrey Mortimer's contributions are so happy that one wonders he had not earlier turned his facile pen into this sunny literary path, and made use of his country-lore—which is interwoven so easily in these stories—for the benefit of our more or less town-bred juniors. Mary Reed's sympathetic stories and the Editor's contributions speak for themselves; while as for "Toby, Q.C." (with whom the writer has a lengthy personal acquaintance), if he didn't really say all that is placed to his credit, it is just what he *might* have uttered. As a gift-book for young and old children we can heartily recommend this tasteful volume.

OPEN COLUMN.

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE LANDLORDS.

FEW people could be found who would contend that the removal of the causes of poverty was not a great advantage to the community. Even those who believe with the Bible that the poor shall never cease out of the land would, in all probability, be very glad if the Lord were to change his mind and to relieve the world of the incubus occasioned by a pauper class.

Now the causes of poverty may be summed up in a sentence. The share of the national wealth which falls to the lower orders is insufficient to provide them all with a decent maintenance. The pay in some of the worst paid forms of industry is so wretched that it seems impossible for any man to bring up a family on his weekly wage. Such being the case there would be a universal roar of execration against any proposal to subtract, by way

of taxation, a single penny from such a scanty pittance.

And yet the working man, poor as he is, is heavily taxed. Many articles which he regards as necessary are subjected to duty. Thus tobacco is charged about 4s. per lb.; coffee and tea, 2d. per lb.; beer, about 1s. per gallon; spirits, over 1s. per pint. Many working men are extensive consumers of these articles: and without going into details it may safely be said that the duties cost the working man from 3s. to 5s. a week. On the single article of tobacco the duties quadruple the price. Tobacco costs 4d. an ounce, and, but for the duty, would cost only 1d. an ounce.

Obviously, therefore, the first step towards the removal of the causes of poverty is to repeal the duties; and doubtless they would have been long ago repealed but for the vast addition they make to the revenue. They bring in altogether an annual return of about fifty millions, and it is no light matter even for so meritorious an object as the diminution of the causes of poverty to throw this enormous sum upon the heavily burdened taxpayer.

If the requisite sum were raised by an increase of the income-tax, this would increase it by 2s. in the £, and in so far as this was levied on the employers of labor it might occasion a drop in the wages of the working-man which would more than counterbalance any advantage he might gain by the cheapening of commodities. If, on the other hand, you exempted the employer of labor, and came down upon the investor, you might extinguish that useful person and destroy the source of all advances for railways, canals, docks, and all other public undertakings. And inasmuch as there is nobody who is not either a working-man (in the broadest sense), an employer of labor, or an investor, and it is evident that you cannot levy it on any one of these, there is none on whom you could levy it at all.

At first blush it might seem as if this argument were unanswerable; but, like most general statements, it fails to fully cover the case. The case of the employer of labor may, indeed, be conceded, but what about the investor? Are there not different kinds of investors? If the man who advances a sum to a young fellow starting in business is an indispensable member of the body social, can the same be said for all investors? Is a landlord an indispensable member of the body social? Is it indispensable to the body social to have the cultivation of a fine farm hampered because the tenant, having no security of tenure, is afraid to put money into the land unless he is sure of getting it back before the expiration of his lease? It is of no difference that the landlord is a generous landlord. I know a farm at this moment held by the nephew of the landlady. The landlady doted on her nephew and told him she was going to leave him the farm. Yet, although this nephew was morally sure that his aunt would keep her word, he did not risk a shilling on the security. But when she died, and it was found that she had kept her word, he at once planted the farm with fruit. Having a sure investment for his money he invested it in a form of cultivation which, when it has reached full potential value, will quadruple the value of the farm. If he had been disappointed, and on the death of his aunt had found his brother his landlord, he would never have improved the land to the value of a sovereign. The presence or absence of the landlord made all the difference.

And over a vast extent of English land hangs the landlord's sword of Damocles. Remove the landlord, and the food production of the country will immensely increase. This landlord, then, might advantageously be taxed out of existence, and might, with immense benefit to all, be required to bear the fifty millions rendered necessary by the abrogation of the duties.

If the question were one of confiscating the landlords' interest, the case might present a special difficulty. But the vast revenues of the landed aristocracy can easily bear a charge of fifty millions. It would be but 5s. in the £ on the sum on which they at present pay income-tax. And if a further sum were required from them, and a 5s. tax were levied on them all, small and great, it is within the bounds of possibility that they might yield a hundred millions, and enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make the welcome announcement that as long as the landlords held out it would be unnecessary for the ordinary taxpayer to pay a penny in taxes.

Here, therefore, is a simple means of removing poverty. Abrogate the import duties, and throw upon the landlord the responsibility of making up the loss of revenue, and of defraying, so far as legitimate taxation will extract it from him, all the other expenses of the public service.

But this is far from being all. The landlord, being unable to increase his rent on account of an expense which did not increase the market value of his land, would probably wish to sell. Yet if he sold to anybody but the tenant he would sell the land subject to the burden of which he was desirous of freeing himself, and would have to submit to a corresponding reduction in the price. But if he sold the land to the tenant, then he could sell it free of the tax, and would attain a much higher price from them. Such being the case, it is obvious that the whole land of England and Ireland would tend to gravitate into the hands of the tenants, and in process of time the landlord would be as extinct as the begging friar.

There would, indeed, be then no landlord to pay the taxes, but there can be little doubt that the wealth of the country would so prodigiously increase that the requisite funds could be raised without difficulty.

For what would be involved? First of all, there would be a capital sum of hundreds, if not thousands, of millions paid to the landlords by their tenants and going begging for an investment. This would bring down the interest on money. Several millions a year might be saved on the National Debt. Railways, canals, docks and public works would arise everywhere. The landlords themselves would take their places among the world's workers and increase the country's wealth. The enfranchised tenants would double the supply of corn, and Ireland would be inhabited by fifteen million prosperous and contented loyalists.

Meanwhile the removal of the duty on tobacco would bring home to the working-man's door the cheapest kind of tobacco he cared to smoke, would enable the tobacco-plant to be grown in England and Ireland, would cheapen the cheapest, and, by supplying to the tobacco trade cheap raw material, would stimulate that industry incalculably. All these things put together would so enormously enhance the wealth of the country that the income-tax, instead of bringing in two, would probably bring in six millions, and the entire expenses of government might be defrayed out of an eighteen-penny income-tax.

H. MAITLAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Correspondents are requested to write as BRIEFLY as possible; save in exceptional cases, letters which exceed ONE COLUMN in length cannot be inserted.)

THE WATCH STORY.

To MRS. BRADLAUGH BONNER.

I was somewhat amused and greatly surprised at learning from the correspondence between you and the Rev. C. Brookes, published in the REFORMER for November 15th, that you, and still more that your father, had ever thought it worth while to contradict the foolish "watch story" anent your father.

If, as Mr. Brookes will assert, God is all-powerful, how is it possible to make consistent therewith the assertion that "God *could not* stop Bradlaugh from defying him"? *Could* he not have removed from his creature's heart the desire or will to defy him? Or was the will of Charles Bradlaugh stronger than the will of the Almighty God? I always knew that the *will* of Charles Bradlaugh was a very strong one; but, oh my! how strong, how very strong Mr. Brookes makes it! Actually stronger than that of an *all*-powerful!

M. R. LEVERSON.

Fort Hamilton, N.Y.
November 25th, 1898.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC INEBRIATES.

To THE EDITOR.

In your issue for November 15th, you refer on p. 236 to the case of William Onions, charged with drunkenness for the 1,000th time. Such cases are by no means uncommon, and it is a commentary upon our legislature that no scheme has been even proposed for dealing with such and analogous cases. Some three months ago I wrote to a contemporary and outlined such a scheme. It proposed that whenever anyone became habituated to the excessive use of alcohol, either continuously or periodically, then it should be competent for a relative, or failing a relative a near neighbor, or failing a neighbor a constable or magistrate, to petition the sheriff or county magistrate "to take such steps for the seclusion and treatment of the said person as may seem to him advisable", such petition before presentation to the sheriff or magistrate to be signed in addition to the signature of the first petitioner by three other persons acquainted with the facts—persons holding official positions if possible, such as a parochial medical officer, a clergyman, a teacher, and so forth. On presentation of said petition, it would be competent for the sheriff or magistrate to make out a warrant for seclusion in a suitable retreat, or to call in expert assistance in dealing with the case, an insane case being transmitted to the asylum. All cases sent into seclusion to be detained "during her Majesty's pleasure", but at liberty to carry on their business as best they might. By this procedure the stigma of insanity so often attached to these poor imbeciles might be avoided and the delay incurred through the natural indisposition of relatives to take action would not be encountered. The fact of four responsible signatures to the petition would enable the sheriff or magistrate to see at once that there was a genuine case, and also show that it could not be due to any attempt at interference with the due liberty of the individual.

Reform upon the lines indicated is much wanted. ROBERT PARK, M.D., etc.

[The Habitual Inebriates Act which comes into force next year gives the magistrate the right to detain convicted inebriates for a term of years.—ED.]

FROM AFAR.

JOHANNESBURG.—The smallpox epidemic is at last abating. About three weeks ago we had an average of about eight cases per day; now there is scarcely one. Of course there has been the usual hysterical outcry for vaccination, but some very useful letters have appeared in the press on the other side, notably one written by Mr. R. S. Seago, who was eight or ten years ago an energetic member of the Camberwell Branch of the National Secular Society. Here the idea of a "conscience clause" consists in quarantining the conscientious objector and making him pay all the costs of the quarantine.

Apropos of the home agitation on prison reform, readers of the REFORMER may be interested to know the dietary of prisoners in this State—at least they are not tortured by partial starvation. "Europeans, daily: Men at hard labor, ½ oz. salt, 1 lb. mealies, 10 oz. meat, 16 oz. bread. Men not at hard labor, ½ oz. salt, 1 lb. mealies, 8 oz. meat, 16 oz. bread. Men not convicted, ½ oz. salt, 1 lb. mealies, 8 oz. meat, 16 oz. bread. Women and boys, ½ oz. salt, 1 lb. mealies, 8 oz. meat, 14 oz. bread. Different arrangements are made for natives, while Coolies and Chinese are mostly fed with rice and mutton.—Spare Diet, daily: Men sentenced to spare diet, 8 oz. mealies without salt. Women sentenced to spare diet, 8 oz. mealies without salt.—White witnesses, daily: 16 oz. bread, 10 oz. cooked meat, 3 pints of coffee or tea with sugar, 1 lb. potatoes or ½ lb. cooked rice.—Rations at Rand Charge Offices: White men and women, in the morning a pint of coffee with sugar and 8 oz. of bread. Colored men and women, in the morning mealie pap with sugar."

Very considerable interest has centred during the past two or three weeks in the passage through the Volksraad of a Bill amending the law relating to the supply of liquor to the natives. For the last two years the sale of liquor to natives has been totally prohibited. But no sooner was the total prohibi-

tion law passed than there sprang up numbers of illicit trading dens, and in a very short time the trade was as well organised by syndicates and firms as previously the legitimate trade had been. But with this difference, that the "nigger", instead of getting his bottle of "Cape smoke" as previously at 1s. 6d. or 2s. per bottle, had now to pay from 5s. to 10s. per bottle for the veriest "liquid damnation doubly-distilled", as it was aptly described by a public speaker some time ago. The natural consequence was that drunkenness amongst the boys became worse than ever. And notwithstanding that penalties up to £400 were inflicted for contravention of the law, the illicit trade has flourished as no other business has done in the history of the country, so powerful and so well organised are the syndicates engaged in it. With a view to remedying the scandal, an attempt was made during the passage of the amended law to obtain the repeal of the prohibition clause, and revert to a licensed trade. But the Prohibitionists were in the majority, and contented themselves with passing an even more stringent measure than before. A considerable amount of local feeling was aroused by a proposal emanating from the member for Johannesburg to inflict *lashes* on whites as well as blacks for a second conviction—a proposal which is likely to cost him his seat at the next election.

A fine new public library has just been completed and opened. It is indicative of the relative values attaching to the pursuit of Mammon and the cultivation of the mind that whereas the Exchange was one of the first buildings to be erected, it has taken us over eleven years to obtain a decent library building. However, better late than never; and now that we have got one it is certainly a credit to the town.

Another step in the right direction taken during the last month has been the formation of a Philosophical Society, which shows evidence of a healthy life, having already a membership of over 200. Two papers have been read—one upon "Art", giving rise to a good discussion on account of the unconventional views expressed by the reader. We have also a Field Naturalists' Society in a fairly flourishing condition, the country excursions, principally on Sundays, being equally interesting, instructive, and health-giving. R.

OBITUARY.—It is with much sorrow that I send you the announcement of the death of Mrs. Thomas Slater, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Slater, who was for many years a Vice-President of the National Secular Society. Mr. and Mrs. Slater spent the greater part of their married life at Bury, where Mr. Slater became a Town Councillor. They came to Leicester about fourteen years ago, and thenceforward lived in the house attached to the Leicester Secular Hall. All who knew Mrs. Slater admired and respected her. In her were combined those shrewd, honest, downright but kindly characteristics which we associate with the best of our north country people. She was a convinced Secularist and Freethinker, and helped and encouraged her husband in the life-long arduous work that he so ably did for the causes of Secularism and Co-operation. That work entailed much sacrifice and self-denial, and it is not the least of the hardship that falls to the lot of the wife. Mr. Charles Bradlaugh set a high value on the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and among Mrs. Slater's most treasured memories were the occasions when, at Bury, she had hospitably entertained the great Secularist leader. She always attended the lectures in our Secular Hall, as long as her health allowed, and was often glad to have a chat with the speakers afterwards. One of her last great pleasures was to meet Mrs. Bonner again on October 23rd, and to see little Charley Bonner then for the first time. She had truly completed her life's work, and I believe death came to her as a release. She died on Thursday, November 10th, and was buried on November 14th at Bury, Mr. Joseph McCabe attending from the Leicester Secular Society and conducting the Secular Burial Service.—SYDNEY A. GIMSON.

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK.

[Secretaries are requested to send matter—which must be put briefly—not later than the 6th of each month.]

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.—The winter season has started with successful public meetings at Sheffield, Croydon, and St. Martin's Town Hall. A new pamphlet is now ready, "The Cost of a Sealskin Cloak," by J. Collinson (2d.); an eight page tract on the same subject has also been issued; and the Diet Department has brought out four leaflets for distribution. The Prisons' Reform Department is contemplating a corrective to the recrudescence of Flagellomania now painfully in evidence.

STANLEY (Co. Durham).—During the last two years Stanley has been favored with many Freethought lectures, but not until the 19th of last month had we the pleasure of listening to a lady. The visit of Mrs. Bonner was looked forward to with eagerness not only by Freethinkers, but by Christians as well. The latter class, who have failed in every attempt to stem the tide of Freethought, were on the tip-toe of excitement to see the woman who dared to question their belief. They had got accustomed to male advocates, but "A female Atheist! never such a thing", was the general cry. It was really amusing to compare some of their remarks made before and after Mrs. Bonner's lectures. One old gentleman, who has been extremely bitter towards us, was heard telling a friend that we were not so black as we were painted. He had been hearing the "lady infidel", he said, and instead of finding some queer looking creature, he found a "real nice homely body", also that she had a good deal more sense than the fools who were questioning her. The subject for Saturday night, "School-taught Morality," attracted a huge audience, every seat being filled, and not a foot of standing room was left. Every attention was given

during the lecture, but when questions were asked for, a continual bobbing-up-and-down began among the Christian section. The Freethinkers were struck by this, for during the last two or three courses prior to Mrs. Bonner's there was very little opposition. In answering one of the questions, Mrs. Bonner said that it was not right to teach a child to love and to fear a thing at the same time; it was a contradiction. The questioner rose again and gave an illustration of the word "fast" which he said had two distinct meanings. It could be used to mean either "a standstill" or "speed", and so when he said he feared God, it meant that he also loved him. Mrs. Bonner replied that if he feared a lion she did not think he meant that he loved it. This not only silenced her opponent, but caused a very hearty laugh. On Sunday night the lecture was delivered in the Co-operative Hall, a much larger and finer one than was engaged the night previous, and although we had to wait until the conclusion of the Wesleyans' services, who had the use of the same hall, a magnificent audience of nearly a thousand was in attendance when the time for commencement arrived. This lecture was mingled throughout with applause, which at the finish was particularly enthusiastic. No questions were forthcoming: every one seemed to be perfectly satisfied; and as I passed down the street I noticed several groups discussing the merits of the lecture. Monday night's lecture—which was a political one—did not draw such a large number of hearers, although the hall was comfortably filled. Many questions were put after this lecture, but they were nearly all of a friendly nature. Many friends travelled considerable distances to hear the lectures (from five to twelve miles in some cases), and one old gentleman, verging on eighty years, whom I saw, had managed to tramp above four miles. These lectures have been extremely successful; they have been the means of inducing many ladies to hear Freethought propounded, and if we can only get them to take an interest in such matters there is little fear as to progress. Mrs. Bonner has made many friends by the calm and intelligent manner in which she dealt with her subjects. Even the local paper, which has given a column of report, says that "although one may not agree with her conclusions, it is impossible to refrain from admiration of her pleasing manner of address."—G. CRUDDAS, Hon. Sec., Stanley and Oxhill Secular Society.

MOTHERWELL AND DISTRICT SECULAR SOCIETY.—On 25th Nov. Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner lectured in the Lesser Town Hall, Motherwell, on "School-taught Morality". Mr. Ralston took the chair. There was a large and appreciative audience, including friends from Blantyre, Hamilton, Law, and surrounding districts. A number of ladies and gentlemen, enthusiastic admirers of Mrs. Bonner in this district, remained at the close of the lecture to pay their respects; among them were some veterans, who touchingly paid tribute to the memory of her noble father, whom they knew and loved so well. —C. FRASER, Assistant-Secretary.

FREETHOUGHT FEDERATION.—The Committee, in response to an application from Mr. J. W. Gott, sent the secretary to Bradford, where he delivered a lecture on November 6th.—A meeting of local Freethinkers resulted in the establishment of the Bradford Progressive Society, which has already organised a course of lectures delivered by Mr. F. W. Barnard, and is carrying on its work of "promoting the mental and economic emancipation of the people" with vigor and success. On December 4, the Secretary lectured twice at Chester for the local branch of the N.S.S., the policy of the Federation being to assist Freethought work wherever possible. The lectures were well attended, and, it is hoped, will help the local society in its propaganda. Secular societies desiring assistance in their work are invited to apply to the secretary of the Federation, G. STANDRING, 7 and 9, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.

SOUTH PLACE DISCUSSION SOCIETY. — The Society holds meetings fortnightly during the winter months, for the discussion of social and ethical questions of general interest. The following arrangements have been made: December 21st, "The Food Supply of the next Generation", opened by Dr. Alice Vickery; January 4th, "The Present Relation of the Church of England to English Rationalism", opened by Arthur W. Hutton, M.A. Visitors are invited. Particulars of the Hon. Sec., Mrs. MAUD BLAKE, 2, Laburnum Villas, South Park, Ilford.

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY.—The sixth anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, November 29th. From 3.30 p.m. a social meeting was held, during which vocal and instrumental music was rendered, and short speeches were made by Miss Troup, Messrs. J. Clarke, F. J. Gould, G. A. Stowar, E. A. Cope, and H. O. Newland. Tea was served at 5.30, to which about 100 members sat down.—The DISCUSSION SOCIETY reopened in November, Mr. J. Clarke, M.A., introducing a discussion on Dr. Sullivan's "Ethics of Marriage"; and lectures have been given by Mr. J. M. Robertson, "The Ethics of Certain Professions"; H. H. Quilter, B.A., "The Aim of Education"; and John Oakesmith, M.A., "Epicurus and his Ethical Society". Programme: December 18th, "Ethics and Socialism", Mons. Leon: December 25th (no meeting); January 1st, W. S. Sanders; 8th, "Should the State regulate the Birth-rate?" Dr. Drysdale; 15th, "The Safeguarding of Minorities", E. A. Cope.—RAMBLES: December 17th, Apsley House; 31st, *Record* Office; January 14th, Goldsmiths' Hall.—READING CIRCLE: Wednesdays, at 8 p.m., at 55, Worlingham Road, E. Dulwich—"Shelley as Poet, Prosewriter, Philosopher, and Reformer".

WESTMINSTER SECULAR SOCIETY ("Grosvenor Arms," Page Street).—A course of fortnightly lectures will be given during the winter season on every alternate Sunday at 7.30. January 8th, Chilperic Edwards, "Prehistoric Man". W. BURRELL, hon. sec., 6, Ponsonby Place, S.W.

THE WOMEN'S VEGETARIAN UNION.—On December 21st (at 8 p.m.), at *Review of Reviews* Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. (by kind permission of Mr. W. T. Stead), Mrs. I. Hooper will lecture on "The Claims of the Non-Humans on Humans". Free to men and women.

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL PROGRESSIVE UNION (non-Party and non-Sectarian).—Next meeting, January 23rd, 1899, at 330, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E. Free to men and women.

SECULARIST SUPPER CLUB.—This circle has had two meetings in October and in November. They were so successful that arrangements are being made for their regular continuance. The evenings were spent in social converse, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The gatherings have brought together old colleagues in the movement who had not met for many years. Freethinkers desiring to join are requested to communicate with George Standring, 7 and 9, Finsbury Street, E.C.

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—A Contrast; Famine In Ireland; Mpezeni, the Rebel; "Trade Follows The Flag"; Lord Roberts of Kandahar; A Rich Harvest; J. M. Robertson; "Reason". 1

JUSTICE AND GUNNERY IN FRANCE 3
CYPRIAN COPE.

ZOLA AND HIS COMPATRIOTS 5
GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SECULAR MOVEMENT 7
J. F. RAYNER.

SMALLPOX IN GLOUCESTER: A Rejoinder 11
FRANCIS H. BOND, M.D., &c.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 14

TO CORRESPONDENTS 15

THE INDIAN FORWARD POLICY 16
HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

MARUCCHI'S GRAFFITI 21
D. MACASKY.

LITERATURE:
Review:—John Bright 23
Notices 24

CORRESPONDENCE: Land Question; The Works of Frances Wright; Mr. Bradlaugh on Compulsory Vaccination 24

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 26

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—The Blackbirds 27
MARY REED.

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—The Prisons Bill; "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"; The Howard Association; Asiatics in Natal; Muller's Orphanages; Women Guardians 29

ABOUT SENTIMENTALISM 31
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

THE NATAL NATIVE 33
A. WERNER.

F. C. In Festal Salutation 37
CYPRIAN COPE.

PENAL REFORM. II.—Criminal Procedure 38
B.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 40

TO CORRESPONDENTS 41

THE CAIRO PALIMPSEST OF AQUILA 42
CHILPERIC.

GENTLEMEN-DEMOCRATS 44
J. A. HOBSON.

LITERATURE:
Reviews:—Railway Nationalisation; Political Crime 48

HOW TO HELP THE "REFORMER" 49

CORRESPONDENCE: Flogging; Reminiscences of the Secular Movement; Land Question 50

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 51

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—My Brother's Pet 52

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

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THE WAR 57
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR 61
CHILPERIC.

THE ETHICS OF POACHING 64
M. SECUNDUS

BRADLAUGH'S BUST IN HOXTON LIBRARY 66
JAMES D. GROUT

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 68

TO CORRESPONDENTS 69

JOSEPH MAZZINI WHEELER 70
R.

THEISM FOUND WANTING 71
W. S. GODFREY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CUBA 75
R. WATSON.

OPEN COLUMN: "The Hocus-Pocus for Taxing Ground Rents... 76
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"WORLDS! ABOVE AND BELOW" 78
H. G.

FROM AFAR 79

LITERATURE:—Review: An Eight-Hour Day 80

CORRESPONDENCE 81

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 82

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—The Talkative Trout 83
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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—Gladstone; Bradlaugh and Gladstone; Letters; The Right Hon. Spencer Walpole; And Others; Theism and Ethics; Leisure and Dinner; India's Balance Sheet; Dr. Havelock Ellis 85

THE QUESTION OF FEDERAL HOME RULE 87
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE 89
A. HAMON.

PENAL REFORM III.—Punishment 91
B.

A FRAGMENT 95
MARY REED.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 96

TO CORRESPONDENTS 97

THE LATEST BRADLAUGH MYTH 98
HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

THEISM FOUND WANTING *(Concluded)* 98
W. S. GODFREY.

THE VISIT TO BROOKWOOD 103

CORRESPONDENCE: The Taxation of Land Values 103

THE BEDBOROUGH CASE 106

CONFERENCE ON THEISM 106

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 106

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—The Plan 108
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TO CORRESPONDENTS 127

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PERSISTENT PHARAOH 131
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THE BEDBOROUGH CASE 132

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—The Prisons Bill; Political Humanity; The Home Secretary; £15,000,000 to the Sharks; Parker Pillsbury; Impressment; Slavery; "India" 145

FLESH-EATING AND ETHICS 147
W. S. GODFREY.

OPTIMISM AND REFORM 151
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

FABIANISM AND NEO-MALTHUSIANISM 154
H. SNELL.

THE BEDBOROUGH PROSECUTION 156

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 156

TO CORRESPONDENTS 157

DR. W. A. HUNTER 157

TWENTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT (1875—1895) 158
GEORGE STANDRING.

ON MISSIONARIES 161
A. WERNER.

LITERATURE:—Review: The Wonderful Century: its Successes and its Failures 162

CORRESPONDENCE: The Grounds of the Next Battle; A Question of Morals; The Tiranny of Letterz; The Taxation of Land Values; Compulsory Vaccination 163

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 167

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—Arlotta of Hainault 168

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—The Tsar's Message; The Soudan War; Who is Satisfied? Colston Hall; Lord Wolseley's Memorandum; Biblical Inaccuracy 169

THE TSAR'S EIRENICON 171
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

IS ENGLAND A FREE TRADE COUNTRY? 173
J. A. HOBSON.

JAMES THOMSON AND HIS CRITICS 179
HENRY S. SALT.

THE SWALLOW (Poem) 182
SULLY PRUDHOMME. (Trans. EDWD. CARPENTER.)

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HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 184

TO CORRESPONDENTS 185

THE BEDBOROUGH PROSECUTION 185

NATURAL SANITATION 186
A. WERNER.

TWENTY YEARS OF RETROSPECT (1875—1895) 190
GEORGE STANDRING.

ON WOLFE TONE AND HIS IDEALS 193
FREDERICK RYAN.

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FROM AFAR 198

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 199

CHILDREN'S PAGE:—The Voice of the River 199
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JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

INTEREST 205
ALEX. SINGLETON.

RETICENCE AND PRURIENCE 209
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JINGOISM IN THE SCHOOLS 211

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 212

TO CORRESPONDENTS 213

PERSONAL 213

SOME GODS OF OUR FOREFATHERS; or, The Worship of Ashtoreth in the British Isles 214
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A LETTER FROM MILDURA 216

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LIBERALISM AND THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS 228
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BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA 230
A. WERNER.

PENAL REFORM.—III. Punishment 233
B.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 236

TO CORRESPONDENTS 237

THE TWELVE TRIBES OF ISRAEL 237
CHILPERIC.

AN ENLARGED "REFORMER" 240

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CONTENTS:

PAGE.

NOTES:—The Ways of God; The Ways of Government; "Without Pharisaism"; "International Unrest"; Jingo Fallacies; Mr. Chamberlain and the Lords 249

MR. LANG'S THEORY OF RELIGIOUS ORIGINS 251
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

REACTION 254
FREDERICK RYAN.

MORBID FICTION 256
GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

THE MONUMENT TO MATHILDE BLIND 259
LOUISA SAMSON.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE 260

TO CORRESPONDENTS 261

AN ENLARGED "REFORMER" 262

THE EVOLUTION OF A RELIGIOUS SOCIETY 264
J. R. CARTER.

MY JOURNEY NORTH 266
HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

LITERATURE:—To-morrow; The Teaching of Christ on Life and Conduct; Facts and Fancies for Boys and Girls 267

OPEN COLUMN:—The Shortest Way with the Landlords 268

CORRESPONDENCE: The Watch Story; Treatment of Chronic Inebriates 270

FROM AFAR 270

SOCIETIES AND THEIR WORK 271

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